



Speeches & Orations
JOHN WARWICK DANIEL



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SPEECHES AND ORATIONS

OF

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL

COMPILED BY HIS SON

EDWARD M. DANIEL

LYNCHBURG

J. P. BELL COMPANY, INC., PRINTERS

1911

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Lynchburg, Va.

To
Major James D. Patton
of Richmond, Virginia
my father's life-long friend
this volume
is
affectionately inscribed

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FOREWORD

IN preparing this collection of the Speeches and Orations of Major John Warwick Daniel, the work has been restricted to the limitations of a single volume. Consequently, there have been omitted from this compilation some of his speeches which, had more space been available, would have been included. However, the selections which have been made, twenty-nine in number, are not only most representative of Major Daniel's works as a public speaker, but are most universal in their appeal.

For the sake of convenience, as well as to give the reader opportunity to more readily study the growth and development of the speaker's powers and breadth of view, the speeches have been arranged in the chronological order of their delivery.

The first speech, which he entitled "The People," was delivered by Major Daniel at the University of Virginia in 1866, while he was a student at that institution. Although he was only twenty-three years of age at the time, the speech made a marked impression upon his audience, and, by request, it was published in pamphlet form for wider distribution. This fact, as well as to give an example of his early style and trend of thought, would seem to justify its inclusion herein.

"The Panic—Its Causes and Its Remedies," which covers more space than any other speech, is an exhaustive treatment of a question long of vital interest to this country, and without its inclusion, regardless of its great length, this volume would be incomplete.

The address upon "The Life and Character of Stonewall Jackson," as it appears herein, is Major Daniel's final draft of his address on this subject. Originally, it was delivered at Manassas, Va., in 1868. Later it was enlarged into a lecture and printed in pamphlet form. Some years thereafter he materially modified some of his opinions as expressed therein and rewrote it for delivery as an address at Fredericksburg, Va. It is this last revision that has been selected.

Several of the speeches that were intended to be included in this collection were found to be unavailable because the manuscripts

were so incomplete or so mutilated as to prevent a complete restoration. This was true of his lecture upon "The English-Speaking People," and his speech upon "Charity," which he several times delivered at the memorial services held by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Both of these had been promised for this volume, and it is regretted that they are necessarily omitted.

It is a subject of frequent and just criticism that the works of Virginia's distinguished sons have not been preserved in published form as their importance and merits justified. In thus preserving Major Daniel's speeches and orations I feel that I have performed a service that is not without real value to the State and people he loved so well and served so long and faithfully. Certainly, it has been a labor of love in which I have experienced both pleasure and pride.

My acknowledgments are due and are herewith gratefully extended to the J. P. Bell Company, the publishers, for their generous encouragement and aid in issuing this work. I wish particularly to express my appreciation of the gracious and kindly interest displayed by Mr. J. M. Dulaney, of that company, whose many suggestions have been most helpful.

E. M. D.

THE PEOPLE

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This beautiful scene that greets us here to-night not only captivates and enchains the eye of taste, but makes a deep and delightful impression on the heart of the Christian and the philanthropist. The most brilliant pageant of military ceremonial or triumph can present to the humane and reflecting mind no such attractions.

The eye may be fascinated by the bright sheen of burnished steel and the gay hues of dancing banners; the ear may be entranced by the inspiring strains of martial bands as they float in the sunlit air; and the mind itself may be dazzled by the splendor of the victorious chief as he advances at the head of his joyous veterans over the flowery path and through the triumphal arch, hailed by the acclamations of the multitude, and salvos of cannon; but, when the dissolving view of ecstasy has faded away, the dark background of gory battle field obtrudes upon our gaze, the songs of triumph die away in the groan of suffering and the wail of sorrow, and we turn from the glittering scene, remembering that it is only a gorgeous proclamation of the contentions of men, and see in the cup of glory that was proffered to our lips only the blood of patriots and the tears of woman.

But this fair vision, while gladdening to the eye, gladdens our hearts still more in its moral and intellectual significance. We have come together from all parts of our ancient Commonwealth, we have shaken off the dust of trade and profession, we have declared a truce with the cares and engagements of life, and here under the broad canopy of this fair temple, we are to weave anew the scattered threads of friendship—to interweave with them golden threads from the skein of hope, and cluster around this altar in a joint libation to the Divinity of Letters, “whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace.”

An address delivered before the Jefferson Literary Society of the University of Virginia, in the Public Hall, June 28th, 1866, while a student at that Institution.

This is indeed a victory; but it is a victory of law, of order, of civilization and humanity—a victory that was not preceded by blood, and is not to be followed by tears—a victory over which the ministering spirits on high might rejoice, and the morning stars sing together. We display here no red trophies of conquered cities, and boast of no exploits of destruction; we send forth from our altars no rapacious hordes to feast upon the accumulations of industry, or to join in demoniac revel amidst broken shrines and blasted fields, and shivered household gods; but at the bidding of our divinity, here enthroned, with the offerings of Art at her feet and the wreath of Science on her brow, the man of wisdom goes throughout the world to perform the kind offices of philanthropy: to bind up the aching wound with the appliances of Science, and cheer the aching heart with the consolations of Religion; to fertilize the earth with wise culture, and bring forth her treasures of mineral wealth from their secret places; to bridge the stream and pierce the mountain with the highways of civilization; to guide youth upon the path of truth with the torch of knowledge; to advocate wise and temperate measures in halls of legislation; to plead for that

Quality of mercy,
Which droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven,

in sanctuaries of justice, or vindicate the majesty of outraged laws—wherever he goes, as a beneficent spirit.

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty over a smiling land,
And read his history in a nation's eyes.

It is well, then, that for such a victory as this our band should have sounded a pæan of joy; that you should have woven these garlands of evergreen and of the field's sweetest blossoms to adorn our Temple; and lovelier either than the spirit of music or the beauty of flowers, that the fair form and bright face of woman should be here to illumine with her smiles, to sanction with her presence, and shed "selectest influences" on the hour.

As we make this pleasing contrast between the triumphs of Peace and War, we are reminded that the scene before us is emblematic of the new direction in which society is bending its vast energies; that we have closed the gates of the Temple of

Janus, and again thrown open the golden portals of the Temples of Civilization. Yet, let us not be deluded to believe that great interests, involving the future of centuries, are not at stake, because great armies are no longer in motion; for though to-night the horizon does not blush in the red glare of a burning home, and no earth-forged thunderbolt tracks its course across the starlit heavens, questions of as grave magnitude as ever hung trembling between the mighty hosts of battle are working out their issues. It is no figure of speech to say that every public place is a battle field of opinion—aye, that every home-fireside is a political arena. So absorbing are the topics of the day that every rank and condition of life is drawn irresistibly into the political whirlpool, and he who resorts to spots set apart to worship, too often finds that the pulpit has been converted into a partizan rostrum; that where there should be only the spiritual banners of the Prince of Peace, are ensigns yet fresh and reeking from the field of Mars, and that with his hands clasping the book of brotherly love some red-mouthed fanatic with “breath of Ate, hot from hell,” is crying,

Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war.

I shall not venture my untried lance into the discussion of any of these issues, but I would ask your attention to a consideration of that power that moulds all issues, and gives them cast and color; that great artist of the social world who fashions the influences of society into events, as the rude clay is shaped in the hands of the potter. It seems to me peculiarly appropriate now that we should turn our minds homeward and, to-night, I would speak of yourselves. My theme is “THE PEOPLE.”

It has been said so often that it has passed into an adage, that “history is only the biography of great men;” but, to-night, I would turn from the shining hero to the nameless multitude, from the brilliant representative man, as he stands on the pedestal of glory, to that intangible power which raised him upon its shoulders, but lies in silence and strength behind him. It shall be my effort to show,

(*First*). That the will of the People is the supreme law of the world; and,

(*Second*). That their purity and enlightenment are the only true safeguards against external and internal dangers.

That vague and mysterious power which men term public opinion, is the governing principle of the universe. It is silent and invisible like the atmosphere around us; but like it, also bears the secret seeds of epidemic and death, or breathes the breath of life into the nostrils of nations. It is a phantom monarch whose subjects are the rulers of the earth, whose great seal gives efficacy to laws, whose veto is final and inexorable. It is a self-sufficient sovereign who wears the triple crown, forming, construing and executing his own will without the assistance of written law, but without whose assent the written law can do nothing. It follows, then, that it is not in the codes and constitutions of states that we should seek for insight into their social system, but in the manners and customs which the people have ordained.

Turn to the Code of our own State. Our representatives in General Assembly have solemnly enacted that he who slays his adversary in a duel shall be deemed a murderer, and the jury of honorable men swears before Almighty God to sustain that law, but public sentiment dissents, and the uplifted arm of legal justice falls palsy-stricken at the sound of its voice. The legislature has also declared that he who swears profanely, or becomes intoxicated, shall be fined; but reeling statues of Bacchus utter blasphemy in open day, and the People, tolerating the evil, we scarcely know that a law exists to condemn it.

The history of England is in this respect rich with instruction. Her laws, as you are aware, had their origin in no fiat of a monarch or Parliament. They were a mere combination of the individual sentiments of her people, just as the stem of the giant oak is a mere combination of individual fibers; and through all the mutations of English history, while different sovereigns and dynasties have risen into power, and then crumbled into dust, while Plantagenets, Tudors, Cromwells and Stuarts have flowered out like the foliage of some glorious summer of the People's favor, and have then been swept away like withered leaves in the "winter of their discontent," the great body of the English law has stood like the sturdy trunk and broad branches of the oak from which the foliage sprung,

itself deeply rooted in the soil, and bending neither before summer suns or wintry storms.

The generic changes, too, have not been effected so much by statute as by the stern and imperceptible influence of public opinion, just as the seashore changes its promontories and gulfs not so much by convulsion as by the gradual attrition or alluvion of the waves.

Slavery, that once existed in England in a most tyrannous and revolting form, has never to this day been abolished by statute; and yet it is the boast of Englishmen that the bondsman becomes free the moment his footprint is felt upon her soil.

This proves how feeble are the artifices of man as compared to the slow working processes of nature. As he can not "gild refined gold, or paint the lily, or throw a perfume o'er the violet, or smooth the ice, or add another hue unto the rainbow, or garnish with his taper light the beauteous eye of Heaven"—for they are nature's works—neither can he produce laws so ingenious, or so binding as those which spring spontaneously from the hearts and minds of the People, for they are nature's laws.

Enactments opposed to the spirit of the age are like mere water-colored prints that fade away at first exposure to rain or sun; these consecrated by a nation's will are like the leopard's spots or the Ethiop's skin, dyed into their life by nature's hand, and capable of being destroyed only by their destruction. When it was said, "let me make the songs of a People, I care not who makes their laws," it was merely acknowledged that the sentiments of the home circle are more potential than the proclamations of the capitol.

Napoleon in the prime of his power attempted an innovation upon an established custom, which required that decorations of honor should be conferred exclusively upon eminent military, literary, or political merit, and presented the iron crown to a celebrated musician.

Public opinion revolted against the act and the great king-maker bowed at its footstool. He could distribute crowns and provinces to his favorites; he could wield vast armies as Jupiter Tonans wielded his thunderbolts; he could stand amongst monarchs like "a descended god," shaking their empires with

a wave of his hand, and changing their boundaries with a stroke of his pen, but he could not give away a mere bauble of iron against the will of the People—that majestic power, alone superior to his own.

In full appreciation of the emptiness and vanity of written codes, unless society was imbued with their spirit, Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, refused to put any of his laws in writing, for, said he, what is most conducive to the virtue and happiness of society is principle interwoven with the manners and breeding of the People—that the habits which education would produce in youth would answer in each the purpose of a lawgiver. And Solon was laughed at for the absurdity of imagining that he could restrain avarice and injustice by written law, for, said his friends, your enactments remind us of spider's webs, only entangling and holding the poor and weak, while the wealthy and powerful easily break through.

So convinced was Machiavelli of the impotence of institutions to curb the lawlessness of a degraded nation, that he declared that the form of its government was a matter of no importance. Pope echoed the idea in his familiar couplet:

For forms of government let fools contest,
That best administered is best.

Political science has become so well developed by experience that no enlightened mind would now advance such a dogma.

We all know that one form of government is best suited to a certain condition of society, just as one medicine is best suited to a certain condition of the system; but it is certain that Æsculapius himself, with all the healing properties of plant and mineral, can not avert death when the fangs of disease are fixed upon the silver cords of life, and it is not less certain that the most perfect form of government that the sage can extract from the collected wisdom of ages can not avert anarchy, ruin, and national death, when mean and dishonorable sentiments have infused their poison into the arteries and veins of the social system.

Poor lacerated Mexico raises her tear-bedewed eyes, and her hands red in her own blood to attest it. She is her own worst enemy. A liberal Providence has blessed her with a genial sun

and a fertile soil, and has endowed her with inexhaustible treasures of precious metals and mineral wealth. Her silvery streams flow down from snow-capped mountains through the luxuriance of an Eden, and her broad harbors stretch out their arms beseeching commerce. With all these she has "vibrated for centuries between the extremities of anarchy and despotism." She has changed her form of government no less than thirty-seven times in forty years, but no form has brought her solace; and now, bound to a rock with a chain of her own forging, she lies helpless like Prometheus of old, while foreign vultures feast upon her vitals, all because she has a corrupt, selfish, unprincipled people. Thus she is poverty-stricken in the midst of riches, impotent in the midst of elements of gigantic power; yea, more, like Tantalus, she is parched with thirst, while sparkling waters are at the verge of her lips, and is tortured with hunger while delicious fruits are within the grasp of her hand.

It is idle to talk of the majesty of law if the power which organizes does not direct and sustain it. The tree becomes a dry and decayed stump when its roots no longer supply the life-giving sap, the stream leaves a barren bed when its native fountains are exhausted, the morn is but a spot of blackness in the sky when the sun does not gild it with his beams, and

The great globe itself,
Yea, all that it inhabits, would dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind

if, for one instant, that Immortal hand that called it forth from chaos were to cease to guide its motions through the mazes of the sky.

Such is municipal law without the consent of the public. Without this, it matters not what wisdom may have devised, or solemnity ordained it.

Draco traced his enactments in human blood; the children of Rome knew the twelve tables by heart; Henry III., ratified Magna Charta with pompous and magnificent ceremonies; but all this was as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal" when the essential spirit had departed. Our first parents in Paradise communed daily with the Great Spirit of the Universe, and Moses received the commandments from God amidst the

thunders and lightnings of Sinai, but when the tempter had stolen into the sacred precincts of Eden, the injunctions of Jehovah were forgotten, and when Aaron had raised the golden calf the sacred ordinances of the Decalogue were broken.

Laws may be chiseled in stone, engraved in brass, inscribed on parchment, and sealed with wax; they may be written in the lightnings' flashes, and spoken in thunder tones, but they are as dead and soulless as the swathed mummies in the catacombs of Egypt, unless they are thrilling in our veins, throbbing in our hearts, living, moving, and having their being incarnate in the People.

What is the law but a mere dry skeleton, nerveless, heartless, brainless, until it is clothed with the muscles of the People's strength, and their own warm heart is set beating in its bosom. "Xerxes* ordering the Hellespont to be shackled, Canute commanding the floods to recede from his footstool," the Pope of Rome fulminating his manifesto against the comet, these are fit types of these loud-mouthed laws that clamor for obedience, and whose arms are powerless to enforce it.

As the spirit of government is not found in its codes or fundamental laws, neither is its power indicated by the extent of its territory, the thickness of its walls, or the number of its soldiery.

Arsenals and armories, fortifications frowning with cannon over the cities, sentinels pacing the streets with bayonets, iron-clad navies darkening the coasts, these are no more the emblems of national strength than the drugs, and bandages, and instruments of the surgeon, are the emblems of a nation's health.

When we see many physicians gathered at the sick man's door, with the appliances of their profession, we conclude that the patient's life is trembling upon a thread; when we find great batteries and battalions necessary to repress the discontents of a People, we may conclude that their liberties are at the point of dissolution. Find the happy land that has neither apothecary or surgeon, and you will find a community with Hebe's ensign "crimson upon their cheeks;" find the happy land that has neither bayonets or prison bars, and you will inhale an atmosphere that is vocal with the joyous harmony of hearts that beat together, and whose every zephyr has a

*Macaulay.

redolence of freedom sweeter even than the "sweet South that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odors."

The great achievements that have dignified and embellished the annals of mankind have not been performed by vast armies that came in swarms like locusts, but by a few earnest men gathered together in the spirit, as well as in the name of right, and acting under the impulse of a glorious sentiment—men like Sir Galahad, in Tennyson, who could say:

My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

Athens,* when at Marathon she broke into fragments the Persian host, counted in her ranks but twenty thousand men. Athens, when a few years later her entire army was captured, and counted by the head like so many cattle, still numbered twenty thousand men. What had Athens lost? What made the vast difference between the shining victory whose glorious halo circled her brow, and the dismal defeat that bent her fair form under its clanking chains? Numbers were still there. Nothing was gone but that union and purity of public feeling which before had fired their hearts with an immortal heroism—which had taught them "to prefer hard liberty to the easy yoke of servile pomp," and that life purchased by cowardly submission was purchased at the expense of all that was worth living for.

All great sovereigns have relied upon the united spirit, rather than the material resources of their subjects, as the true bulwarks of national defence. It was thus that Cæsar erected so speedily from the ruins of the Roman Republic a Great Empire, in which Arts and Letters, and Science, and the Laws flourished like long drooping plants, springing up into vigorous life under the protecting roof a grand conservatory.

When he had overthrown the adherents of Pompey he returned to Rome, "the foremost man in all the world." He at once discarded the passions of a partizan, he erected in the capitol the statue of his renowned rival, Pompey, he put an end to the confiscation of property, he appointed to office, without discrimination, those who had fought under and those who had fought against his banners; and thus with security of life, limb

*Montesquieu *Esprit des Loix*.

and property firmly established, Rome emerged Neptune-like from the sea of blood, and waved her mighty trident in triumph over the conquered floods of passion.

Wherever the Roman Eagles went, they went to bind up the broken laws, not to tear them with their talons; and when they came soaring back to Rome over the assuaging waters of the red deluge, they, dove-like, brought the olive branch to twine with Cæsar's laurels; and as they folded their wings in peaceful triumph over the eaves of the Roman Capitol, they looked down upon the imperial city no longer holding two factious mobs, the one boasting, "I have followed Cæsar," the other, "I have followed Pompey," but a single-hearted People bound together in close union like the fasces of their lictors, and each man rejoicing in that grand old boast, now universal and illustrious on land and sea, "I am a Roman citizen."

Clemency to the conquered was the secret of Roman glory. No sooner did she add a province to her dominions by force of arms, than she extended to the inhabitants, by degrees, the immunities and privileges of citizens, and bound them to her by the stronger force of affection.

Her conquests were no less permanent than splendid. From the Sarmatian snows to the Libyan sands, the world became a Roman farm; the Mediterranean with all its beautiful islands and fruitful shores a Roman lake, while in the midst sat the Eternal City upon her seven hills, and from her "throne of beauty ruled the world."

I have so far alluded only to some examples of profane history. I have one other to recite that drowns the rest as the full dawn absorbs the lesser lights of night.

Nearly nineteen centuries ago the world was shaken by a revolution, the vastest and grandest in the history of all time. Its birth was in a manger, its author was God, its agent was Christ, its name is Christianity. There is nothing in all its wonderful and beautiful history that strikes the human mind with more astonishment than the fact that Christ did not in the least interfere with any institution or government, although unjust rulers held the scepters, a corrupt judiciary headed the tribunals, and deceitful priests taught false doctrines to the People.

You have read how Tarquin the Proud, when asked on one occasion how seditions in the State might be quelled, replied by striking off with his walking-cane the heads of the tallest poppies in his garden, significant of the manner in which he would serve the most prominent men. The act was worthy of that narrow-minded king; for, from the seed that fell from the bruised head of the poppy, or from its roots yet living in the soil, another season would bring forth the rank flowers of sedition in vigorous growth again. Christ did not thus strike down the proud tyrannies that oppressed the nations of the earth, but with deeper insight into the heart of things sought simply to purge the people of their follies, knowing that thus the seed and roots of their social evils would be destroyed, and that the stalk and branch, and leaf, and bitter fruit, would then wither away, never to flourish again.

Christ did not address himself to the scribes, or priests, or governors, or Generals, but to the fisherman on the seashore, the laborer in his field, the carpenter at his bench; and then He spoke to the multitude themselves; and human eloquence has never approached in simplicity or grandeur the divine oration which fell from His lips, when He spoke with the Mount of Olives as His rostrum, a great People as His audience, the blue sky and green earth of Palestine for His temple, and divine love for man as His inspiration. He simply taught men to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and love their neighbors as themselves, knowing that with purity once established in their hearts, their mere political grievances would disappear as the cloudy battalions of darkness recede before the bright lances of the morning sun. Let the blood of the wounded man be pure, the wounds on the surface will close of themselves; let the sentiments of the People, which are the life currents of nations, be pure, and their national wounds will close of themselves.

Christ, too, advanced the rights of the People, and elevated the individual in the social scale. The teaching of our Declaration of Independence, that "all men are born free and equal," is not a mere dogma of modern publicists, but, in its proper sense, is inculcated by Christianity. They are not unqualifiedly equal, as some time-serving demagogues would have us to believe; not equal in stature, for one has the thews and sinews of a giant,

another is feeble and dwarfish as a pigmy; equal not in worldly goods, for Dives is clothed in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day, Lazarus lies at the gates begging the crumbs from his table; equal not in moral attributes, for Judas had a heart as black as a starless night, that of the beloved disciple was as pure as a cloudless day; equal not in tastes or wants, for the Red Man loves the wilderness, and the prairie, and the hunting ground, the African delights to bask idly in his red sunlight; the Anglo-Saxon is content alone with the excitements of adventure, the refinements of luxury and the glories of ambition; equal not in genius, for one has the lofty intellect and stern resolution to command: another can be only a hewer of wood and a drawer of water; nor equal in social rights and privileges, for they must be proportioned to various qualifications. In all these, and in many more respects, men differ from one another as "one star differeth from another star in glory;" but they are free to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, which is his vicegerent on earth, and are equal in the eye of the law before him "who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth His rain to fall on the just and the unjust"—who judges with like equity the lowly peasant and the diademed king, even as he controls with one unvarying law the tiny atom that floats unseen in the summer air, and the blazing orb that circles among the planets. Nor did Christ employ force to impress His ideas. He acted on that grand principle, "error ceases to be dangerous when truth is left free to combat it." His doctrines were truths with strength inherent in them. He summoned no cohorts of purple and gold to follow Him. He built no dungeons or scaffolds. He appointed no satraps. He required no test oaths. He forged no chains. But He intertwined His teachings with the tendrils of men's hearts, and infused them into their blood; and though He suffered a felon's death, His work has grown and expanded with the centuries.

It has shone as a beacon on a sky-gazing cliff, while underneath the graves of empires have heaved "but like some passing waves." Your government even to-day builds no churches, publishes no Bibles, ordains no bishops, and sends forth no missionaries; but, by the hands of the People, shrines of worship

arise on every hand, and disciples bear throughout the world the tidings of the true evangel.

Thus Christ committed His trust to the People—not to frail institutions—and thus the seeds that were sown in weakness and dishonor have been raised in power and glory; the stone “that was rejected by the builder” has become the shining “head of the corner” of civilization; the star that twinkled feebly over the manger of Bethlehem has grown into a vast sun that circles the earth with a broad belt of light, and sends its irradiations into the remotest abodes of darkness.

All these things proclaim to us that the heart of man can not be entered by violence; but that its doors open only to the golden keys of sympathy and thought. They tell us that the world is not governed by the physical force that has its expression in the muscles of a Goliath, but by that moral power that breathes in the spirit of a David. Look at the constitution of man himself, made in the image of his Maker. By nature he is one of the feeblest of created things. But he holds dominion over the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, and the fish of the deep, by virtue of ideas that scintillate from the subtle and luminous spirit in his brain. He is not so strong as the lion, but he raises his hand and the lion sinks at his feet; he is not so swift as the horse or deer, but he has inflamed cold iron with a spark of life, and whirls beyond them in the race; he has no fins like the fish, but he rides above them in the stormy waves, or, clad in the armor of Science, treads the bottom of the great deep amidst the wrecks of its conquests; no wings like those of the eagle have sprung out from his shoulders, but he has made for himself a silken wing and with it he soars upward until the eagle far below seems but an insect in the air, while the sun alone above, wreathes his head in glory, and the muttering clouds beneath seem spread out as his footstool.

I have so far spoken of public opinion as only indirectly influencing institutions, and as being in the most despotic governments the power behind the throne. According to the theory of monarchy and aristocracy, the king and the nobleman are the head and heart of the body politic, the people the mere limbs obeying their dictates. But in the formation of this American Republic we discarded every vestige of such an idea.

We trod under foot the "divine rights" of kings. We spurned the vain sentiment of the "grand monarch" of France, who declared, "I am the State" (*"L'état c'est moi!"*). We declared that all power was derived from the People, that we alone are the State—and public opinion was thus solemnly inaugurated as our king.

The People in this government, according to its purpose, make, adjudge and execute their own laws through chosen legislative, judicial, and executive agents; and these public servants hold in their hands the constitutions, State and Federal, which "we the People" have ordained, their explicit letters of instruction; and if they depart from them one jot or tittle they may be impeached and ejected from office by the popular power that installed them. In short, the crown of supreme power is not worn by "the one," or "the best," or "the few," but by "the many."

Now, the head of the State must be imbued with wisdom, and if the People presume to be their own head, and remain in ignorance, the crown they wear will lose its jewels and turn into a crown of thorns—thorns festering in the flesh and diseasing the entire body. They will find that in escaping the tyranny of a king, or an aristocracy, they have created in themselves a hydra-headed tyrant.

And how is this to be prevented? There is but one answer; *viz.*, by educating the masses of the People, thus preparing them in knowledge for their high office, and elevating their moral character.

That education is the nurture of the mind I shall not attempt to prove, because I presume none will deny it; but there is a class of philosophers who teach that education does not develop our moral nature, and one of the chief amongst them is Archibald Alison, the distinguished British essayist and historian.* This writer claims that education and civilization soften the savage passions of the human breast, and check those crimes of violence that originate in their indulgence, but tend rather to increase than diminish those of fraud and gain, by multiplying the pleasures which can be attained only by the acquisition of property. Then he quotes from Holy Writ that

*Alison's *Modern Europe*: i-47.

man was expelled from Paradise for partaking of the tree of knowledge, and, finally, pressing statistics into his ranks, he adds that in Prussia, where every child is educated by the government as a matter of State policy, serious crime is fourteen times as prevalent as in France, where two-thirds of the population can neither read nor write.

This whole argument is a texture of perverted facts and false principles. His disingenuous allusion to the Bible may be answered by plain texts of Scripture that are not mere rhetorical flourishes.

"A wise man," says Solomon, "will hear and increase learning," and again, "Fools despise wisdom and instruction."

The statistical argument amounts to nothing. The uncultured field, from original fertility and genial showers, is frequently covered with the spontaneous luxuriance of an oasis, while all the arts of agriculture fail to extract even a scanty subsistence from the barren soil; and yet the wise husbandman never concludes that the harrow and the plough are not the instruments for producing fruitfulness and plenty; and the husbandman of nations should never conclude that education does not destroy the weeds of immorality that spring up in the human mind and nourish the flowers and fruits of virtue.

But an invincible proof that the tendency of knowledge is to produce morality lies in the fact that there is no special residence for moral attributes in the human system, but only an imperial reason that sits enthroned in the palace of the brain. Moral and mental endowments are not separate and independent, but the moral springs from the intellectual. Moral obliquity is a misnomer for mental obliquity. Perfect morality is only reason in perfection. Morality is the music of the mind, which arises from the happy accord of its faculties, while immorality is the discord produced by their derangement or imperfection, when, as those of Hamlet, they are

Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh.

It follows then, as clearly as a mathematical deduction, that, to produce clear moral perceptions, education must cast the beam of ignorance from the intellectual eye. You will indeed create capacity to commit fraud, but you will check the improper

exercise of that capacity by opening a thousand avenues of honorable ambition and revealing to man the fact which the Creator has written upon his heart with a finger of light, that his own true temporal and eternal interests are identical with that course of conduct that conscientiously regards the rights and interests of others.

The intellect that belittles the good influences of education is truant to its own God-given gifts. Of what does man consist? Of a handful of dust gathered up from the earth, and

A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given
To lift from earth our low desire.

It is knowledge that fans that spark into a flame that illumines the ways of virtue and burns out the degrading instincts of animal nature. Without it we have eyes, but we do not see. With it there is disclosed the mysteries of mountain, and sea, and sky; there is unveiled an inhabited globe in every drop of water and in every speck of gold-dust that glitters afar off on yonder cloth of azure. Without it we have ears, but we do not hear aught but the illusive voices of passion. With it they are attuned to the sublime harmony of the spheres.

It kindles the imagination, it chastens the taste, it expands the sympathies, it enriches the memory, it purifies the mind. It finds for us

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks;
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

It leads us from the apparent to the real, from the perishable to the imperishable, from the glowworms of time that glimmer on our path to the great sun of eternity that blazes in front, from the mere babbling brooks of momentary pleasure that spring up under our feet to those perennial streams of living truth that gush out from the foot of the throne of God.

So impressed with these ideas were the founders of this government that they lost no occasion to advance them. Washington, in his farewell address, urged the necessity of education in words which are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"The People," said he, "must be taught to learn and value their own rights—to discern and provide against invasions of

them; . . . to discriminate the spirit of liberty from that of licentiousness, cherishing the first, avoiding the last, and, uniting a speedy but temperate vigilance against encroachments with an inviolable respect for the laws."

The whole life of Jefferson was spent in the effort to elevate and enlighten the People, relying upon the reprobation of society as the best preventive of crime and its applause as the highest incentive of virtue. Year after year he contended in the Legislature of Virginia to unravel these dark threads of the feudal system that had been interwoven in our laws and were fast dividing society into patrician and plebian orders fiercely opposed to each other.

It was chiefly through his agency that the system of entailing estates, the groundwork of a high-handed hereditary aristocracy, was abolished, that the rights of primogeniture were discarded, and that the ecclesiastical hierarchy of an established Church was overthrown. And, acting under the impulse to simplify and enfranchise, which he had imparted, the legislature erased from our Code the sanguinary features of the English law that punished no less than two hundred offences with death, declared that murder and treason alone should suffer that extreme penalty, and presented to the state in a single volume of ninety pages an entire system of statutory jurisprudence.

Thus, high upon the Acropolis of human rights, he had builded the citadel of Virginia liberties: he had strengthened it with the heavy ordinance of invincible logic, and had set the bright standards of eloquence floating over it. Now we needed the strong arms and honest hearts of a brave and enlightened garrison to defend it, for Gibraltar itself would be nothing unless it was manned. This he sought to secure by a general system of education, which should ramify throughout society and bear its blessings to all classes. He only partially succeeded in his noble and comprehensive scheme; but of all the great works which he performed for his country and mankind, none has been more fruitful of good than this institution itself, which sprang from his brain a goddess of light full armed to contend against ignorance and vice, as blue-eyed Athena of old sprang in her radiant armor from the immortal intellect of Jove.

You may wander, my friends, amongst the gilded sepulchers of the great, where

The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rest below;
And this all done upon whose tombs is seen,
Not what they were, but what they should have been,

and you may grow heart-sick in witnessing this display of the vanities and frailties of human life at the very threshold of the tomb. Turn, then, aside to the moss-covered stone on yonder heights, and read in the modest epitomè of a man's life the tribute of truth to one of her truest worshippers.

HERE WAS BURIED

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,
OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM, AND
FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Civil and Religious Liberty, and Knowledge, who is their guardian spirit—these are the glorious trinity of our political faith, who journey hand in hand to this sacred spot and lay their offerings upon the tomb of the great Tribune of the People.

Especially is education essential at this particular stage of our national growth while masses of emigrants from the overcrowded countries of Europe are daily landing upon our shores and infusing their own manners, prejudices and ideas into our civilization. The majority of this class are from the lower and ignorant ranks of society, but even the few who are enlightened have been reared to theories of government so diverse from our own as to be incapable of entering into the spirit of our republican institutions, and yet are speedily admitted to participation in their control.

This is the plastic material which the demagogue works up into fanaticism, and fanaticism is the corruption from which anarchy is engendered. It is idle for us to waste breath in railing against ignorant demagogues who inflame the passions of the mob, for we should remember that blind ignorance could not lead if blind ignorance were not ready to follow. The demagogue could not be the despot of an hour if an illiterate populace were not there to be his slaves. Let us, then, strike

the scales of ignorance from the People's eyes and its shackles from their arms; and we will then have the charter of our liberties deposited in an ark where neither "the moth nor rust" of tyranny "can corrupt," nor thieving demagogues "break in and steal." The blessings of civil liberty must rest upon the arms of knowledge, even as these graceful vines are sustained by these massy columns.

Queen Catharine, or Russia, we are told, built a palace entirely of ice, with all the apartments appropriate to a royal dwelling. This structure shone resplendently in the frozen air of Russia, but it would have melted away in the twinkling of an eye before the heated breath of an Italian sun. So this splendid edifice of government was built to stand in the atmosphere of cool, dispassionate public judgment, and if left exposed to the fiery passions of ignorant party rage, all its starry pointing spires and cloud-capped towers of freedom will come crashing down above us, and our social fortunes will be overwhelmed in their ruins.

The Creator, in the beginning, when the world was without form and void, and darkness sat on the face of the waters, gave as His first command, "Let there be light." Wise is that statesman, who, to-day, in evoking order from chaos, gives as his first command, "Let there be the light of knowledge shining on the People's hearts." And how should the legislator of our own state seek to accomplish this purpose? Shall he exhaust the scanty resources of an almost depleted treasury to create a multitude of minor colleges which must divide the patronage of the state, and find formidable rivals in similar institutions of other states, or shall he build up this University that already outshines all others in our fair Southern land; and, with its ample library, its numerous schools, its eminent faculty, has become the favorite resort of those who wish to drink deeply of the Pierian spring, and mingle in a society of high-toned gentlemen?

Shall we cut up our intellectual light into little stars and set them glimmering feebly here and there in a darkened sky, or shall we raise at once to meridian splendor this rising sun of learning that is ascending the horizon gloriously from behind the clouds of recent war? Common sense joins in chorus with our affections to give the answer. Let our University be made

the great central orb of our educational system, and common schools and colleges will spring up around it in bright constellations, kindled into existence by its own beams, and, lit up by their joint effulgence, the desert and the silent place of ignorance will rejoice, and the wilderness of vice will blossom like the rose.

I have thus attempted to lay down the fundamental principles of national welfare, and when we understand the principles we foresee the evils which their violation must entail. It is the saying of Coleridge, that "every principle contains a prophecy." This is only a terse statement of the fact that the universe is governed by immutable laws—that the "Divinity which shapes our ends" shapes them upon a certain fixed and systematic plan. Upon this idea an American philosopher declares that "the historian who relies on the immutability of nature may predict the inevitable course through which a nation must pass." Having once learned natural laws we may foresee the events which their certain operation must bring about. Lord Bacon prophesied the invention of the steam engine more than a century before its actual appearance, knowing that it was a mechanical possibility which the steady advance of science would soon convert into a reality. Scientific men, turning the lens of their telescopes upward, saw it written in the starry characters above them that there was a New World behind the veil of the Atlantic waves, long before Columbus embarked on his successful voyage; and the astronomer threading the mazes of the planets, spheres, orbs, and worlds that whirl in sublime mystery through the awful depths of space, tells us when they shall be hidden in eclipse from human vision, and when they shall re-illumine our heavens. But there is scarcely an act of life that does not recognize these principles. When we see the bud, we behold nature's promise of the expanded blossom, or the ripened fruit. When we behold an acorn we know it is the prophetic shadow of the giant tree, because we know that the Creator has bound up in its tiny shell a code of laws which commands that when it grows, "however the wind may bend one branch, or the frost blight another, it shall grow only into an oak." The laws that control the minds of men are not less certain than those that govern matter. As true as the natural philosophers ascertain "action and reaction are equal," is the proposition that oppres-

sion brings resentment, cruelty, retaliation, and that when ignorance fans these baleful flames they burn with a twofold fury. Certain causes must end in certain results.

All the ages of fierce revolution proclaim this truth with trumpet tongues. The historical equation given Sylla and Marius equal to X, Time, the mathematician, discloses the unknown quantity in the monarch, Cæsar. Robespierre, Danton and Marat, the infernal triumvirate, and their times, melted the popular heart, and moulded it into the shape of Napoleon. Charles I., with his miserable theory of the "Divine right of kings," ground his people's hearts to powder. Cromwell was the spark that exploded that powder under his throne. George III., and his weak-minded counsellors, made of the Colonies' wrongs a mighty pedestal upon which avenging Nemesis reared the colossal figure of our noble Washington.

Thus from the sepulchres of fallen states, history tells us with her thousand-tongued voices that rulers in planting their heels upon the People's aspirations, in perpetuating the memories of past disorders, and loading those connected with them in chains, only water the seed of that deadly Upas tree, whose leaves exude destruction; but that in magnanimity that forgives and forgets, in confidence that trusts, and in education that enlightens, they raise up the free Igdrasil, the tree of existence, whose boughs spread upward to the heavens, whose roots are watered by pure fountains, under whose foliage a free and prosperous nation may repose, and the oppressed of all lands find shelter.

Never was there a time in the history of the world that called more loudly than does this moment for a leader framing his policy upon this staunch foundation. If violence and narrow mindedness prevail, we shall behold in this once beautiful and thriving land, a nation of whose "woes unnumbered" Ireland is a fair type in the Old World, and Mexico in the New. We should indeed see peace—not white-winged peace with the olive branch—but the peace of terror with a sword. We should see the dissolution of all ties of moral obligations, the spoilation of property, the best citizens seeking homes in exile, hypocrites and sycophants usurping the high places at home, trade paralyzed, public improvements neglected, vice spreading itself "like a green bay tree." These are some of its dark features.

But I will not contemplate them even in imagination. I would rather indulge my mind in the hope that those whom Providence has entrusted with our destinies may be imbued with a regard for the true interests and the indelible rights of mankind; that they may, as the first step in the reorganization of society, curb the ferocity of those human bloohounds that howl for the slaughter of the leaders of a devoted people; that they may break the bondage of our illustrious Commander-in-Chief, whose heroic fortitude in affliction has made the gloomy walls of his prison-house shine with a radiance more resplendent than the gilded walls of a palace; that they may no longer oppress him, who in his vicarious suffering for eight millions of freemen, has borne "the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office, and the law's delay," with a majestic silence that has rendered Jefferson Davis, the prisoner of State, a dearer object in the affections of his People, a nobler object in the respect of all high-minded men, than even Jefferson Davis, the intrepid, and magnanimous ruler of a mighty nation—that has set upon him a seal higher than all earthly dignities, and stamped him as one of those noblemen of nature whose patent of nobility was issued by nature's God.

In fact, all our demands and hopes may be summed up in the one: that those who govern the Union and the State may plant their feet upon the Constitution that was bought by our fathers' blood, and with one voice say of it as St. Paul said of his Church, "Upon this rock I set my feet and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." We should then see a land

Vital in every part,
which could not but by annihilation die.

We should then see reënacted on a grand scale the most touching episode of "Winter's Tale," so beautifully told us by the "Bard of Avon." You remember how King Leontes was so cruel to his Queen that she fainted apparently in death. The King, when his anger was past, shed bitter tears to the memory of her whom, alas! he could not recall. One day the King was told that an artist had wrought her form so true to nature that it seemed instinct with life. He came and stood before it, and the marble did indeed appear so life-like that one would "almost speak to it and stand in hope of answer;" and even as he gazed

with a tear of tender memory trickling down his cheek, the eye brightened, the cheek reddened, and the seeming statue, which was but the Queen herself, stepped forth from its pedestal and embraced him in its arms; and, as the story goes, they were reconciled then and there, and dwelt long and happily together. So may it be with the People of these United States. They raised before their Constitution the Medusa's head of war, with its serpent locks, and turned it into stone; but as to-day they stand in presence of its noble features, beautiful even in death, so "icily regular, faultily faultless, splendidly null," if they be once more animated, with their ancient love, the spark will kindle its kindred in the stone, they will see its cheeks blush with their ancient beauty, its eyes flash with their ancient fire, its lips speak with their ancient eloquence, and its arms stretched forth to embrace and bless them.

We should not relax our efforts to build up a mighty and free Republic, because the Republic which we founded has failed to subserve its high purpose. The misfortune is not attributable to our form of government, but to a degeneracy of public sentiment which no form of government could have prevented.

It has been the dream of the statesmen of all times to construct a constitution that should require no change, but Proteus-like adapt itself to the varying exigencies of the People who ordained it. But, it is a visionary's hallucination. Yet we should not cease to strive for perfection, nor lose our

Faith in Time,
And that which shapes it to a perfect end.

The early alchemists labored in their crucibles, hoping to produce the philosopher's stone, which would convert base metal into gold. They did not succeed, but from their efforts arose the Science of Chemistry, which has interpreted many of the dark oracles of nature, and coined their secrets into innumerable blessings. The physicians, too, sought in the yellow flowers that were sacred to the sun for that mysterious elixir which should heal the afflictions of the body and impart immortal life. They, too, did not succeed, but they discovered many useful medicines, and unlocked the fountains of relief to many a suffering pilgrim.

In like manner will be rewarded the virtuous efforts of the statesman and the People. They may never realize the ideal Republic of Plato; they may never discover the shores of that beautiful Island of Utopia that arose in the imagination of Sir Thomas Moore; they may never find that happy Valley of Rasselas, in which nothing was wanted but something to desire; but by constantly instilling noble principles which are the germs of noble actions, and warming them into life with beams of knowledge, they may restrain violence in disputes, secure humanity even in war, and produce that magnanimity of thought, and kindliness of feeling, which, under any circumstances, must mitigate the miseries and multiply the blessings of mankind.

Evil men may turn back the hands on the face of the clock of civilization and postpone the hour of destiny, but they can not break the inner machinery whose hidden spring, whose animating principle is God; they may throw themselves in the path and detain, but they can not overthrow the Car of Progress as with Divine Providence holding the reins, and the human races pulling in the traces, it moves sublimely on to accomplish the destinies of mankind. Its track, indeed, is no smooth and graded path leveled by the engineer, but a devious and perilous path that twines around the mountain's side, now bending downward to avoid the precipice, now hidden behind the mist from human vision, but still moving ever onward and upward to the summit—that summit which

Though round its base the gathering cloud be spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Fellow-members of the Jefferson Society, it has been my effort to impress the idea that the prosperity of nations depends upon the purity and enlightenment of their citizens, because I have felt that especially now must our suffering countrymen rest upon these foundations all the glorious memories of their past achievements, and all the glorious hopes of their political salvation.

It has been well said, by a French writer, that when young men become thoughtful, liberty is safe. And have we not enough to make us thoughtful now?

While thousands of our comrades rest among the "unreturning brave" on distant fields of honor, you have been spared in the carnage; while thousands more still languish on beds of agony, or totter through life in a premature old age, in you the fires of youthful ardor are still unchilled, and you may reënter the race course with unabated energy; while still thousands more were compelled to abandon the congenial pursuits of letters, you have been enabled to turn once more to academic groves,

In search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence and poesy;

and from you to whom so much has been given, the brightest realizations are justly expected.

You are, indeed, of the chosen few reserved from the battle fields of blood, and formed here into a forlorn hope to raise the drooping and torn, though not dishonored, standards of your country, and advance them in the nobler battle fields of thought.

We separate here—we depart, soldier-like, to our appropriate posts of duty, but let our souls be knit together with like hopes and aspirations—let us remain through all the checkered scenes of life, members of a common brotherhood, "whose hearts are a thousand, whose bosoms are one." And, I would offer up the hope that our paths may often concenter again at this familiar spot; that we may find here the old "Jeff Hall," hallowed by many precious memories, grown up into a vast roof less broad and aspiring only than yon overshadowing dome; that we may find it filled with a numerous and prosperous membership, and thus realize delightfully as we clasp hands once more together, the prophetic motto that shines in letters of gold above us,

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Fellow-members of the Jefferson Society, in its fullest, richest meaning, I now bid you an affectionate—God grant not a last—adieu!

And yet, one word more: yet, before I cease, let me, though one of the humblest of Virginia's sons, ask of you all, fellow-citizens of this grand old Commonwealth, where shall she be in future contests? In times past, whenever there has been needed the strong hand or the strong mind, the eloquent tongue, or the

gallant heart, the name of Virginia has never been invoked in vain. When, at the beginning of the late struggle, there seemed a possibility of staying the hand of violence, she remembered the Divine precept, "Blessed is the peacemaker," and sent her counsellors to restrain it. But when she saw that the black Northern storm was sweeping Southward, she bent before its fury in no craven spirit. She sent word to her sisters, "Virginia will be with you," and then taking down her ancient shield and spear from her capitol walls, she moved grandly to the head of the battle-line with all the enthusiasm of the novice, and all the intrepidity of the veteran. As her bugle blast resounded throughout her borders there came pouring forth from her lowly hamlets and her stately cities, from her mountain fastnesses and her secluded valleys, a shining host of warriors, as brave and true as ever clustered under a conqueror's banner.

From first to last she was foremost "in the picture by the flashing of the guns;" and, though her fairest domain has been reddened with the heart's blood of her children, and blackened with the ashes of happy homesteads, we may all rejoice to-day, as we turn our hearts and hopes heavenward, as we reërect our ruins and scatter roses o'er our brother's graves, that all have preserved unstained their sacred honor.

When the last echo of hostile cannon died away over her blasted fields, and left silence brooding in the midst of desolation, she did not sit down in idle grief like Niobe repining for her children; but like David, when his son was dead, she restrained her unavailing tears, and reëntered nobly upon her duties.

And now, once more, our sisters of the South as they array themselves in fair order to advance to the glorious conquests of civilization, call aloud for Virginia to lead them. Above their line then let there be again seen the proud crest of the Warrior Queen Virginia, her shield like that of Æneas, bearing upon it the imagery of her future glories blazing in the van, her spear, like the enchanted lance in Castilian fable, bearing down opposition with an instinctive impulse, her face still glowing with its wonted beauty, and lit up alike with the aspirations of a sublime ambition and the anticipations of an undoubted victory.

And both of these Societies, fellow-students, I know will perform their parts; and as Washington and Jefferson, your great prototypes, bore side by side the cross in their country's struggle, and alike wore its brightest crown, so may you here in youth labor side by side in the vineyard of letters, in maturity gather its choicest vintage, in age repose under its clustering fruits and shady bowers.

Heretofore, it has been boasted by Frenchmen, that the world has no country like France, France no city like Paris, Paris no man equal to their sovereign.

Hereafter, if wisdom and virtue shall guide our national councils—if the People of our state will cherish their seats of learning and stimulate a generous enthusiasm for knowledge: and if you will improve the golden moments and opportunities of youth, it shall soon be gratefully and gladly exclaimed by Virginians that the world has no country like America, America no fairer portion than the South, the South no nobler state than Virginia, Virginia no institution more fruitful of good than this, our University; and our Alma Mater will count as her dearest and brightest jewels those of her children who constitute the Washington and Jefferson Societies.

CHARACTER OF STONEWALL JACKSON

My Countrymen:

Here in the depths of the Wilderness, on Spottsylvania's soil, on the 3d day of May, 1863, in the hour of victory, and in the fortieth year of his age, fell in battle Thomas Jonathan Jackson, Lieutenant-General in the Army of the Confederate States, commanding the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. On the 10th day of May he died, and in the graveyard at his old home, Lexington, Virginia, he lies buried. Hither we come to dedicate upon this spot a landmark stone, and to pay respect to his memory. Sacred is the soil that soaked the hero's blood, sad and tender are the memories this day recalls; but this is not the place, nor this the time, for tears.

We are gathered together to rejoice that human nature can take to credit and lift up to example the life of such a man as Jackson, that he spent his life amongst us, that he gave his life to us, that our countrymen everywhere revere his name; and that the record of his life remains as the glory of his state, his people, his race, his age, his country, and as mankind's great heritage in all generations.

The world has never known a sublimer man than Jackson. His character was stainless; his soul was meek; his courage was dauntless; his energy was irrepressible; his ambition was chastened; his religion was pure; his patriotism was fervent; his mind was vigorous; his heart was charitable; he was valorous of his convictions; he was shrinkingly modest; he was grandly audacious; of his soldiers he was the idol; of his country he was the hope; of war he was the master; his genius was transcendent; his deeds were wonderful. To serve his God and his country he lived, serving and loving them he died. His manliness and his godliness were alike preëminent, and the memory of him will never die.

In 1868 Major Daniel delivered a lecture before the Manassas Memorial Association at Manassas, Virginia, on the "Life and Character of 'Stonewall' Jackson." At a much later date he delivered at Fredericksburg, Virginia, an address upon the same subject, in which he retained the substance of his original lecture, but in a less elaborate form. The latter address has been selected as a part of this collection.

I shall speak of him to-day as man and soldier; and to tell the truth plainly shall be my only object, for Truth will be his monument when the stone upon his grave has mingled with the dust beneath it.

THE YOUTH OF JACKSON

He was born in Clarksburg, Harrison County, Virginia (now West Virginia), on January 21st, 1824, of a family descended from English settlers who were pioneers of that section in 1748, and the Jacksons were known as sturdy and highly respected citizens. When he was three years of age his father died, and the orphan found a home under an uncle's roof. He grew up a plain country lad, working on the farm in the summer, and acquiring the rudiments of an ordinary education in the winter months. At the age of sixteen he was of such consequence as to become a constable, but we know little more of his early days, save that he was a grave, hardy, resolute, energetic boy, who showed equal ability in mauling rails and in riding horses. "It was the gossip of all the country-side that if a horse had any winning qualities in him, they would invariably come out when young Tom Jackson rode him in the race."

WEST POINT

As he approached manhood, however, he distinctly revealed those strong qualities which are visible throughout his entire career.

Carlisle says, "Sincerity—a great, deep, genuine sincerity—is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic." Sincerity of purpose sustained by energy that never flagged, and resolution that never flinched, sincerity that went forward and feared not, was the life-long characteristic of Jackson.

When about eighteen years of age he conceived desire for a cadetship at West Point. This was his first ambition, and it gave direction to his life. Poor in purse, in preparation, and in influence, his prospects were poor also, but he had the will, and he found the way. He said to a friend, "I am very ignorant, but I can make it up by study. I know I have the energy, and I think I have the intellect." In homespun clothes, and with his entire outfit in a pair of saddlebags, alone he went to

Washington with a letter from this friend to his Representative, who, pleased with his pluck, gave him the appointment. He barely passed his preliminary examination at West Point, but he was as good as his word in making up deficiencies by study. The first year his standing was fifty-one in a class of seventy; the second year, thirty; the third year twenty, and the fourth year (1846) he graduated seventeenth. He was climbing the ladder slowly, but with firm step. He gave no indication of brilliancy, but his steadfastness was unmistakable; and it was the general remark that if the course had been longer he would have gone to the head of the class.

THE MEXICAN WAR

From the Academy at West Point, Jackson, now a Second Lieutenant of Artillery in the United States Army, was soon transferred to the Army in Mexico, the Mexican War being then in progress. He was all aglow with a young soldier's ambition for service and fame, and soon he found them.

He was promoted to First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct at the Siege of Vera Cruz; Contrevas and Cherubusco brought him the brevet of Captain; and Chapultepec (September 13th, 1847), the brevet of Major. In less than a year he had been three times promoted, and had made a name. In the entire command of General Scott, comprising as it did the choice military spirits of the United States who in after years became the leaders of the Armies of the North and South, there was not one who had received more frequent recognition of merit than the modest Lieutenant who had no friends save those of his own making, and who had met no opportunity without improving it. The official reports of Generals Scott, Twiggs, Worth and Pillow abound with his praises, and stories of his prowess were spread far and wide.

At Chapultepec his men and horses were swept from his guns, and none but he and a Sergeant left to man them. Captain John Bankhead Magruder, his Commander, ordered their withdrawal. "No," said Jackson, protesting, "send me fifty regulars and we will silence the enemy's batteries and capture them." Magruder consented. The men were sent, and the batteries were stormed and taken.

On another occasion, when the men fled from their guns and crouched under a bank for shelter, he boldly ran them out into the open field which was swept with shot and shell, and called out, "Come on, this is nothing; you see they can't hurt me."

"Forward," was always the word with Jackson. In an official report Captain Magruder says: "I beg leave to call the attention of the Major-General commanding the Division to the conduct of Lieutenant Jackson, of the First Artillery. If devotion and gallantry are the highest qualities of a soldier, then he is entitled to the distinction which their possession confers."

This report was addressed to General Pillow's Adjutant, none other than Captain Joseph Hooker, who afterwards commanded the Federal Army upon the field.

PROFESSOR AT THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

For some time after the Mexican War Major Jackson remained in the Army, on garrison duty in New York and Florida. This continued until 1857, when he accepted the professorship of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Instructor of Artillery Tactics in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. This Institution, modeled upon the Military Academy at West Point, was to Virginia what West Point is to the United States, and there in domestic happiness and in the daily routine of duties, Jackson spent quietly ten years of his life. As a professor he was neither popular nor brilliant. His friend and biographer, Dr. Dabney, says: "He lacked versatility and powers of elucidation, but in the art of examining he was eminent."

He was not fluent as a lecturer, and to acquire facility in discourse he joined a debating society in Lexington. His efforts at first were awkward and halting, and he had frequently to resume his seat in confusion; but he persisted, in spite of repeated failures, and became a clear and forcible speaker.

Severe and ascetic in his tastes, awkward in his manners, reserved to shyness, rigid in his disciplinary and religious views, he was not the man to shine in social converse, or to be the favorite of jovial circles. Nor did he impress those who knew him that he possessed great abilities, and no one appears of record who imagined before the Confederate War that in

this plain Presbyterian elder, known only as a brave subordinate, a zealous churchman, and a conscientious teacher, there reposed capacities that would flame forth in the highest achievements of martial genius, and electrify the nations.

In politics Major Jackson took no part, but he had his convictions, and they were those of the States'-Right school of the strictest sect.

The war came on in 1861. The drum-beat rolled across the continent. To arms! From every hill and valley, home and hamlet, North and South, came the battle cry. Virginia had exerted herself to the last for peace. Peace, peace, but there was no peace. She took down her ancient shield and drew her sword. At the head of the corps of cadets, ordered by Governor Letcher to Richmond, went Major Jackson, and to his home he never returned until lifted from yonder spot by his faithful soldiers he was borne upon his bier.

PERSONAL QUALITIES

Before I attempt to point out his deeds or analyze his character as a General, let me speak of Jackson, the man. There is no character of modern times of whom more incidents and anecdotes are related, and none of whom they are more characteristic. He was one of Plutarch's men, and one of Homer's men, who would have inspired the classic pen of the historian or the grandest strain of epic song. He was altogether unique and original, and his individuality stamped itself upon all with whom he came in contact. He was a man of inflexible and thrilling qualities: Bessemer steel and electricity combined. He was born to self command, and with mysterious power of command over other men. By severe discipline he had acquired the power of concentrating or relaxing his energies at will. It was his habit every night, as a professor, to spend several hours in meditation upon the lessons of the day—never opening a book after dark, never turning a page until he mastered it—and this practice wonderfully developed memory, reasoning power, and imagination. He was never diverted from this régime by the conversation of others, and his attention once fixed upon an object, he was oblivious to all else until that object was accomplished. His punctuality became a proverb.

He slept, ate, studied, and did every duty by clockwork; and his associates kept the time of day by the movements of Major Jackson. He governed his physical appetite with a rod of iron. Except under compulsion of medical advice he never touched ardent spirits. Refusing its tender by a companion in the army, he said, "No, I am much obliged to you, but I never use it. I am more afraid of it than of Federal bullets."

When the people about him, says Dr. Dabney, complained of headache, or other consequences of imprudence, he would say, "Do as I do, and you will not suffer. My head never aches. If a thing disagrees with me, I never eat it."

He used no stimulants whatever, neither coffee, tea, tobacco or wine. Like the Spartan, he was as rigid in his abstemiousness as he was brave.

Teaching every Sunday afternoon a Sunday-school of colored pupils, those who came late found themselves locked out. This was his way—a rule was a rule. To him command and obedience, duty and performance were as one. He was full of "rugged maxims hewn from life"—such maxims as only great men make or can live up to. One of his favorites was this: "You can be whatever you resolve to be." "There were words in him," says Emerson of Napoleon, "like Austerlitz battles." So of Jackson.

RELIGION

Jackson was profoundly and intensely religious. The figure of the Presbyterian elder in his pew at church in Lexington was as familiar to the congregation as the figure of the gray-clad soldier afterwards became to his men in march and battle and at the camp meetings upon the wayside. Some have regarded him as a religious fanatic. He certainly was a religious enthusiast, but while fixed in his own opinions, and carrying his belief in special providences beyond the usual creeds, he was nothing of the bigot. He carried his whole soul into his religion, as into all of his understandings. He instructed a class of young men in Lexington in the evidences of Christianity, and delivered a course of lectures on the same subject in Beverly, Randolph County, Virginia. Being pleased with the Hebrew system of oblations he scrupulously donated a tithe of his whole income to charitable purposes. Sunday he re-

spected as God's day, and he kept it holy, doing no manner of work thereon. He would not even read a letter upon the Sabbath, and he was opposed to Sunday mails. His religion, indeed, tinged every act of his life; it was to him the key of the morning and the bolt of the night; it was to him no shining Sunday garment, but his uniform at home and abroad; his cloak in bivouac, his armor in battle. He prayed incessantly. To a friend he once said, "When we take our meals, there is the grace; when I take a draught of water I always pause as my pallet receives the refreshment to lift my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life; when I drop a letter into the box at the postoffice I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission, and upon the person to whom it is sent; when I break the seal of a letter, just received, I stop to pray to God that he may prepare me for its contents; when I go to my dressing-room and await the arrangement of the cadets in their places, that is my time to intercede with God for them. I have made the practice habitual, and I can no more forget it than to forget to drink when I am thirsty."

His body-servant was asked once if he could tell when a battle was coming off. "Oh, yes," he answered, "the General is a great man for praying night and morning—all times; but when I see him get up several times the night besides, to go off and pray, then I know there is going to be something to pay, and I go straight and pack his haversack, because I know he will call for it in the morning."

Frequently when the columns of his weather-browned and war-worn veterans swept by him to the battle front they beheld the stern figure of their commander sitting motionless upon his horse with his right hand uplifted, while his lips breathed a silent prayer. Like the Puritans of old he lived, "As ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

AMBITION

Jackson was a man of the highest ambition. He aspired to eminence in whatever he undertook. He had that thirst for glory which is the almost invariable quality of elevated minds, and is inconceivable to others; and he used every honorable exertion to achieve it. At Chapultepec his battery lost heavily,

and he was asked if he felt no trepidation. He answered: "No, the only anxiety of which he was conscious of in any engagement was a fear lest he should not meet anger enough to make his conduct as conspicuous as he desired, and as the fire grew hotter he rejoiced in his coveted opportunity." He held that high rank in his profession should be the officer's highest consideration, for which convenience, ease, wealth and all personal comfort should be sacrificed. But his ambition was never overweening, envious, selfish, or ill regulated.

To an influential gentleman who asked an appointment for a friend during the war, he responded: "If a person desires office in these times the best thing for him to do is at once to pitch into service somewhere, and work with such energy, zeal and success as to impress those around him with the conviction that such are his merits he must be advanced or the interest of the public service must suffer."

This was Jackson's plan. In whatever field he labored he pitched into obstacles with such energy, zeal and success that promotions sought him. His was not the selfish ambition of a Cæsar—"aut Cæsar, aut pullus." It was not envious like that of Themistocles, whom the trophies of Miltiades would not permit to sleep, but, like that of Washington, it was kindled by conscious merit and chastened by love of duty. It was not the vain ambition that loved the uppermost places at feasts, or the head of column upon parade. It was the God-given thirst to bring to fruition the talent committed to him; to be ever worthy of trust over many things by proving faithful over a few; to set his light upon a hill that it might shine before men, and that seeing his work they should glorify God who sent him.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

Jackson's personal appearance disappointed those who expected to see the hero of a picture. Tall, a little round-shouldered, and anything but graceful, his figure never could have been taken for a sculptor's model. He looked, as he ambled through his camps or along his line on his gaunt sorrel horse, more like a sailor who had fallen into the saddle, and was holding on to keep from falling off, than like the knightly

leader about to perform deeds that song and story would remember.

Three times I recall to have seen him in the spring of 1863, once at religious service near Hamilton Crossings. He sat with bowed head; his simplicity was childlike, and he looked like an humble countryman who felt uneasy in company. The second time when he rode upon the field to the side of Latimer's battery then firing, on the morning that the battle known as Chancellorsville was beginning on the hills near Fredericksburg. The man of the camp-meeting seemed transformed. His face was sternly grave; a strange light shone over it; his presence was awe inspiring, and his big blue eyes beamed with battle. The third time was when he started to strike the blow at Hooker, in striking which he fell. He was alone. It was damp and misty. An oilcloth coat enveloped his figure, and his military cap was pulled over his eyes. He was evidently in haste, for he struck spurs to his horse, and galloping through the woods disappeared; and I had looked the last time on our great commander. But who that ever saw him does not see him yet in memory? The old faded coat of gray upon which every season had left its mark, the high cavalry boots, the plain military cap, with vizor down. The soldiers know the picture. An amateur poet, Palmer, has drawn it with rough and ready grace:

We see him now—the old slouched cap,
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows them well;
Says he, "That's Banks, he's fond of shell,
Lord save his soul, we'll give him—" well,
That's "Stonewall" Jackson's way!

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old "Blue-Light"'s going to pray;
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way!

Appealing from his native sod,
In *forma pauperis* to God,
"Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod.
Amen." That's "Stonewall" Jackson's way.

A crowd gathered around Jackson's tent to see him when the Confederates were in Maryland. Presently he stepped out. "What shabby-looking chap is that?" asked one of them.

"That's old 'Stonewall,'" was answered. "Well, I guess he's no great shakes after all," said one of the bystanders; "he's not much for looks, anyhow." I expect that if Abraham Lincoln and "Stonewall" Jackson had walked into any American crowd they would have been nearly the last two men picked out for what they were.

You had to come close to Jackson to take in the meaning of his great face. His brow was lofty, broad, open and reverential. The nose was straight, with large nostrils; the cheek-bones were high; the ponderous brown-bearded jaw was iron; and the thin lips were sharply, almost painfully compressed. The blue eye was large and lustrous, soft and gentle in repose, in action awful. A more resolute, frank, honest countenance, man never looked upon. "When I looked into his face," wrote a Federal prisoner, relating his capture, "my heart sank within me."

"A king in the midst of his bodyguard," says a fine writer, "with all his trumpets, war-horses and gilt standard-bearers, will look great though he be little; but only some Roman Carus can give audience to satrap ambassadors while seated on the ground with a woollen cap, and supping on boiled peas like a common soldier."

Plumes, spangles and sashes, the royal purple and the jeweled diadem would add no dignity to "Stonewall" Jackson. As of Aristides, the Just, so of Jackson, the brave, it might be said: "To be, and not to seem, was this man's wisdom."

JACKSON, THE GENERAL

Jackson, the General! As such he comes before us now—the nighthawk with muffled wing, the eagle of the storm cloud, the fleet foot of the march, the "stonewall" of defence, the thunderbolt of the charge.

He was the born genius of war. Such a genius for war had he as "Blind Tom" has for music, as Edison has for invention, as Tom Murphy had for chess playing, and Jenny Lind had for song.

Napoleon said that to constitute a great General, "judgment should be in equilibrium with his physical character and courage. This is what we may call being squared by both base and pendulum." Jackson had this equilibrium to perfection.

His nerves were always steady; his head was always level; his instinct was always aggressive. "As to moral courage," also said Napoleon, "I have rarely met with the two-o'clock-in-the-morning-kind—I mean unprepared courage—that which is necessary to an unexpected occasion which in spite of unforeseen events, leaves full power of judgment and decision."

This was the kind Jackson had. He never lost full freedom of judgment and decision, and himself declared that, "I am conscious of a more perfect command of my faculties when under fire than at any other time." He was never bothered by indecision or irresolution. To see, to say, to do, was his method.

When Jackson was Colonel his capacity for Brigadier was doubted; when Brigadier his capacity for Major was doubted; when Major-General people began to think he would do well anywhere, and when the Lieutenant-General at last appeared the opinion was that he could command a world in arms. General Ewell was once asked what he thought of Jackson. He answered in his brusque, impetuous way: "Well, sir, when he commenced his Valley Campaign I thought him crazy; before he ended it I thought he was inspired." When I first knew Jackson I thought he would make a good Brigadier; I think now he could have commanded a world in arms.

THE VALUE OF TIME

No General ever understood better the value of time in military operations, and in no war was time more valuable than in that of the Confederacy. The Confederates fought against time; they were limited in food, clothing, ammunition and men. The Federal could wait for opportunity and lay siege, for each new springtime brought new resources and reinforcements.

"I have observed," said Napoleon, "that it is the quarters of hours that decide the fate of battle." Jackson never lost time and never was belated. "The French," said an old Hungarian in Brigadier Bonaparte's time, "have got a young General who knows nothing of the regular rules of war. He is sometimes in our front, sometimes in our flank, sometimes in our rear. There is no supporting such a gross violation of rules." "Old

Jack" might have sat for that portrait. On the front, on the flank, on the rear of his enemy he turned up where least expected to be found. He flashed from point to point so fast that, like a waving brand, his little army seemed a circle of fire. A wag once sent him a letter addressed: "Stone W. Jackson, Esq., Somewhere, or Somewhere Else." His infantry earned the nickname of the "Foot Cavalry of the Valley," and the "Foot Cavalry" declared that he was greater than Moses. "Moses," they said, "Moses took forty years to lead the Israelites through the wilderness with manna to feed them on; Old Jack would have double-quickened them through in three days on half rations."

DISCIPLINARIAN

Jackson was a rigid disciplinarian. When he gave an order—obedience—prompt, absolute, unquestioning—was the only response he would have to it. He arrested Generals who varied from his instructions as quickly as he arrested private soldiers. War is an awful business, and a stern one, and when he said to a subordinate, "Hold your ground, sir," that ground had to be held, or the officer was held responsible. Tender indeed his heart was, but it never yielded to tenderness at the wrong place, or at the wrong time.

But with all his sternness he was never cruel. Pain is the greatest evil of life, and cruelty, that is the infliction of unnecessary pain, is the greatest of all crimes against human nature. He never committed an excess. Private property he respected, women and children, and prisoners of war, to him, were sacred. No single act did he ever do unworthy of a Christian soldier; no unworthy word did he ever utter. He possessed tremendous passions, but justice and mercy and righteousness held them in curb with an iron chain. Amidst the horrors of war his soul longed for peace. Through the smoke of battle he saw visions of green pastures and still waters. From the dripping fields of Richmond he wrote his wife—and his letter abounded with such expressions—"I hope that our God will soon bless us with an honorable peace and permit us to be together at home in the enjoyment of domestic happiness." When compelled to destroy workshops and engines at Martinsburg, he wrote: "It was a sad work, but I had my orders, and

my duty was to obey. If the cost of the property could only have been expended in disseminating the Gospel of the Prince of Peace, how much good might have been expected!"

THE COMMISSARY

The Commissaries and Quartermasters never were permitted to stand in the way of Jackson. "What creates difficulty"—and I quote again from the same, Jackson's model—"in the profession of the land Commander is the necessity of feeding so many men and animals. If he allows himself to be guided by the Commissaries he will never stir, and his expeditions will fail." When some Generals started on expeditions the Commissaries pulled them back, but Jackson never stopped for lack of wagons or rations. His men were like those of Alexander: a march before day to dress for dinner, a light dinner to prepare for supper; and as for supper, he tightened his sword belt and looked for that next day. Victory, however, is a good Commissary, and Jackson generally had that.

At Harper's Ferry, when he had just received the surrender of the Federal Army, a courier came to him, saying, "General McClellan is but six miles off, and rapidly advancing." Jackson coolly asked, "Has McClellan a drove of cattle with his army?" "Yes," was the reply, "a large one." "Well," said the General, "I can whip any army that travels with a drove of cattle," alluding to the sluggishness that such an impediment necessitated on the one side, and to the keen desire for fresh beef that existed on the other.

A certain Federal General was more often spoken of as "Jackson's Commissary" than by any other title. His trains supplied Confederate haversacks so often that whenever the Foot Cavalry turned head of column down the Valley, the jest rang along the lines, "Lee is out of rations again, and 'Old Jack' has been detailed to call on the Commissary-General."

CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES

This hour does not permit that we pursue his campaigns in details: that we follow the crimson thread upon which is hung the score of his fierce battles. Falling Waters, July 20th, 1861, his first brush with the enemy, and Chancellorsville, May 3d,

1863, are but two months less than two years apart, but they are boundary stones of a space of conflict and glory never surpassed in human experience. That space is reddened and spangled with the names of Manassas, July 21st, 1861; Kernstown, March 23d, 1862; McDowell, May 8th, 1862; Front Royal, May 23d, 1862; Winchester, May 25th, 1862; Cross Keys, June 8th, 1862; Port Republic, June 9th, 1862; Mechanicsville, June 25th, Gaines Mill, June 27th, 1862; Malvern Hill, July 1st, 1862; Cedar Mountain, August 9th, 1862; Groveton, August 28th, 1862; Manassas Second, August 29th and 30th, 1862; Germantown, August 31st, 1862; Harper's Ferry, September 15th, 1862; Sharpsburg, September 17th, 1862; Shepherdstown, September 20th; Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862; and Chancellorsville, May 3d, 1863; and other minor combats.

In about half of these battles he was Chief in Command; as to the other half, he fought the first at Manassas under the general direction of General Joseph E. Johnston, and the rest of them under that of General Robert E. Lee. But whether as the executive officer of another, or as himself the Chief, Jackson made his mark at every opportunity, and proved himself master of the situation.

MANASSAS AND "STONEWALL" JACKSON

How he leaped into immortality at Manassas! The story has been often told. The skillful General Joseph E. Johnston by a forward march had withdrawn from Patterson's front in the Valley, and hastened to the rescue of Beauregard at Manassas, there threatened by McDowell. On July 21st the Federal Commander with well-laid plans flanked the Confederate left, which gave way before him. The field was filled with fugitives, the day was going against the Southern side. Marching rapidly to the Henry Hill where the front of the battle lay, Jackson formed his lines under the crest in rear of Sherman's, Imboden's and Pendleton's batteries, twelve guns in all which received the Federal assault. Twenty-four guns concentrated their fire upon them, and fierce indeed was the conflict. Within one hundred yards of each other the opposing batteries blew their scorching breath into each other's faces; and, at last, the Federal Infantry drove the Confederates back. Dur-

ing all this Jackson kept his men lying down, taking the fire, but not returning it; but never dismounting from his horse, he moved everywhere, an ubiquitous, invulnerable spirit. At 3 o'clock the Federals were gaining ground. Johnston and Beauregard had galloped to the spot, the crisis of the day had come, but the Confederate reinforcements had not come. A fiery blizzard swept over the hill, artillery horses broke their traces and galloped away; bursting shells played havoc in the Confederate ranks. Simultaneously the brigades on Jackson's right gave way, and the exultant Federals rushed over the crest and seemed about to crush and envelope Jackson. General Bee, galloping up to Jackson, exclaimed, "General, they are beating us back." Jackson answered, "Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet." General Bee turned to the little squad that still clustered around, seized a banner and shouted, "There stands Jackson like a *stone wall*! Rally behind the Virginians! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer." Jackson rode rapidly along his lines. "Reserve your fire until you are close to them. Rise and charge them." And as the men of his brigade rose up amongst the sulphurous smoke and thunder of the guns they caught his words above the roar, "We'll drive them to Washington." Right over the batteries—right through the infantry lines—swept the dauntless brigade of Jackson. In such manner was the victory won. By the dying lips of the brave Georgian, Bee, Jackson's heroes and he, their Chief, had been baptized with a new name in the fiery font of battle. They will live forever as the "Stonewall Brigade," and he at their head will ride down the broad avenues of history, hailed and honored by all as "Stonewall" Jackson.

MAJOR-GENERAL JACKSON

In the fall of 1861 Jackson became Major-General and was ordered to command the Valley. On October 4th he bade farewell to his old brigade in a speech of true eloquence.

"You have already gained," he said, "a proud position in the future history of this, our second war for independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements, and I trust whenever I shall hear of the First Brigade on the field of

battle it will be of still nobler deeds achieved and higher reputation won."

Here he paused. His emotion almost overmastered him. For once his lip quivered. Rising in his stirrups, he dropped his horse's reins, and stretching out his arm he exclaimed:

In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the First Brigade!
In the Army of the Potomac you were the First Brigade!
In the Second Corps of the Army you are the First Brigade!
You are the First Brigade in the affections of your General,

and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed to posterity as the First Brigade in this our second war of independence. Farewell."

But it was not for long that the men and their Captain parted. Soon they followed him to the Valley. They were with him in all his campaigns. They were here with him when he fell; and when they fought after he was gone their battle cry rose over the shoutings of the captains—"Forward! and remember Jackson."

KERNSTOWN

On March 23d, 1862, with three thousand men he attacked General Shields with eleven thousand at Kernstown; and accomplished his main object, that of recalling a column of 15,000 men under Sedgwick which was starting to reinforce General McClellan in eastern Virginia. Returning from the field after a terrific and unequal contest, he left General Shields like Pyrrhus after Heraclea, to feel that another such victory would destroy him. That noble officer himself said in his report, speaking of Jackson's men: "Such was their gallantry and high state of discipline that at no time during the battle or pursuit did they give way to panic." And so highly was Jackson's exploit appreciated that the Confederate Congress passed resolutions of thanks.

MCDOWELL, FRONT ROYAL, WINCHESTER

From the spring to the winter of 1862, "March and Fight" were the watchwords in the little army of Jackson. Reinforced now by General Ewell, and having 15,000 men, he swept the Valley as with electric fire, eluding the toils of the several armies sent against him, receiving and foiling their Generals,

and striking alarm to Washington. On the 8th of May, by a forced march, he attacked Milroy at McDowell, in Highland County, and drove him precipitously into the mountains of West Virginia. Turning right around and hastening down the Valley he drove Banks through Front Royal, May 23d, and through Winchester, May 25th, and across the Potomac, May 28th. Turning about again on May 30th, on learning that Fremont was threatening his rear, he moved at noon that day and reached Strasburg the next, having marched fifty miles in forty hours, with an army encumbered by 1,500 wagons, over fifty artillery carriages, and 2,300 prisoners. Within twenty-two days he had marched over 350 miles, fought two battles and six combats; with only 12,000 had defeated two armies, aggregating 30,000 men; had captured 3,000 prisoners, 1,000 stands of arms; had supplied his medical and ordnance trains, and fed and clothed his hungry and naked troops on captured stores; had lost only sixty-eight killed, 320 wounded, and three missing, and had finally extricated himself and his spoils from a dangerous position.

CROSS KEYS AND PORT REPUBLIC

But the plot thickened, and now dangers surrounded him. On the evening of June 15th he was at Strasburg with Fremont's army 20,000 strong in front, and Shields on his right flank at Front Royal with 7,000 men. The Shenandoah River lay between the Federal Generals, swollen with rain; to keep them apart and beat them off separately was Jackson's object; and it was the very poetry of war to see how deftly he did it. Retiring to Cross Keys, nine miles from Harrisonburg, he posted Ewell there to hold Fremont at bay; built a bridge of wagons across the Shenandoah which lay between Cross Keys and Port Republic, where Shields was approaching; and passing his army rapidly from Fremont's front assailed Shields with fury, capturing 450 prisoners and nine pieces of artillery. Pursuing Shields, and burning the bridges between himself and Fremont, he left the latter, "high and dry" while the former could only resort to flight. Swinton, the Federal historian of the Army of the Potomac, smiled sarcastically at the so-called trap set for Jackson—"A trap for Jackson—a trap for the wily fox

who was master of every gap and gorge in the Valley." Verily he had eked out the lion's skin with the fox's, and not only had he checkmated the two Federal Commanders, but he had thrown away the plans concocted for the capture of Richmond.

On the 25th of May when he drove Banks through Winchester, McDowell's Corps, numbering 41,000 men and one hundred cannon, had advanced eight miles south of Fredericksburg on its way to join McClellan, who was then infesting Richmond. McClellan had forward his right wing to Hanover Junction to meet him and they were but fifteen miles apart. The very next day they were to combine and assail with resistless numbers General J. E. Johnston, commanding at Richmond. But just then the news of Jackson's advance was flashed to Washington; McDowell was instantly recalled, and 20,000 of his men were hurried off to the Shenandoah Valley to stay the terrible hand of Jackson. The fairest and most reliable critic of the war observes: "Without gaining a single tactical victory Jackson had yet achieved a great strategic victory, for by manœvering 15,000 men, he had succeeded in neutralizing a force of 60,000 men."

When he struck McClellan at Richmond, a month later, McDowell, petrified, laid motionless at Fredericksburg afraid to uncover the front of Washington, and we may justly confirm the judgment of the same critic that, "It is perhaps not too much to say he saved Richmond."

JACKSON AND LEE

It was on the 25th of June, 1862, under the masterly strategy of Lee, now commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, that the blow at Richmond fell, and the bloody panorama of the seven days' battle, ending at Malvern Hill, was unrolled. The part that Jackson performed in the grand design which drove McClellan to the river and raised the siege of Richmond is well known, and henceforth as the "right arm of Lee" he fought under him in all his battles. Never were men better fitted for the relations of Commander and Lieutenant. They were complements of each other, and like David and Jonathan their souls were knit together. Jackson said of his Chief: "Lee is a phenomenon. I would follow him blindfold." Lee said of him

when he was wounded here: "Jackson has lost his left arm; I have lost my right arm," and wrote to him: "Could I have dictated events I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead." "Far better for the Confederacy," exclaimed Jackson, when he read the note, "that ten Jacksons should have fallen than one Lee." No comparison between these two noble men is needful. Each seemed perfect in his place. No one could imagine how either of them could have done better on meeting the tasks that devolved upon them. In honor they preferred one another, and as they fought side by side, so now they sleep well in Lexington, in death undivided.

Scarcely had the blood dried upon the fields which circled the Confederate Capital than Jackson was in the vanguard, and the Army of Lee was marching northward. On August 8th, at Cedar Mountains, in Culpeper County, Jackson struck Pope, who had scarcely delivered his famous exhortation about "his enemies' backs" than he was flying from their faces. At Groveton, Manassas and Ox Hill, August 27th, 28th and 29th, followed the great general engagements and final discomfiture of Pope. In September the Confederates were in Maryland and McClellan recalled to the head of the Army of the Potomac to save it from disaster, and Washington from capture. Turning about in his circuitous march through Maryland, Jackson swooped down and captured Harper's Ferry on September 15th, receiving the surrender of 11,000 prisoners of war—more men than he had in his entire force—seventy-three cannon, and many spoils of war. While the captives were stacking arms, his veteran columns were marching off to Sharpsburg, where, on the 17th, they arrived just in time to reinforce Lee and rescue a losing field from disaster.

On the 13th of December following, Burnside made his great attack on Fredericksburg. Jackson commanded Lee's right wing. How the new Federal Commander suffered terrific repulse, despite the splendid courage of his men, is a brief and familiar story.

NAPOLEON AND JACKSON

"The campaigns and battles of Jackson will be studied and admired by military men, until the cobweb has grown across

the cannon's throat," and the nations learn war no more. Napoleon was his model, and he was more like Napoleon in his swift conception, swift marches, and bold, unexpected deliverances of battle than any General since his day. Napoleon's campaign of Italy, and Jackson's Valley Campaign of 1862, were twins of military genius. Like Napoleon he began as an Artillery Lieutenant, and no one better used that arm of the service; like Napoleon he saved the blood of his men at the expense of their legs; like Napoleon he was always on the offensive; like Napoleon he was "a man of stone and iron, capable of sitting on horseback sixteen or seventeen hours, of going many days together without rest or food, except by snatches, and with the speed and spring of a tiger in action." He did not possess Napoleon's universal genius; he had not Napoleon's versatility, which would have made him the foremost orator, poet, philosopher, lawgiver or scientist of his time. He was simply the one-sided Napoleon of the field of battle. There he was as one inspired. Morally, Jackson towered as high above Napoleon as, intellectually, Napoleon towered over him. Here are two of his dispatches:

VALLEY DISTRICT, May 9th, '62,
via STAUNTON, May 10th.

To General S. Cooper:

God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

PORT REPUBLIC, June 9th,
via STAUNTON, June 10th, 1862.

To S. Cooper,

Adjutant-General:

Through God's blessing the enemy, near Port Republic, was this day routed, with the loss of six pieces of his artillery.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

This is his style. "Thanks to God;" then plain facts and no more. Like Napoleon he could have carried the Bridge at Lodi, but he would never have divorced Josephine. Like Napoleon he might have won Austerlitz, but he would never have shot the bookseller, Palms. Like Napoleon he might have planned the return from Elba and conceived the invasion of

England, but he would have died with the "Old Guard" at Waterloo. Of both of them might the verse have been written:

His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe,
It seems as if some momentary spleen
Inspired the project, and compelled the blow;
And most his fortune and success were seen,
With means the most inadequate and low,
Most master of himself, and least encumbered,
When over-matched, entangled and out-numbered.

VENERATION AND LOVE FOR JACKSON

No soldier that ever lived excited more enthusiasm among his men than Jackson, and none ever inspired more implicit confidence. They looked upon him as a man of destiny; and his name had the power of an army with banners. They would gather upon the roadside as he passed with lifted hats and rousing cheers, and when, as was his wont, he appeared upon the lines, they cried out his name, "Jackson! Jackson!" and then shouts resounded high over the roar of battle. The Southern people believed in him, and honored and loved him. The lofty and the lowly everywhere, alike, pronounced his name with reverence. Women brought their babes to receive his blessing, and the tenderness of the stern warrior recalled to mind that of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Nor was esteem for Jackson confined to the Confederate side; it penetrated the Federal lines, it permeated the North, it filled the breasts of civilized man. A Federal officer who had one of Jackson's men as a prisoner, said to him, "I believe if we were to capture 'Stonewall' Jackson, our troops would cheer him as he passed along."

And now, my countrymen, I meet you here where twenty years ago was ended the mortal career of that fervid spirit which made the brave forget all else but sympathy with its valor. I rejoice that there are no boundary lines between those who do his memory honor.

Yonder stone has been erected upon the dark and bloody ground of the American conflict. Upon the plains and hills that stretch beneath the sky above us, and through the dark forests of the wilderness that here envelopes us, there were marshalings in arms of the grandest armies that ever dressed

for battle, and conflicts as stout as ever tried the souls of heroes.

Comrades, gray bearded and wrinkled faced, meet here to-day who have not met since the sky was black and the earth trembled with the battle's shock. Officers and men meet **here** as friends and fellow-citizens, and comrades now, who when first they met stood arraigned against each other as foemen in the ranks of war.

GREATER IS THIS THAN WAR

But many have passed away. McDowell, McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade and Grant, the Captains of the Federal hosts, are gone. The last one of them rejoiced that he had lived to behold peace, fraternity and reconciliation. Greater is this than war!

Gone, too, are many of the valiant souls that fought with Jackson. A. P. Hill, who first succeeded him, fell at Petersburg; Stuart, the Flower of Cavaliers, who led his men next day—his plume went down at Yellow Tavern; Rodes, who here won his Major-General spurs, died at Winchester; Paxton, the General of his old brigade, fell on the same field with his Chief; Pender, to whom he gave his last order, and Barksdale, who defended Marye's Hill, each found the soldier's grave at Gettysburg. Pendleton, his Adjutant, was killed at New Market, and his veteran sire, the preacher artilleryist, now rests by the side of his son in Lexington. After war's troublous fevers they sleep well where "The reconciling grave makes friends of those that once were foes, and all alike lie down in peace together."

But let us thank God, those of us who yet plod on in life's dusty march, that the American soldier, whether he wore the blue or gray, whether he stood for the supremacy of the Nation or for the independence of his section, proved that he was ready to stand for a great cause, and is worthy to bestow his manhood upon the great Republic and the welfare of all its people; that he is worthy to love his country in its reunited wholeness; to honor human nature in its nobleness; to defend the Constitution of a free people in its integrity; worthy indeed of that all-conquering race which plants its flag in every land that the sun shines on, but in no land is it to be found enslaved.

I verily believe that if Thomas Jonathan Jackson could rise from the dead he could be found to-day fighting the battles of "Peace on earth and good will to men" as earnestly as he led his battalions to the deadly breach. It was my fortune not long since to have a distinguished Senator of the United States—himself a General of the Federal Army in the war—declare from his seat that had Jackson survived the war he would have sought opportunity to shake him by the hand. And no one can doubt that could he arise in the flesh and ride down the thoroughfares of Chicago or New Orleans, Boston or San Francisco, the thronging multitudes would fill the skies with their shoutings, and stand uncovered in his presence.

The secret of it is that he was a man without guile, who feared God, and had no other fear, and the world is one to do reverence to the true hero when it is sure it has found him.

A still deeper truth comes to light. He was the true representation and type of a pure, heroic people who were ready to welcome death with honor, but who never could submit, and never will submit, to degradation.

Were the American continent sunk to-morrow under the ocean, and if only a copy of the Declaration of Independence were rescued from the destroying wave, coming generations of other lands would know that it had been the home of a fearless people who loved liberty, and of a great people who knew how to defend it. The Confederate States of America have sunk out of sight forever beneath the bloody waves of war, but had their people no other tokens by which to tell their tale they could rest their honor safely to posterity, lifting up in their hands the tablets whereupon are writ the names of Robert Edward Lee and Thomas Jonathan Jackson.

But it becomes us not to weep that the Confederacy is not. "Thy will be done!" was Jackson's voice in death. "Thy will be done" be ours living. Let us rejoice here, where this Christian soldier shed his blood, that a Government of the People lives, and that we are in it, and with it, and of it, to do our part to make it great and glorious and to make it endure forever.

Hark! From the shrine where Lee lies buried I hear his words once more: "There is a true glory and a true honor:

the glory of duty done—the honor of the integrity of principle.”

Hark! The breath of Maytime whispering through the trees that bend over Jackson's grave responds: “What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death.”

And by the spot where “Stonewall” fell I give the greeting of the true soldier to those who honor his virtues and respect his comrades and his people in the language of a brave man who fought against him:

“Here for the hundredth time American manhood graved with steel its name the brazen shield of fame. We hold the laurel wreath above the heads of those who fought here and still live. We lay it tenderly upon the graves of those from whose devotion to either cause has sprung that brotherly respect and love which best insures the perpetuity of the Union. Rest to their ashes! Peace to that nobler part, which dieth not.”

GETTYSBURG

PREFATORY NOTES

As it is the desire of the Association of Survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia to preserve the annual addresses delivered before it as historic memorials, I desire that this humble contribution to its archives shall not pass on to others any errors which could be avoided; and have, therefore, thought proper to prefix a few explanatory notes, respecting statements made, which may lead to the clearing up of controverted points, and to the elucidation of truth.

(First). In respect to the final charge at Gettysburg, I have said, on page 93, that our left under Trimble, "*staggered at the start, but soon regained their step.*" In this I am now satisfied that I committed an error, and that instead of General Trimble's line wavering at the start, it was the line of General Pettigrew that did so. From General Trimble I have received a letter, in which he shows that the remark is erroneous—and I do not now doubt but that his line, which supported Pettigrew's, has been confounded with it—and hence the mistake made by others, and followed by myself.

(Second). On page 94, I have said, "*Pettigrew's and Trimble's men had broken before the tornado of canister in their front, and had disappeared.*" For this observation, what seemed ample authority was before me, for not only was it sustained by the current histories, but it had been officially recorded in General Longstreet's report, wherein he says: "The enemy's batteries soon opened upon our lines with *canister*, and the left seemed to *stagger* under it, but the advance was resumed, and with some degree of steadiness. Pickett's troops did not appear to be checked by the batteries, and only halted to deliver a fire when close under musket range. Major-General Anderson's Division was ordered forward to support and assist the wavering columns of *Pettigrew and Trimble*. Pickett's troops, after delivering fire, advanced to the charge and entered the enemy's lines, capturing some of his batteries, and gained his works. About the same moment *the troops that had before hesitated, broke their ranks and fell back in great disorder*, many more falling under the enemy's fire in retreating than whilst they were attacking. * * In a few moments the enemy, marching against both flanks and the front of Pickett's Division, overpowered it and drove it back, capturing about half of those of it who were not killed or wounded."

This official document I quote thus fully that it may be seen how well my statement seemed to be verified. But General Trimble shows, in the letter already referred to, that his men are not properly included amongst those who failed to give Pickett full support; and it affords me great pleasure here to rectify an error, which, while it could not shadow the reputation of that gallant veteran, known to be "without fear and without reproach," has been too long received as historic, and does injustice to his command. General Trimble states that his men did not leave the field until ordered, and I take leave to quote a passage from his letter that full justice may be done them. "My men," says he, "were the last to leave the field. *This I know*, as I rode in the line between the Brigade from the start down to the Emmettsburg road, etc." And after some details, he adds: "Thus I aver positively that my command continued the assault after Pickett's men had been repulsed and dispersed—not that we fought longer or better—but because as a *second* line, and having farther

to advance, we did not reach the enemy quite as soon as the troops on our right, and I knew it would be foolhardy to continue the combat with two brigades alone."

(Third). On page 93, it is said: "*You it happened that Wilcox did not close in to Pickett's right, thus leaving a gap open on his flank.*" This has been the generally accepted version of the affair, and will be found stated in Mr. Swinton's work, entitled "Decisive Battles of the War," p. 344-347; in Mr. Bates' minute history of the battle, p. 158, where it is said: "Wilcox, instead of moving to the left with Pickett, kept straight on, leaving Pickett's right uncovered, and open to a flank attack;" and in many other works and sketches, which have fallen under my eye, purporting to be historical. And it consisted with the statement of General Longstreet's Official Report, that "the enemy, marching against both flanks, and the front of Pickett's Division, overpowered it." Of course, if the right flank had been protected, this could not have been done. But I have recently understood that General Wilcox does not concur in the above account, which I adopted upon the authorities referred to; and I regret that I have not been able to get in time for this publication his views in detail. No reflection was made, or intended, upon him; and it is to be hoped that he, and others, who directed, or saw the movements during this stage of the battle, will make clear what they really were.

I conclude with the request that any one who may notice any error in my statements, will be kind enough to call my attention to it.

J. W. D.

GETTYSBURG

Fellow-Soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia:

Nor with the ringing bugle nor the throbbing drum in our van, nor with the battle flag floating proudly o'er our "tattered uniforms and bright muskets," come we again to the historic city which was once the busy arsenal and the growing heart of the Confederate revolution.

Stately palaces now line the avenues so lately filled with charred and smoking ruins. The fields around us smile in cultivated beauty where lately trod the iron hoof of war "fetlock deep in blood." The lordly river, no longer grim with batteries on its banks, and ironclads upon its surface, nor choked with obstructions in its channel, rolls its majestic tides in unbroken currents to the sea. And save here and there, where some rude earthwork, overgrown with grass and weeds, scars the landscape, fair nature tells no tale of the devastation of civil strife.

But long after the elements of changing seasons, and the slow process of time, have obliterated from the physical world

An address delivered before the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia at their annual meeting held in the Capitol in Richmond, Virginia, October 28th, 1875.

every scar and stain of conflict, the scenes around us, animate with their heroic actors, shall be portrayed to other generations with all the vividness of artist's brush and poet's song; and faithful chroniclers shall recount to eager ears the story, which has made the name of Richmond not less memorable than the name of ancient Troy, and has immortalized those more than Trojan heroes, the devoted citizen-soldiery of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Surviving comrades of that valiant host, I hail you with a comrade's warmest greeting. In Virginia's name I welcome you back to Virginia's capital city, amongst those generous people who nerved your arms by their cheerful courage, who bent over your wounds with ministering care, who consoled adversity by fidelity, and plucked from defeat its sting.

Here to-night we come as men of peace—faithfully rendering unto Cæsar the things that are his—but happy to touch elbows once more together in the battle of life, and proud to revive the cherished memories of the "brave days of yore" and to renew the solemn and high resolve that their bright examples and great actions shall not perish from the records of time.

Happier, indeed, would I have been if, on this occasion, the task of reproducing some page of your famous history had been confided to other and abler hands than mine; for in this distinguished presence, with my superiors in rank, ability and military services around me, the soldier's sense of subordination creeps over me, and I would fain fall back into the ranks of those who are seen but not heard.

But since it is I who am appointed to play the rôle of the old soldier

Who shoulders his crutch
And shows how fields were won,

I bow obediently to orders, trusting that the splendor of my theme may obscure the deficiencies of your orator, and that your generosity—as characteristic of the soldier as his courage—may sheathe the critic's sword in its scabbard.

THEME SUGGESTED

In their courteous letter of invitation your committee expressed the desire that I should select as the subject of my

discourse some one of the great campaigns or battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. And, acceding to their wishes, I reviewed in my mind the long line of its splendid achievements, no little embarrassed, by their very variety and brilliancy, in fixing attention upon any particular one. There was no campaign of that matchless army that did not abound in glorious exploits of both Generals and soldiers. There was no single action, whatever its result, that draped the battle flag in dishonor, and it is a significant fact—an eternal eulogy in itself to that stout-hearted band of heroes—that it was never driven in disorder from any field of battle under its enemy's fire, until when, worn out by ceaseless strife with constant levies of fresh men, it was overwhelmed by Grant at Petersburg, and closed its career with undiminished glory on the field of Appomattox.

INDECISIVENESS OF THE VIRGINIA BATTLES

But there is this equally remarkable fact in the history of the Army of Northern Virginia: that almost all of its engagements were attended by no decisive results. The capitals of the two belligerent nations (Washington and Richmond) were but one hundred and thirty miles distant, and that portion of Virginia lying between them became an immense amphitheater of conflict, within which the armies of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia, like fierce gladiators, repeated from year to year their bloody contests, with fortunes varying only sufficiently to brighten hope or beget depression, but continually postponing the glittering prize which each aimed to attain.

To and fro, from the heights around Alexandria, whence the soaring dome of the national capitol loomed up before the Confederate's vision, back to these memorable fields around Richmond, whence the Federal pickets sighted its tempting spires, rolled the incessant tides of battle, with alternations of success, until all Northern Virginia became upheaved with entrenchments, billowed with graves, saturated with blood, seared with fire, stripped to desolation, and kneaded under the feet, hoofs, and wheels of the marching columns.

At the first battle of Manassas the cordon of fortifications around Washington prevented a rout from becoming an annihi-

lation, and that battle only decided that other battles would be needed to decide anything.

At Williamsburg, McClellan, who succeeded McDowell, the displaced commander of Manassas, received a sharp rebuff, which decided nothing but that the antagonists would have to close together.

At Seven Pines the fall of our skillful General Joseph E. Johnston, at a critical moment, and the consequent delay which enabled Sedgwick to cross the swollen waters of the Chickahominy, ended the prospect of making that more than a field of gallant and brilliant endeavor.

At Malvern Hill a curious mistake, which led one subordinate to pursue a wrong road, and the lamentable delay of others, combined with the really valorous defence of that key position, extinguished the high tide of victory in the volcanic fires of that battery crowned summit, and closed with the escape of the enemy to his gunboats and the disappointment of his adversary.

The second field of Manassas, in which the redoubtable John Pope, who having seen before "only the backs of his enemies," entered the fact of record that his curiosity was entirely satiated with a single glimpse of their faces, was only the prelude of a more deadly struggle at Sharpsburg; and as Manassas only decided that it would require another effort of the Federal army to beat us on our own soil, Sharpsburg only decided that we would have to gird our loins once more to overwhelm it upon its own.

At Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, Burnside, having blindly hurled his army against Lee's entrenchments, managed to repeat the manœuvre of French King, who "marched up the hill and down again," and to regain the opposite bank of the Rappanhanock without a foot of ground lost or won, leaving that ill-starred field behind him as a memorial of nothing but wasted life and courage on the one side, and cool, steady, self-poised intrepidity on the other.

And at Chancellorsville, in the spring of 1863, when Hooker assailed by flank the same field which Burnside charged in front, a famous stroke of generalship, directed by Lee and executed by Jackson, placed him side by side on the stool of

penitence with his predecessor. But there a great calamity planted a thorn in the crown of victory, gave pause to the advance of the conquering banner, and turned to safe retreat what promised to be the rout and annihilation of the Federal army. That calamity was the fall of "Stonewall" Jackson, Lee's incomparable lieutenant, whose genius had shed undying luster on the Confederate arms, and before whose effigy to-day the two worlds bow in honor.

And so the end of two years found the two armies still pitted against each other in the same arena, with proud Washington behind the one still egging it to the attack for the honor of the old flag and the solidarity of the Union: and defiant Richmond still behind the other, upholding it with words and deeds of cheer, and bidding it never to weary in well doing for the cause of liberty and Confederate independence.

THE CRISIS OF 1863

But while the status of the combatants in Virginia had received no decisive change it became obvious in the spring of 1863 that an hour big with destiny was near at hand. The Army of the Potomac had become disheartened by continuous adversity. Five chosen chieftains—McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker—had led it to battle in superb array; but its ranks had only been recruited to march again to defeat and decimation. The term of enlistment of nearly 40,000 of its rank and file had now expired,* and as they marched to the rear, homeward bound, no counter column was moving to supply their vacant places. With the Northern people, hope of victory deferred, had made the heart sick of strife, and the "Copperhead" faction, like the Republicans of Paris when Napoleon was marching against the allied armies of Waterloo, was agitating schemes against the government and the prolongation of the war. The paper currency, like a thermometer on the stock exchange, showed that the pulse of the popular faith was beating low. Factory hands, without cotton to spin, cried for bread, and were not content to take muskets and go to the feast of blood. Foreign powers had lost confidence in Mr. Seward's three-months' promissory notes of victory, which had been so

*See Vol. I., Conduct of the War.

often renewed and had now gone to protest; and it is said that our diplomatic agents abroad authoritatively announced that should Lee establish now a lodgment in the North his triumph should be greeted with the long-sought boon of foreign recognition.

On the Confederate side, our line of battle, although in the East unbroken, was but an iron shell with emptiness within. Hungry mobs had been rioting through Richmond with the fearful cry of "Bread! Bread!" The plantations had not only been swept of their provender, but the tillers of the soil and their beasts of burden had likewise been absorbed into the ranks of war. And to increase the gravity of the situation our Western horizon was overhung with omens of disaster. There the progress of the Union arms had been steadily forward. Missouri, Kentucky, and parts of Tennessee and Arkansas had been conquered. Along the Mississippi river, Columbus, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, Memphis, and New Orleans had fallen; and now Vicksburg, a solitary sentinel upon its banks, alone prevented the Father of Waters from "rolling unvexed to the sea."

This post, like a ligature upon an artery, severed the Federal line of military communication from the Northwest to the Gulf of Mexico, and isolated the Western States from their markets. Its early conquest was foreshadowed, and with that the Northern heart would be again fired with hope and a blow struck into the very vitals of the Confederacy.

THE PROJECT OF INVASION

Could the hitherto invincible Army of Northern Virginia now launch forth a telling blow against its adversary, and anticipate the bursting of the storm cloud in the West by a sunburst of decisive victory in the East, disaster there would be counterbalanced, if not forestalled and prevented. The peace party of the North would be reinforced in numbers and strengthened in resolution; recruits would be deterred from enrolling under the blighted banners of defeat; the bonds and Treasury notes of the United States would rapidly decline in value, thus relaxing the sinews of war; and foreign powers, hungry for cotton, and weary of idle factories and freightless

ships and marketless wares, would stretch forth the hand of recognition and welcome the young battle-crowned Confederacy into the family of nations. The broad military mind of General Lee fully compassed the crisis, and he boldly projected the scheme of forcing Hooker from his position opposite to Fredericksburg, expelling Milroy from the Valley, and, to use his language, "transferring the scene of hostilities beyond the Potomac."

THE SEQUEL AT GETTYSBURG

The sequel of this plan of operations was the battle of Gettysburg, fought in the heart of the enemy's country. There for three days the two armies wrestled over hill and plain in terrific struggle. There, on the third day, the most magnificent charge of infantry known in the annals of modern war closed with the bloody repulse of the Confederate assaulting column.

And while Lee was marshaling his troops in front of Cemetery Ridge, the white flag was flying over Pemberton's works at Vicksburg.

Those memorable days marked the meridian of the Confederate cause. It was not then extinguished, but its sun paled, and descended slowly to its setting.

As the watershed of the Alleghanies is the division line between the waters which flow eastward into the Atlantic Ocean and those which empty into the Gulf through the Mississippi Valley, so Cemetery Ridge marks the turning point of the tides of battle. Up to that rugged crest they rolled in triumph, pouring the trophies of victory into the lap of the Confederacy. Beyond they rolled in sullen and gloomy turbulence toward the final catastrophe of Appomattox.

These considerations induced me, comrades, to invite your attention to the campaign of Gettysburg.

I know it requires no little courage to fight a battle "o'er again," but those whose valor deserved success need never shrink from the memory of adversity.

PRELIMINARY MOVEMENTS IN VIRGINIA

On June 3d, 1863, General Lee broke his camp before Fredericksburg; and leaving Hill's corps to watch Hooker's army, which was separated from it only by the Rappahannock

river, turned the heads of Longstreet's and Ewell's corps northward. His design was to draw Hooker out into the open field and defeat him before crossing the Potomac. But in this he was disappointed, not so much by the skill of his adversary as by the absence of harmony in his councils.

Hooker's plan was to cross the Rappahannock, fall upon Hill with his whole army, and then make a bold push for Richmond. Had he made this effort Lee intended to take him in flank; and the result I scarcely think would have been doubtful. But Mr. Lincoln positively forbade Hooker to make this attempt, quaintly saying that he (Hooker) would thus become "entangled upon the river like an ox jumped half over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other." On the contrary, Lincoln desired Hooker to attack Lee's army while stretched out on the line of march; and on the 14th of June, the very day that our vanguard struck Milroy at Winchester, we find him sending Hooker another characteristic message from Washington:

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER:

So far as we can make out here, the enemy have Milroy surrounded at Winchester and Tyler at Martinsburg. If they could hold out a few days, could you help them? If the *head* of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the *tail* of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere.*

A. LINCOLN.

So it happened that Lincoln, not liking Hooker's plan, nor Hooker Lincoln's (which was concurred in by Halleck, Commander-in-Chief at Washington), neither was adopted. And Hooker contented himself (after sending a corps south of the Rappahannock and then withdrawing it) with falling back to the vicinity of Fairfax Courthouse and closely hugging his entrenchments.

In these preliminary movements all the advantage in generalship and in results was on the Confederate side. Hooker has been much complimented for supposed skill in his manœuvres, but they were the result of his quarrel with Lincoln, and not of design; and the reports show that he was in a state of great perplexity and indecision, on one day dispatching to the Govern-

*See Vol. I., *Conduct of the War*, p. 260.

ment his opinion that invasion was Lee's "settled purpose" and "an act of desperation,"† and two days later suggesting that the movement was a mere cavalry raid, "a cover to Lee's reinforcing Bragg or moving troops to the West."‡

LEE'S MARCH TO PENNSYLVANIA

While Hooker thus crouched under his heavy works, Lee marched triumphantly toward the Potomac; and on the 14th of June the first laurel of the campaign was plucked by Ewell at Winchester, where a brilliant flank movement, conceived by General Early and executed by his division, with the coöperation of Johnson's, resulted in the capture of that place with four thousand prisoners, twenty-three pieces of artillery, three hundred wagons, three hundred horses, and an immense supply of much-needed stores and munitions.

On the same day General Rodes captured at Martinsburg one hundred prisoners and five pieces of cannon; and thus the great northern highway, "the Valley pike," was cleared of all obstructions and the gate to Pennsylvania thrown open.

On the 15th of June General Jenkins with his cavalry crossed the Potomac. Within the next ten days the three infantry corps of our army, under Longstreet, Ewell, and A. P. Hill, likewise crossed, and on the 24th of June the whole Army of Northern Virginia, in magnificent fighting trim, and flush with victory, stood upon the enemy's soil.

THE MOVEMENTS OF THE CAVALRY

While these movements were progressing, the cavalry under Stuart had several times crossed sabers with the troopers of Pleasanton, without detriment to their own reputation or that of their General. And in leaving Virginia with his main force, General Lee had taken every precaution to utilize these "eyes and ears" of the army by sending them to watch and impede Hooker's movements. His orders to General Stuart were "to guard the passes of the mountains and observe the movements of the enemy, whom he was instructed to harass and impede as much as possible should he attempt to cross the Potomac. In

†See Vol. I., *Conduct of the War*, p. 161.

‡See same Work, p. 271.

that event General Stuart was directed to move into Maryland, crossing the Potomac east or west of the Blue Ridge, as in his judgment should be best, and take position on the right of our column as it advanced." (Lee's first report.)

In operating under these instructions an untoward circumstance occurred which eliminated the cavalry from the available forces of Lee, at a time when he most needed it. Stuart had followed closely upon the rear of Hooker in Fairfax and Loudoun counties, when, upon the 24th of June, the latter determined to fall back no further, and suddenly threw his army forward into Maryland to seize the Turner's and Crampton's gaps of South Mountains, near Boonsboro, which covered the line of advance from Lee's army to Baltimore through Frederick, Maryland.*

The effect, though not the design, of this movement was to throw Hooker between Stuart and Lee, and as the former was crossing the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, near Leesburg, it became necessary for Stuart to make a wide detour south in order to cross above him, or to cut in between Hooker and Washington, and pass northward, in order to rejoin his Commander. Acting within the discretion given him (and not otherwise, as some have supposed), Stuart adopted the latter route as the shortest, crossing at Seneca Falls.†

But unfortunately Hooker continued his march northward, continuously interposing himself before Stuart; and thus, when he had advanced so far as to be right upon the flank of Lee's only line of retreat to Virginia, the latter, who had distributed his forces near Chambersburg, Carlisle, and York, was utterly ignorant of the enemy's movements, and receiving no message from Stuart supposed that Hooker still remained on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

LEE'S CONCENTRATION FOR BATTLE

On the night of June 28th (not the 29th, as stated in Lee's first report), a cavalry scout of General Longstreet's rode into that officer's headquarters, near Chambersburg, with the momentous tidings that the Army of the Potomac had crossed

*See Vol. I., Conduct of the War, p. 169.

†See General Lee's Second Report in *Southern Magazine* for Aug., 1872, p. 210.

the river and was then gathering near Frederick, Maryland. Hooker was thus in position to seize the South Mountain passes and cut off Lee's communications. General Lee was at the time about to push forward and capture Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, scarce a day's march distant, which, being defended by militia mainly, under General Couch, could not have withstood the assault of our veteran troops. But with Hooker thus on his flank and rear, the continuance of the scheme became hazardous, and he determined at once to concentrate his army east of the mountains, thus threatening Baltimore and Washington, and in order to deter the enemy, to use his language, "from advancing further west and intercepting our communications with Virginia." Accordingly the movement against Harrisburg was abandoned, and the next day General Lee issued orders for the concentration of all his troops at Cash-town, a village five miles from Gettysburg, and on the direct road which passes through that place to Baltimore.

HOOKEE'S PLAN

The report of Longstreet's scout was true, and Lee had keenly divined his enemy's intentions; for Hooker had moved forward into Maryland and had given directions to General Reynolds, who commanded the right wing of the army, to seize the mountain passes, which have been mentioned, and to take position at Middletown, in rear of them, in the valley between the South Mountain and the Cotoctin range. At the same time he had himself gone to Harper's Ferry, whence he proposed to move with the Twelfth corps and the garrison there of eleven thousand men directly upon Williamsport, thus severing Lee's line of communication to Virginia, and stopping the transit of supplies which he was sending back in immense quantities from Pennsylvania.

On the morning of the 27th of June he had seated himself and was engaged in writing an order for the abandonment of that post at daylight, with a view to proceeding with this plan of operations. But just at that moment a dispatch was received from General Halleck requiring the garrison to remain there. The latter officer, whose self-conceit was only equalled by his incapacity, excited the indignation of Hooker by thus

trammelling him, while in the face of Lee's army, with instructions full of folly, for Harper's Ferry at this juncture was a strategic point of no earthly consequence, and rather than submit to such interference he at once requested to be relieved of command of the Army of the Potomac. His request was at once granted.

GENERAL MEADE

On the night of the same day Major-General G. C. Meade, commanding the Fifth corps of the Army of the Potomac, was asleep in his tent near Frederick, Maryland, when he was aroused by General Hardie, a bearer of dispatches from Washington. Meade, who had severely criticised Hooker for his alleged incapacity at Chancellorsville, supposed that he was about to be placed under arrest by that officer, who had threatened to do so, and he immediately inquired of General Hardie if he came for that purpose. The latter, evading the question, struck a light and placed in his hand an order directing him to assume command of the Army of the Potomac, "and committing to him all the powers of the Executive and the Constitution, to the end that he might wield untrammelled all the resources of the nation to meet the emergency of the invasion."

On the next day, June 28th, while yet Lee was threatening Harrisburg, Meade assumed command; and on the 29th, ignorant that Lee had abandoned that movement, he determined to move at once from the vicinity of Frederick toward Harrisburg, to compel Lee (to use Meade's language) "to loose his hold on the Susquehannah and meet him in battle at some point." Accordingly, on the very day that Lee's columns moved eastward toward Baltimore, in order to counteract a supposed manœuvre upon his communications, Meade, equally ignorant of his antagonist's change of front, moved northward to stay a supposed advance upon Harrisburg. And adding to these complications, Stuart, who had swept around Meade's flank, was at the same time moving toward Carlisle, he himself being as ignorant of Lee's intentions as Meade, and supposing that he would find his commander upon the line of the Susquehannah. Now, right in the line of Meade's northward march, and Lee's eastward march, lies the old-fashioned town of Gettysburg, and to

that point the two hostile forces were now converging, each in utter darkness as to the other's movements, and little imagining that that sequestered hamlet was destined to become the scene of a tremendous struggle, which would make its name resound throughout the ages as memorable as that of Waterloo.

THE 30TH OF JUNE

The 30th of June was a day of busy preparation. On that day the new commander of the Federal Army issued his orders of march, directing the seven corps of which his forces were composed, to move as follows: The Third to Emmettsburg, Second to Taneytown, Fifth to Hanover, Twelfth to Two Taverns, Sixth to Manchester, while the First and Eleventh, constituting, with the Third, the right wing, under Reynolds, were to proceed with Buford's cavalry division to Gettysburg. That same morning, Pettigrew's brigade, of Heth's division, Hill's corps, which had been ordered to Gettysburg to procure shoes and supplies, approached that place on the Cashtown road, and its head of column had reached the crest of Seminary Ridge within easy cannon-shot of the town, when, at the same time, the advance of Buford's cavalry reached the town from the opposite direction.* The Confederate brigade retired to Cashtown, some five miles distant, and, Buford occupying the place, established his division in front, along or near the line of Willoughby Run, covering the approaches to it by the Chambersburg, Mummasburg, Carlisle, and Harrisburg roads. General Reynolds, with the First and Eleventh corps, came at the same time to within a few miles of Gettysburg, on the Emmettsburg road, and halted for the night. That evening Meade became satisfied, from tidings received, that Lee was moving towards Gettysburg; but neither he nor General Lee seem to have had any knowledge of the great strategic consequence of that place; and the latter, still without report from his cavalry, fitly termed the "eyes of the army," was groping like a blind Titan for his enemy, unconscious that Meade's advance columns were within a few hours' march of his own.

Such is war—a game of skill and chance; a game of chess, and "blind man's buff" compounded together.

*General H. Heth confirms this statement.

THE FIRST DAY OF JULY

With the dawn of July 1st, Heth's and Pender's division, of Hill's corps, sallied forth from Cashtown to reconnoiter and assail the force seen by Pettigrew the day before; and at the same time Rodes' and Early's divisions started for Cashtown from Heidlersburg, where they had rested the preceding night. Longstreet's corps slowly brought up Lee's rear from Chambersburg, and Johnson's division was yet over the mountains near Greencastle and Scotland, with Ewell's reserve artillery. A little before 10 o'clock Hill's advance came up with Buford's cavalrymen, who were dismounted and posted as infantry; and a skirmish commenced which swelled into a combat—a combat which swelled into the greatest battle ever fought on this continent—for there, unconsciously to all, the battle of Gettysburg began. Hill advanced cautiously, supposing that he fought infantry, and for two hours there were sharp passages between the contestants without important results.

From the steeple of the Theological Seminary, which gives name to the ridge in front of which Buford's troops were in line, the signal officer of that General at this moment discerned in the distance the corps headquarters flag of Reynolds, and Buford himself, sighting the telescope, recognized that succor was coming, and exclaimed, "We can now hold the place." In a few moments Reynolds himself dashed up, and swiftly after him the First corps, under Doubleday, came pouring across the fields, and in a short time a desperate engagement was raging along the line. Reynolds at once dispatched for the Eleventh corps of Howard, and the Third of Sickles', which were a few miles away, to hasten to the field. But while they were being summoned to the rescue the intonations of cannon had reached the ears of Ewell, Rodes, and Early. No other than these "sightless couriers of the air" needed they, and, turning off from the Cashtown road, those gallant soldiers pushed on their columns toward the booming of the guns. Howard's leading brigades had scarcely strengthened the lines of Doubleday, when Rodes came thundering upon his front, and until 2 o'clock the contending forces charged and countercharged, each fighting with an ardor worthy of the great stake that was trembling in the balance.

THE ADVANCE OF EARLY

If you will look at the map you will perceive that the Union line of battle, parallel with Seminary Ridge, ran almost due north and south. The road from Heidlersburg to Gettysburg strikes this position right on the rear of the right flank, and on this road Early's veterans, their steps quickened by every note of the guns, were pressing on, with all the celerity which had earned some of them under Jackson the *soubriquet* of the "foot-cavalry of the Valley."

It was about 2 o'clock. General Early rode at the division head with his staff. A heavy mist was falling, and the hot sun of July subdued by its refreshing moisture. As we neared the scene of conflict a few cavalry pickets scampered off. When reaching an eminence about a mile from the town, at once the glorious panorama of battle was spread before our eyes; and indeed it was

A glorious sight to see
To him who had no friend, no brother there.

Aye! more glorious still to those whose friends and brothers *were there*, making the field radiant with deeds worthy of old Sparta's time, when there were giants upon the earth.

Just in front, nestling on the slope of Cemetery Hill, lay Gettysburg. Fields, rich with the summer harvests, and dotted with cosy, rustic homes, stretched forth in our front, while on the right of the town, scarce a mile distant, wreathed in the smoke of batteries and battalions, could be distinctly seen the long lines of Confederate gray and Union blue, now rushing to the charge, now pouring volleys into each other's bosoms, now commingled in undistinguishable *mêlée*, while ever and anon there rose over the sullen roar of musketry and cannon the mechanical "Hip, hip! hurrah!" of the Federal infantry, or soared aloft that sound once heard never to be forgotten, the clear, sonorous, hearty, soul-stirring ring of the Confederate cheer. General Early saw with a glance that he was right on the Federal flank, and that a charge with his division would settle the fortunes of the day. "Tell Gordon, Hays, Avery, and Smith to double-quick to the front," said he, "and open the lines of infantry for the artillery to pass." Scarce said but done. Colonel Hilary P. Jones, with his

batteries, came thundering to the front with his horses at a run; and with their men at a double-quick, Gordon, Hays, and Avery (commanding Hoke's brigade), deployed right and left, while gallant old "Extra Billy" Smith formed in reserve. As Jones' guns were getting into position, a battery at the gallop took post in front, and General Howard, whose corps was on the Federal right, stretched it out and bent it around to head off this portentous movement. Midway between us and the town flowed a little creek with rugged wooded banks, and as our troops were double-quickening forward into line, Barlow's division was forming behind this stream to meet them. Riding behind Gordon's brigade, we heard the ringing voice of the gallant Georgian as he shouted, "Forward, Georgians." And steadily forward across the yellow wheat fields we saw the line of Georgians, Louisianians, and Carolinians roll, their burnished bayonets making a silver wave across a cloth of gold. Now they disappear in the copse of woods along the stream; then comes the wild cheer, and the crashing volley, and a cloud of smoke wraps the combatants; a moment more and the open fields beyond were filled with the heavy, disordered masses of Howard's corps flying in wild confusion. The slaughter was terrific. In front of Gordon, where Barlow was aligned, lay a line of wounded and dead men who had fallen as they stood; and in their midst lay Barlow himself sorely stricken. Not Dессaix at Marengo, nor Blucher at Waterloo, struck a more decisive blow. The Federal flank had been shrivelled up as a scroll, and the whole force gave way. On all sides, pouring up the slopes into Gettysburg, fled the broken host, while closely at their heels followed Hill and Rodes on the one side and Early on the other. At this time a band of Rodes' division struck up a soul-stirring strain, and with triumphant music chiming in with the sharp rattle of the pursuing muskets, the Confederates drove their beaten enemy into and through the streets of the captured town.

IN GETTYSBURG

Reaching the town, the joyous veterans of the Second corps exclaimed, as their officers passed along their lines, "Let us go on!" General Early, the first officer of his rank to reach the place, at once sought General Ewell to urge "an immediate

advance upon the enemy before he could recover from his evident dismay," but before he could be found a report came from General (better known as "Extra Billy") Smith, that a heavy column of infantry, artillery, and cavalry was marching upon our left flank on the York road. Gordon's brigade had to be detached to go to the threatened point, and this for a time diverted attention from the pursuit. General Early, not finding Ewell, sent a messenger to General A. P. Hill urging that an immediate advance be made upon the enemy, who had fallen back to the heights beyond the town.

In the meantime General Ewell came up, and he at once resolved to seize a wooded height called Culp's Hill, which commanded the enemy's position on the left, as soon as Johnson's division, yet absent, should arrive.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon a "rough-and-ready" looking soldier, bronze-faced, with a heavy staff in his hand, which looked as combative as an Irishman's shillalah, rode up to our lines, and behind him, covered with the stains of a rapid march, came streaming along, with faces eager for the fray, the famous soldiers of the old "Stonewall" division, now under General Edward Johnson—"Old Alleghany" as they loved to call him—who looked as he rode with his heavy club at their head as if he could thrash out an army himself with that ponderous weapon.

Now, thought our gallant men, who were chafing to be unleashed, we shall go on; now, thought all, the tide has come which "taken at its flood leads on to fortune;" but in the meantime the enemy sent forward a line of infantry and occupied the hill which Ewell designed to seize. Our artillery, from the nature of the field, could not be served to advantage, and the report was revived that a column was moving upon our left flank. This report was utterly groundless, but before it could be sifted, and Johnson's division gotten into position, darkness had thrown its protecting wings over the shattered Federal lines. And so the tide went by.

SHOULD WE HAVE PRESSED ON?

It has been the almost universal sentiment of soldiers and civilians that a great blunder was made in not pressing on

after the enemy when he was driven through Gettysburg, and Generals Ewell and Lee have both been sharply criticised for halting. "Never," says Mr. Swinton, one of the best war writers, "was pause at the door of victory more fatal to the hopes of a commander."*

It is true there existed many temptations to press the pursuit. We had met the enemy for the first time on the soil of a Northern state, and disastrously routed two corps of his army, with a loss to them of two cannon and nearly five thousand prisoners,† and how shattered their remnants must have been is evidenced by the fact that the Eleventh corps, which mustered 7,400 muskets that morning, could scarcely count half that number that night; while the First was reduced from 8,200 to 2,450, scarcely a fourth being left. But General Lee's situation was a peculiar one. The cavalry was absent, and he had no information of the whereabouts or numbers of his adversary. The prisoners stated that Meade, with his main force, was rapidly approaching Gettysburg, and some of our own officers reported that heavy columns were threatening our left flank. Besides, we had suffered severe losses. Under these circumstances, says General Lee in his report, "without information as to its (Meade's army's) proximity, the strong position which the enemy had assumed could not be attacked without danger of exposing the four divisions present, already weakened and exhausted by a long and bloody struggle, to overwhelming numbers of fresh troops,"‡ and so it was determined to await the arrival of Longstreet.

Now, it happens that General Lee's speculations were entirely verified, and it is very doubtful indeed whether, if accurate information had been possessed as to the enemy's situation, a renewal of the attack would have been prudent. It is disclosed in the Federal reports of this campaign that when General Howard on that morning had marched to the relief of Reynolds, he had done what Napoleon said a good General ought always to do in going into battle, provided against exactly what followed—a disastrous defeat.

*See Swinton's *Decisive Battles*, p. 332.

†See Swinton's *Decisive Battles*, p. 331.

‡See Lee's Second Report.

Noticing that Cemetery Hill, just in rear of Gettysburg, was a position of commanding importance, he had posted there one of his divisions, commanded by General Alexander von Steinwehr, an accomplished officer, who had been schooled in the Prussian service. That officer had planted his artillery along the crest of that hill, and around its base were low stone walls rising tier above tier, behind which he had posted his infantry. While the battle was raging in front he had thrown up lunettes around each gun, and according to the Northern historian of Gettysburg, "they were not mere heaps of stubble and turf, but solid works of such height and thickness as to defy the most powerful bolts which the enemy (Confederates) could throw against him, with smooth and level platforms on which the guns could be worked."* Besides this fresh division, Buford's dismounted cavalry division had retired in good order to the crest of this hill, and when the two infantry corps were driven back upon Cemetery Hill they came, to use the same writer's language, "into the folds of an impregnable fortress."†

Now, in the light of these events, bold is he who assumes to be the censor. Had Ewell hurled his two divisions against this natural fortress—now doubly fortified with pick and spade—before Johnson came up, and been repulsed by the heavy artillery and fresh troops lying in wait, who would not have said it was rash, hot-headed, and ill-considered? Had Lee, without waiting for Longstreet, pushed on when he came up and then been beaten, who would not have said that ardor had gotten the better of his discretion? And, indeed, by the hour Lee arrived, the Twelfth corps, under Slocum, and the Third, under Sickles, had gotten within supporting distance of their comrades, and they actually reached the field between 6 and 7 o'clock.‡

On the whole, it is difficult to see that either General Lee or General Ewell is open to just criticism for not pushing on; though such is my own faith in the superb gallantry of our troops that I believe they would have annihilated the forces then in their front. But this would have been far from a

*See Bates' *History of the Battle of Gettysburg*, p. 76.

†*Ibid.*, p. 80.

‡See Bates' *History*, p. 181, and Everett's *Oration*, 4th vol. Everett's *Oration and Speeches*, p. 635. Birney's division of the Third corps formed on Cemetery Ridge about 5 o'clock. See General Birney's statement, 1st vol. *Conduct of the War*, p. 366.

decisive result, as Meade, with the great body of his army, would then have fallen back and formed a new line nearer to Washington.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS

The conflict of July had been entirely a chapter of accidents. Commencing with the affair of Heth's division with Buford's cavalry, it had attracted reinforcements from both armies by the sound of its guns, as the maelstrom gathers into its vortex the craft that float upon the surrounding waters.

At the very hour when Buford's men were going into action, an order, dated that very day, was being distributed by Meade from his headquarters, at Taneytown, fourteen miles away, among his corps commanders, announcing his intention "to withdraw his army from its present position and form line of battle, with the right resting in the neighborhood of Middleburg and the left at Manchester, the general direction being that of Pipe creek,"* (which stream is about fifteen miles from Gettysburg); and when General Reynolds rode to Buford's rescue he fell upon the field to which the guns had summoned him† with an order in his pocket to fall back from Gettysburg and Emmettsburg with the First, Eleventh, and Third corps, which were under him, to Middleburg.

The tidings of the battle, borne back to Meade at Taneytown, were accompanied with the announcement that General Reynolds had fallen. Still he did not go himself to the front, so slow was he to appreciate that there the great battle-cloud would burst, but he sent forward General Hancock, the best of his lieutenants. That officer reached the field just as the broken columns of the First and Eleventh corps were flying for refuge to the summit of Cemetery Hill. Hancock was a fighting man of resolute gallantry and magnetic presence. He soon restored order along the lines, and, sending Wadsworth's division to Culp's Hill, checkmated the movement of Ewell to get that commanding height before him.‡ Having made his dispositions, he rode back to Meade, at Taneytown, and reported that the field was favorable for a general action. At 10 o'clock that night Meade started forward, and reached Cemetery Hill

*See *Conduct of the War*, Vol. 1, p. 353.

†*Ibid.*, p. 354.

‡See General Hancock's testimony, p. 405, *Conduct of the War*, Vol. 1.

at 1 o'clock, while all along behind him the roads were filled by the artillery and infantry of his army, pressing on to the stage which fate, rather than foresight, had appointed for the great drama of war.

By morning all his corps had reached within supporting distance of the field, except the Sixth, which was started from Manchester, thirty-six miles distant, the afternoon before.

On our side all the infantry but Pickett's division was up. Stuart, "the indefatigable"—Stuart, "the lion-hearted"—with Hampton and "Light-Horse" Lees, had come;—the plume that never danced so joyously as in the storm of battle—the saber whose electric light had so often cleaved with a flash the path to victory, were ready to lead the squadrons to the onset once more. And there crowning the opposite ridges, with batteries, bayonets, and sabers, the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac surveyed each other, marshalled in solid, well-ordered array of battle.

LEE RESOLVES TO ATTACK

"It had not been intended," says General Lee (see his first report), "to fight a general battle at such a distance from our base unless attacked by the enemy, but finding ourselves unexpectedly confronted by the Federal Army, it became a matter of difficulty to withdraw through the mountains with our large trains. At the same time the country was unfavorable for collecting supplies, while in the presence of the enemy's main body, as he was enabled to restrain our foraging parties by occupying the passes of the mountains with regular and local troops. A battle thus became, in a measure, unavoidable. Encouraged by the successful issue of the engagement of the first day, and in view of the valuable results that would ensue from the defeat of the army of General Meade, it was thought advisable to renew the attack." So the first day's fight had changed our commander's plan; and when he left a conference held with Generals Ewell, Early, and Rodes, at the close of the day, the understanding was that with the light the contest should be renewed. In planning for the assault the vigilant eye of Lee had not failed to take in the salient points of

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

Away to the right of our line there rose up a bold promontory known as "Little Round-Top," a bald granite spur constituting a natural fortress, and commanding from the Federal left the Cemetery Ridge, on which Meade's army was aligned—a Gibraltar to the Union General, once possessed; a key-position unlocking his strength, if once in Confederate hands. About a quarter of a mile further on south rises the still bolder knob known as "Round-Top." Between "Little Round-Top" and Gettysburg stretches the Cemetery Ridge due north in a straight line for two miles. Just in the rear, and south of the town, this ridge curves like a fishhook and projects into Cemetery Hill, which derives its name from the town graveyard, thereon, wherein

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Then the ridge bends around eastward, and a rugged wooded height, with a rocky face, known as Culp's Hill, guards the eastern flank. This hill commands Cemetery Hill from the northeast, as "Little Round-Top" commands the ridge from the southwest.

The left wing of our army, looking due south, faced Culp's and Cemetery hills. The center and right wings, almost at right angles with the left wing, looked eastward, facing the Cemetery Ridge.

General Lee's plan was for Ewell to attack Cemetery Hill "by way of diversion" "at dawn," to be converted into a real attack, if opportunity offered, while Longstreet was to make the main attack on the enemy's right, seize "Round-Top" and "Little Round-Top," and turn the Federal flank.

FAILURE OF THE SECOND DAY'S PLANS—"SOME ONE HAS BLUNDERED"—WHO?

Before dawn while marshalling his troops for the assault, Ewell received orders from General Lee to wait for the sound of Longstreet's guns.* But the dawn came, and no guns heralded the action. Said Mr. Edward Everett in his oration at Gettysburg: "And here I can not but remark on the

*See General Ewell's Report.

Providential inaction of the Rebel Army. Had the contest been renewed by it at daylight on the 2d of July, with the First and Eleventh corps exhausted by the battle and retreat, the Third and Twelfth weary from their forced march, and the Second, Fifth, and Sixth not yet arrived, nothing but a miracle could have saved the army from a great disaster. Instead of this the day dawned, the sun rose, the cool hours of the morning passed, and a considerable part of the afternoon wore away without the slightest aggressive movement on the part of the enemy. Thus time was given for half of our forces to arrive and take their places in the lines, while the rest of the army enjoyed a much-needed half-day's repose."[†]

I have searched in vain all accessible sources of information for some explanation of General Lee's failure to carry out the plan resolved upon the night before, a plan eminently sagacious in itself, and which, had it been pursued promptly at dawn, would doubtless have resulted in the disastrous overthrow of the Federal Army, so graphically indicated by Mr. Everett; for "Little Round-Top," which, passing strange to say, had not been occupied by the enemy, would have fallen into our hands, and the key of victory gained without a struggle; nor was it occupied till later in the day, when our troops were moving upon it.*

The secret of that fatal delay, which, to my mind, was the great mistake or misfortune of the campaign, may, perhaps, be forever buried in our commander's bosom. I apprehend that the tardiness of General Longstreet's movements, and the prolonged absence of Pickett's division was the cause; but, lest injustice be done to General Longstreet, I forbear expressing an opinion. At any rate, the fault was not Lee's, for he was anxious to attack at dawn; he sent back orders to hasten the march of the absent troops (see his report); and some overruling reason must have stayed his hand. But, alas! the opportunity was lost forever. "Opportunity," saith the old adage, "has hair in front, behind she is bald; catch her by the forelock and a little child can hold her, but once gone, Jupiter himself can not catch her again." And such was our experience at Gettysburg.

[†]See Vol. 4, Everett's Orations, p. 537.

*See Vol. 1, Conduct of the War, p. 332.

THE SECOND DAY'S ATTACK AND ITS RESULTS

Finally, by 3 o'clock, the preparations were made. The Union Army had been formed, with Slocum's Twelfth corps and Wadsworth's division of the First holding Culp's Hill and the right flank—opposite to Johnson's division. Howard's Eleventh corps, with Robinson's and Doubleday's divisions of the First held Cemetery Hill, opposite to Early's and Rodes' divisions. Then came Hancock's Second corps, opposite to Hill's, on Cemetery Ridge, and Sickles' Third corps, extending towards "Round-Top," opposite to Longstreet. Sykes' Fifth corps was in reserve, on the Federal right, and Sedgwick, who reached the field just as the battle was commencing, took place in reserve upon the left.

I should have little pleasure, even did time permit, in detailing the events of this day; for, though it abounds in bright exploits, the attack was rendered disjointed and ineffectual by strange misunderstandings—to use no harsher term.

Longstreet, with Hood's and McLaw's divisions, struck the Federal left, and came within an ace of possessing "Little Round-Top," which was hastily occupied by the enemy after our lines were put in motion. As soon as this attack on the Federal right got well under way, Johnson's division, with magnificent valor, rushed up the rough, rocky ledges of Culp's Hill; and Hoke's and Hays' brigades of Early's division, who took their signal of assault from Johnson's guns, charged the enemy's batteries on Cemetery Hill and planted their standards on its summit, capturing his cannon, routing two lines of infantry, and cutting the right center of the Federal line.*

But here, Wo, the while! this splendid sally was robbed of its fruits. Early was to attack when he heard Johnson's guns; Rodes, on Early's right, was to continue it when he heard Early's guns. Early's part was nobly done, and Rodes started to fulfil his part. But Rodes, it seems, had a much greater distance to traverse than Early, and for some reason, nowhere explained in Lee's or Ewell's reports (General Rodes' report I have been unable to see), at the time when the men of Hoke's

*Hoke's brigade was commanded in this battle (General Hoke being absent, wounded) by Colonel J. E. Avery, of the Sixth North Carolina Regiment, one of the bravest and best of the many excellent soldiers that North Carolina gave to the Confederate cause.

and Hays' brigades surmounted the Federal works, the gallant Rodes was just moving out to assault those in his front. Before he did so the Federal reserves were hurled upon Early, and these two thin brigades, wasted by the charge and separated from all support, were driven from the crest by fresh troops, and the prize fell from the victorious hands which had already grasped it.

The shades of night had fallen before the battle closed, and, though everywhere the troops had borne themselves in a manner worthy of their fame, the unhappy miscarriage of Rodes' movement had prevented the consummation of Lee's well-designed plan.

But some advantages had been gained and some trophies won. On our right the Federal line had been driven back by Longstreet, some guns and standards captured, and some advanced positions carried. On our left Johnson's division had driven the enemy from his works, and had maintained an advanced footing on Culp's Hill. In Early's front the soldiers of the Old North State, led by Colonel Avery, who there sealed his devotion to the Southern cause with his heart's blood, had won another wreath for the brow of Carolina; and the gallant Louisianians, led by Harry Hays, had brought down from the crest of Cemetery Hill four regimental standards, seized from the cannon's mouth, and after a fierce hand-to-hand wrestle with the infantry which defended them.

THE LOUISIANIANS

Brave spirits of Louisiana! Now, deeper in misfortune; hence to our hearts closer, and to memory dearer. Leading one of the regiments that climbed the summit of that terrible crest was Davidson B. Penn, a native of Virginia, and now, by the voice of his people, the rightful Lieutenant-Governor of the Pelican State. Take heart, brave leader and brave people! To-night your old comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia send you fraternal greetings. No longer separated from each other by a line of fire, the hearts of the liberty-loving people of this great nation, whether they once beat under the Confederate gray or the Union blue, now beat in sympathy

with your brave endeavor to restore Louisiana to the Sisterhood of States, with a government worthy of the republican name, and of the Caucasian race.

The gallant souls who met you in the shock of battle know, as well as we who cheered you on, that the stout arms which drove the bayonets through the Federal lines on that "well-foughten field" were filled with blood that can never flow in the feeble pulses of sycophants and slaves. Side by side the boys in blue and the boys in gray are coming to your rescue. Over the tumults of the polls we hear the pibroch ringing; and in 1876, when the guns are heralding the hundredth anniversary of freedom's birth, God grant that they may sound to Louisiana the dawn of its resurrection!

THE FINAL DAY

There was this significant feature in the second day's fight: The Confederate troops had everywhere borne themselves with unsurpassed audacity and intrepidity, carrying the most difficult positions by storm; and they could well say to their countrymen, with the Athenian General, that "so far as their fate depended on them they were immortal."

They had failed, but from mistakes and misunderstandings of their superiors. This fact only increased General Lee's unbounded faith in his men, and he resolved to advance again. "The result of this day's operations," says he, "induced the belief that with proper concert of action, and with the increased support that the positions gained on the right would enable the artillery to render the assaulting columns, we should ultimately succeed, and it was accordingly determined to renew the attack."* The general plan was unchanged. Longstreet was to assail the left center, and Ewell the extreme right.

Early in the day Johnson's division, on our left, had a prolonged struggle, and drove the enemy from a part of his entrenchments, but was unable to carry the main works on the crest of Culp's Hill. It was designed that Longstreet should attack simultaneously with him; but the dispositions were, for some reason, so slow that Johnson had concluded his drawn combat before Longstreet was ready to begin. It was arranged

*See Lee's Second Report.

now that Hood's and McLaw's divisions should guard our right flank; then, Pickett, strengthened on his left by Heth's division, under Pettrew, and Lane's and Scales' brigades of Pender's division, under Trimble; and on his right by Wilcox's brigade of Anderson's division, was to constitute the assaulting column. At 7 o'clock that morning the fresh division of Pickett, which had rested the night before a few miles from the field, marched to the position from which it was to be launched upon the enemy's works, and formed in line just behind Seminary Ridge, protected from view by the swell of ground and the foliage of the oak forest that grows along its crest. From the summit of this ridge the long, grim line of Cemetery Ridge, just opposite, loomed up in clear profile against the summer sky, bristling with the artillery and infantry lines of the foe; and all during the hot hours of morning and noon the men picked for the assault contemplated the frowning heights against which they were to be hurled. Green fields decked forth in all the rich garniture of fertile summer time, here and there separated by stone walls and fences, filled the intervening space—a slope down, then a valley, and then a slope again right up to the batteries and lines charged with death in every form that lead, and iron, and steel could be wrought by the destructive genius of man.

THE CANNONADE

Upon the crest of Seminary Ridge General Lee had planted about one hundred and twenty guns, covering the front of his storming column.* Right opposite, about ninety guns faced them, and on either flank from Cemetery Hill and "Round-Top" other batteries, comprising two hundred more guns, were ranged to join in chorus. To prepare the way, our batteries were first to cannonade the enemy's lines, and as they closed, the infantry were to move out and pierce with their bayonets the Federal left center. At 1 o'clock a single gun broke the Sabbath-like stillness that had brooded for hours over the field, then another single gun—the preconcerted signal—and then all

*General Meade estimates our guns then engaged at 125. See Vol. 1, *Conduct of the War*, p. 333-338. Mr. Swinton places them at 155. I have no accurate information, but think 120 about right.

Seminary Ridge burst forth with flames, as over one hundred guns poured forth their iron charges upon the Federal lines. Gun answered gun, and then for two hours the two armies were wrapped in the smoke of the most tremendous cannonade that ever in the open field darkened the sky of the Western world; shells screamed, rushing through the air like devils on wings of fire; through murky, sulphurous clouds the sun glared "with blood-shot eye;" the earth itself was tremulous, as if internal commotion shook its foundations; and so rapid were the discharges of cannon that the sound of no particular gun could be distinguished—no more than the roar of a single wave when angry ocean tosses its billows mountain-high in mid-winter storm. Nor was this, as is generally the case with artillery duels, mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Our infantry were for the most part sheltered, but on the Federal side, says the historian of Gettysburg, "notwithstanding every precaution was taken to shelter the Union troops, the destruction was terrible. Men were torn limb from limb and blown to atoms by the villainous shells; horses were disembowelled and thrown prostrate to writhe in death agonies; caissons filled with ammunition were exploded; cannon rent; and steel-banded gun-carriages knocked into shapeless masses."*

THE CHARGE

At the end of two hours the fire slackened, then closed like some grand orchestral chorus announcing the curtain's rise as tragedy itself steps forth upon the stage. As silence once more reigned over the smoking heights, from behind the sable curtain that still hung over Seminary Ridge there emerged the long, double lines of the Confederate infantry, in none of the "pomp and circumstance of war," but clad in somber homespun, brown and gray, with nothing bright about them, save the blood-red battle flags twinkling in their midst, and the glittering sheen of cold steel. Old Virginia had the post of honor that day. In the center of the assaulting line moved Pickett's men "in battle's magnificently stern array," Kemper on the right connecting with Wilcox; Garnett on the left connecting with Petti-

*See Bates' History of the Battle of Gettysburg, p. 154.

grew; Armistead behind them — Virginians all. Down the slope from Seminary Ridge they moved forth to the assault, not impetuously, says Mr. Swinton, "at the run or double-quick as has been represented in the over-colored descriptions in which the famous charge has been so often painted, but with a *disciplined steadiness*, a quality noticed by all who saw this advance as its characteristic feature."^{*} Mounted on his familiar iron-gray war-horse, "Traveler," General Lee, from the summit of Seminary Ridge, watched his veterans as they advanced to this supreme endeavor, as did Napoleon from the slope of La Belle Alliance watch the advance of the "Old Guard" upon the allied center at Waterloo. Scarcely had they debouched into the field, before, once more, Cemetery Ridge, in their front, was fringed with fire, and into their faces came the hissing shot and shell. And, unfortunately for us, *our own batteries having nearly exhausted their ammunition* (a fact unknown to General Lee when the assault commenced), were unable to reply.[†]

Our left, under the noble Trimble, who was soon struck down, staggered at the start, but soon regained their step (see prefatory note 1); and while shell burst overhead, and solid shot opened frightful gaps, the lines closed up and moved on. Half way over this death-devoured field Pickett's men paused and rearranged their lines, and then moved obliquely to the left, so as to strike "the highest point and apparent center of the enemy."[‡] Now it happened that Wilcox did not close on to Pickett's right, thus leaving a gap open upon his flank (see prefatory note 3); and now, at close range, the enemy from his shotted guns poured canister right into their bosoms; but still they pressed right on. And now from behind stone walls and trenches on the top plateau of Cemetery Ridge, the fire of musketry flashed into their faces. Kemper and Garnett, while leading their men like the Paladins of old, had fallen; but the men faltered not, and with a bold forward rush they clove the Federal line. Brave Armistead, leading his men afoot, sprung upon the enemy's works, while all around

^{*}See Swinton's *Decisive Battles*, p. 343.

[†]See Lee's Second Report. Whose fault was this?

[‡]Major Walter Harrison in his volume, entitled "Pickett's Men," so states. See p. 183.

him clustered the resolute soldiers of the Virginia Division, who had

Charged an Army
While all the world wondered.

With calm countenance, but heart elate, General Lee, from his post, with his field-glass fixed upon this point, now saw the battle flags waving over the smoke that wreathed the crest of Cemetery Ridge, like a cluster of blood-red mountain blossoms amidst thick foliage; and for the while Pickett's men stood conquerors on this blood-won summit, while all along their front the Federal troops, dismayed by their astonishing intrepidity, fled the field, leaving their batteries in their victors' hands.

But, alas! they stood alone. For at least twenty minutes—(I am told by Captain John Holmes Smith, of the Lynchburg Home Guard, who, though wounded, climbed that perilous height)—the few who got there held undisputed possession of the field. But where were their supports? Where were their coadjutors? Pettigrew's and Trimble's men had broken before the tornado of canister in their front, and had disappeared (see prefatory note 2).^{*} And now, upon their right, the gap left by Wilcox was being filled by Federal troops; and marshalling in their front the Federal reserves, summoned from every point to the rescue stood in masses four lines deep.

Anxiously they looked for support, but instead of succor their antagonists closed upon them front and flank, and this little wasted band could no more live, in the concentric lines of fire emptied on their devoted heads, than the child's playboat could breast the surge of an ocean storm.

Sword in hand, on the farthest verge of the advance, brave Armistead fell, death-stricken; and from this highest pinnacle, to which ever the waves of the Confederate war dashed their bloody spray, the surviving handful of Pickett's men relaxed their hold, and sullenly turned their faces back to the Confederate lines and toward the setting sun. The sun, alas! whose waning rays lighted for the last time to many a fallen hero the scenes of earth—the sun, alas! whose waning rays

^{*}General Trimble lost a leg in this charge. There is no reproach for him. General Heth had been wounded in the first day's fight, and was absent, and his Division, under General Pettigrew, had been decimated in the first day's fight. General Trimble had been placed in command during the engagement.

seemed prophetic of the waning cause, dearer to them than light or life. And so, Virginia's spear was broken, the banner of the Confederacy was blighted, the Battle of Gettysburg was done!

THE LOSSES

I pause to contemplate the havoc wrought in these three days of battle. We have authentic official reports that the loss on the Federal side amounted to 2,834 killed, 13,709 wounded, and 6,643 missing—in all, 23,186.*

The author of "Harper's Pictorial History of the War," which could be more fitly termed "Harper's Pictorial Fib," estimates our loss at 36,000 in all; and Mr. Bates, the historian of Gettysburg, estimates it at 27,500 wounded, 5,500 killed, and 13,621 prisoners, which would make 46,621†—a most preposterous conclusion, worthy only of Gulliver or Munchausen.

I am enabled to state from the official reports the losses of two corps of our army. General Longstreet's losses were 933 killed, 4,453 wounded, and 2,373 missing—total, 7,659.‡ General Ewell's were 883 killed, 3,857 wounded, and 1,347 missing—total, 6,094.§ Aggregate in the two corps, 13,753. It is not probable that Hill's losses exceeded Longstreet's, as he suffered less than any corps-commander on the second day. Putting them at 8,000 we would have as grand aggregate 21,753. This includes artillery and infantry; and allowing 1,000 more, which must be excessive, for cavalry and for nurses who were left with the wounded, and still our losses would be less than those of the enemy.

In Pickett's division the frightful loss attests its devoted courage. It carried into action 4,485 muskets, about 4,700 rank and file. Its loss was 2,863. Two of its brigadiers (Armistead and Garnett) were killed, and the third (Kemper) wounded, but, thank Heaven, not lost. Of fifteen regimental commanders seven were killed and eight wounded; and of its

*See General Meade's Report.

†See Bates' History, p. 199-200.

‡See official Report in *Southern Magazine* for April, 1874. Appendix, p. 55.

§See General Ewell's Report in *Southern Magazine* for June, 1873, p. 695.

whole complement of field officers only one, the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph R. Cabell, who was afterwards killed at Drewry's farm, returned from the charge unscathed.

NUMBERS ENGAGED

As to the numbers engaged the Federals have given us pretty thorough information as to their side. General Meade estimated his available force at 95,000 men and about three hundred cannon.* Some of these guarded his trains, and many must have straggled. Discounting ten per cent. for these, he must have had in his seven army corps not less than 80,000 men upon the field.

The Federal estimates of our force are very extravagant, and some of them not a little curious. General Hooker says in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War: "With regard to the enemy's force I had reliable information. Two Union men had counted them as they passed through Hagerstown, and in order that there might be no mistake they compared notes every night, and if their counts differed they were satisfactorily adjusted by compromise. In round numbers Lee had 91,000 infantry and 280 pieces of artillery. Marching with that column were 6,000 cavalry."† He then estimates Stuart's cavalry at 5,000, and sums up his count of Lee's men as 90,000 infantry, 4,000 to 5,000 artillery, and 10,000 cavalry—in all about 104,000.

The miraculous performance of these two reliable Union men can be well appreciated when it is remembered that all of Lee's army did not pass through Hagerstown—Early's command, for one, going through Sharpsburg—and this spectacle of a commander basing a calculation on such trivial statements can only excite ridicule. I am not able to state General Lee's force, but I can contribute a few items which may serve partially toward an estimate. I hold in my hand the original tri-monthly field return of Early's division, made and signed by myself as its Adjutant-General, on the 20th of June, two days before it crossed the Potomac. The total present for duty was 514 officers and 5,124 enlisted men;

*See General Meade's testimony, 1 Vol., Conduct of the War, p. 337-338.

†1 Vol. Conduct of the War. p. 173.

aggregate, 5,638. This division was fully an average one of the army. Pickett's division, as stated by Major Walter Harrison, its Adjutant-General, numbered on the field 4,481 muskets—about 4,700 rank and file. But allowing 6,000 as the general division strength, we would have 54,000 men. The cavalry could not have exceeded 7,000, nor the artillery 3,000, and allowing ten per cent. discount for straggling and train-guards, about 56,000 would represent our available strength. This, I believe, runs over the mark, but it shows how groundless are the wild speculations of the writers who have put our numbers at such high figures.

We have also some general data which show that the weight of numbers must have greatly preponderated on the Federal side. In a work entitled a "History of the Battle of Gettysburg," from the pen of Samuel P. Bates, State historian of Pennsylvania, we have a tabular statement showing the regiments of both armies. From that it appears that there were one hundred and sixty-four Confederate and two hundred and forty-one Federal regiments of infantry engaged—that is, seventy-seven regiments in excess of ours. Three hundred is a large average regiment, and allowing that as the general average, our force would be 49,200, and the Federal force 72,300—a result, I think, nearly approximating the facts.*

THE AFTER PART

The first impulse of General Meade, when he saw Pickett's men break and fall back, was to hurl forward his whole army in countercharge against Lee. He has been severely criticised by many of his Generals for not doing so; but it is well for him that his "native hue of resolution" was so soon

Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

The Federal army, as well as their commander, were appalled by the amazing boldness and bravery they had beheld.

*Mr. Bates states that Lee went into battle with 72,000 men. See his history, p. 198. This work, written in a fair and manly spirit, though not disguising strong Northern partialities, is marred by its evident worthlessness so far as computation of numbers and losses are concerned. The archives of Confederate history will ere long bring to light data from which the truth may be elucidated; and in the meantime it is to be hoped that Confederate soldiers who have means of information will carefully preserve and record their testimony on the subject. The probability is that there has been a double count of our losses in some cases; that is, that those reported by our officers as wounded, and afterwards falling into the enemy's hands on the retreat, have been also reported by the Federals as captured—and thus the wounded captive counted as two men lost! In some such way alone can we account for the extravagant estimates of our losses, directly at war with our authentic official reports.

They were shocked and shattered by the terrific blow received. The arm that parried the stroke had been paralyzed by it; the victor stood aghast upon the field of carnage; the hand which wielded the scythe was too weak to strike back at the rival reaper which had mowed down his own ranks like a desolating storm.

In the history of battles we generally find that a repulse like this is followed by the dismay, confusion, and flight of the defeated army. But not thus passed away the glory of the Army of Northern Virginia, nor of that great commander who, in the twinkling of an eye, saw the brimming cup of victory dashed from his lips.

On our right Hood and McLaws, in the center Anderson, and on the left the whole corps of Ewell, stood as steady and unmoved as if they had witnessed the mimic evolutions of a holiday's review; and not only not dismayed, but eager to welcome their antagonists "with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

As the remnant of Pickett's men fell back within our lines General Lee rode to meet them. "Never mind," said he, as he urged them to re-form, "we'll talk of this afterwards; now we want all good men to rally," and to General Wilcox, who rode up, he said quietly and cheerfully: "Never mind, General, all this has been my fault, and you must help me out of it the best way you can."

As the soldiers caught sight of their beloved commander, whose serene, majestic countenance showed no trace of disappointment, they raised their hats, and, cheering, turned to their posts; and many a ragged veteran, with one arm wounded, grasped his musket in the other and stood ready to do or die. In a short time our lines were rearranged, and so effectually and coolly that, as said by Colonel Freemantle, a British officer, who was an eyewitness, "There was much less noise, fuss, or confusion than at an ordinary field-day."*

During the whole of the next day the whole Army of Northern Virginia stood in line of battle on Seminary Ridge, confronting in solid array the Army of the Potomac. It was rainy and chilly, and between the two hosts lay the thick-

*See Rev. John Wm. Jones' "Reminiscences of General Lee."

crowded victims of the battle, making the field in verity a valley of the shadow of death.

Then slowly our columns turned their faces toward Virginia, while slowly and timidly following the Army of the Potomac, hung upon our rear, willing enough to wound, but yet afraid to strike. The instructions of Meade to his subordinates were by no means to bring on a general engagement; and on the night of the 13th of July, we recrossed the swollen waters of the Potomac, and stood again, in thinned ranks but unbroken spirit, upon the soil of the Old Dominion.

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS

Thus, my comrades, I have told you in unvarnished language the story of Gettysburg.

My chief object has been to state facts, which will stand as landmarks of Confederate history, rather than to attempt mellifluous phrases which would roll away like rippling waters. And these—selected from a mass—are related only in the hope of stimulating farther researches and expositions, and not in the vain belief that they comprehend even the half of these sad but brilliant annals.

For many reasons it is important to you, and to our people, that the truth respecting this great action should be studiously explored and fully recounted. Fought at the farthestmost Northern point to which our armies penetrated at any time, it is projected into a conspicuousness which belongs to no other field. Its result increased in the North the prominence imparted to it by its geographical location; and Northern painters, sculptors, essayists, orators, and historians have exhausted the resources of art and language in picturing its actors and its scenes, and in celebrating the real, and, too frequently, the fictitious, exploits which the Union troops performed.

Above all, it marked a decisive turn in the fortunes of war. It was, as Mr. Swinton styles it, "the high-water mark of the rebellion." It was indeed, what the historian Hallam so finely says of the victory won by Charles Martel over the invading Saracens between Tours and Poitiers, "one of those few battles of which the contrary event would have essentially

varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes." For had the grand assault on Cemetery Ridge been compensated by results proportioned to the genius which directed and the courage which made it, Baltimore and Washington would have been its prizes, foreign recognition its reward, and the establishment of the Confederate States as an independent nation its final fruitage.

On the 4th day of July, 1863, while messengers were bearing back dispatches that carried unutterable grief to every Southern home, the telegraphic wires, throughout the North, were flashing with the news; bonfires and joyous bells were welcoming the tidings that Pemberton had stacked arms before Grant at Vicksburg, and that Lee had been repulsed by Meade at Gettysburg. At once despondent hearts were elated; clamorous peace men were silenced; distracted councils were harmonized; a divided people were united. The rich, populous, world-assisted North stood in phalanx against the thin, impoverished, and beleaguered people of the South. The policy of attrition was inaugurated, and henceforth the struggle, though radiant with all the virtues that heroism, skill, and self-sacrifice could put forth, was only a contest between the sands of the hourglass and time.

While these causes have conspired to direct the eyes of the world to the field of Gettysburg, they have made it to us a sore subject, reviving sorrow for "the unreturning brave" who fell there, increasing the poignancy of defeat by the contrast between the bright promise of the first day and the disastrous realizations of the third, and bringing to mind the sad refrain:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been.

Therefore its glorious annals have been neglected on our side; criticisms and censures upon gallant and worthy officers have gone unchallenged; and as yet no hand has unrolled the graphic scroll that shall tell to Time the deeds which are worthy of Eternity. Let no Confederate shrink before the name of Gettysburg because it was dark with disaster and bitter with disappointment.

It was the remark of Wellington that "the saddest thing next to a defeat was victory." With us not less glorious than any victory was this defeat.

The gallant Frenchman blushes for Sedan and Metz the blush of shame, but with us the cheek may well glow with honest pride as we recall the fact that on the day of our misfortunes the flame of liberty was fed with the richest libation ever poured upon her altars, and glory opened to the Confederate brotherhood who gathered around them the doors of immortality. The open fields over which the unsheltered heroes moved tell, more eloquently than the emblazoned pages of history, the tale of their devotion, and the everlasting hills of Cemetery Ridge raise aloft to Heaven the records of their everlasting fame.

And now we may apply to them the words of Pericles, pronounced in memory of the Athenians who fell in the Samian war: "They are become immortal, like the gods, for the gods themselves are not visible to us, but from the honors they receive, and the happiness they enjoy, we conclude they are immortal; and such should those brave men be who die for their country."

GENERAL LEE

Nor let the Confederate shrink before that critic who, from the serene atmosphere of his sanctum, steps forth to pluck a laurel from the reputation of that great commander who so boldly attempted what others would pale to think of. With the fall of Vicksburg imminent, General Lee felt that the hour demanded this Herculean effort. With the spirit of a Cæsar or a Napoleon he bravely cast, and bravely stood, the hazard of the die. By the very audacity of his well-aimed stroke he deserved, by the steady heroism of Pickett's men he well-nigh won, and only by a series of those curious accidents which in the game of war confound the wisdom of the wise did he lose that crowning triumph which his supreme endeavor was so well devised to win.

"It was all my fault," said he; but not such will be the verdict of the just historian, who, with clear eye and steady hand, shall trace, through the tumultuous and sanguinary incidents of the day, the course of him who, after exposing his person to all the dangers of the fray, would crucify, on self-erected cross, his own illustrious name, and make that reputa-

tion, more precious than life itself, vicarious sacrifice for his lieutenants and his men.

And when the moralist shall seek the highest example of what is heroic and grand in action, and martyr-like in spirit, that he may erect before humankind a model that shall warm its finest fancies, and excite its highest aspirations, he shall find it in the person of Robert E. Lee, upon the summit of Seminary Ridge, the mount of his transfiguration, where, sublimating all earthly instincts, the divinity in his bosom shone translucent through the man, and his spirit rose up into the Godlike.

And the day shall dawn when here, in the Capitol Square, we shall look again upon the warrior's form and face, moulded in perennial bronze—shall see once more our great commander, mounted on "Traveler," his battle steed, the seeming image of Majesty and Victory. Here in the after-time, when we too shall be sleeping under the sod with our departed comrades, our sons and daughters shall look up to that commanding presence, rejoicing to remember that their fathers fought under *him*. And here the eye of the wayfarer, the patriot, and the pilgrim shall grow brighter, as it contemplates with one glance three illustrious and congenial spirits, born to Virginia, given to humanity, world renowned, George Washington, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Robert E. Lee.

O, good gray head, which all men knew;
O, voice from which their omens all men drew;
O, iron nerve, to true occasion true;
O, fall'n at length, that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew.
* * * * *

Not once or twice in our State's rough story†
The path of duty was the way to glory.
Let his great example stand
Colossal—seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.
* * * * *

And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim,
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long illumined cities flame,
Their ever loyal iron leader's fame,
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him—
Eternal honor to his name.

†The verbiage of this line has been slightly changed, from the text of Ten-nyson's noble Ode, to suit the occasion.

CONQUERED NATIONS

When the Athenian orator of old ascended the rostrum to address the popular assembly of Athens he was wont, first, to offer up the prayer to the immortal gods that no unworthy word might escape his lips. How much the more should I stand in this imposing presence with humility, with misgiving, and with the reverential aspiration that no unworthy word should fall from mine!

By my side are renowned professors at whose feet you have sat, as Paul before Gamaliel's, and from whose lips the mysteries of Law, of Letters, and of Science have been expounded. Before me is an audience whose refined and cultured ears have been accustomed to listen here to the voice of soldiers, and statesmen who had made, of scholars who had written, and of orators who had spoken history. Above us is spread the roof of that classic temple which recalls the simple and impressive beauty of ancient art; and around us stretches that beautiful landscape, familiar to the eye of every American student, upon which nature has lavished the splendor of summer harvest and reared the majesty of her everlasting hills.

Thick crowding memories of "the days that are no more" troop in upon us; the solemn and mysterious influences of the past steal o'er us, as we gather again in the annual pilgrimage of her loving children to this, their Alma Mater's shrine; the generations bygone seem to live again, and before us rises the venerated image of one—our Patron Genius—who, living, stood with the founders of empire in the first degree of greatness, and who, after the storms of State were ended, "here reposed his weary bones amongst you."

Bold indeed do I feel myself to be in breaking the silence which meditation fills with the historic pictures that pass before the mind in august panorama; and solicitude would soon become despair did I not believe that the partiality which called

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me into your presence would not fail me in the hour of its utmost need, and that generous hearts would receive with kindness the simple offering of a loyal son to our common mother, who lays it at her feet in the spirit of the apostle who said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee."

I propose, ladies and gentlemen, to speak upon a theme which will doubtless touch a tender, sensitive chord in many a bosom; a theme, however, which certainly comes home to the business of every citizen of a great republic, just entering in high career upon the second century of its existence, and whose lessons, if I correctly read them, should strike home to every bosom; a theme which involves many a story of fruitless struggle, ruthless rule, bloody crime, dire distress, and deep humiliation; but which rises ever and anon into a solemn, touching strain of patient, quiet heroism, or bursts forth in the wild melody of triumphant grandeur. I propose to speak of "Conquered Nations."

THERE IS NO CONQUEROR BUT GOD

"There is no conqueror," saith the ancient proverb, "but God." In these words is pointed out the hand of God in history; is recognized that divinity which knoweth the sparrow's fall, which shapes the ends of nations and of men, which raises up the great to conquer, and turns the temporary adversity of the conquered into permanent glory; that divinity which, to our imperfect vision, is oft obscured by the perturbations and clouds around us, but which through the centuries' perspective brightens and enlarges to the view, and illumines the ways which our predecessors passed over in darkness.

I speak to-day to a people, and to the rising generation of a people, who have known the bitterness of the conquered; who have seen their riches take wings and fly away; their beloved slain in battle; and the principles which they cherished trodden under foot by their conquerors.

I propose to point out to them that they have not trod the wine-press alone; that the very people whose transcendent power wields its spell over the North American continent; that the conquering ancestry from whom sprung both the conqueror and the conquered of the hardy race, recently and so un-

happily divided against itself; that the conquering nations of the civilized world which are to-day foremost in arts and arms, have all passed through the same process of adversity, and have been trained, purified, and braced up by that very adversity and moulded by its fires into their present greatness.

I propose to show that our country's fate has not been a dispensation of exclusive and peculiar hardship; that it has but repeated the destiny of the whole human family; that from every page of history is whispered some sweet, soothing word of solace and sounded the bugle blast of hope; that we may shake hands with all the generations and races of men who have gone before us, and drink communion wine with the sympathetic spirits of heroes, sages, and martyrs, whose bodies, like ours, have been broken, whose blood, like ours, has been shed, for country, for independence, for liberty; who like us have fought, suffered, and fallen; and who, as we shall do, and are doing, have writ the proverb upon the forehead of their age:

That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

AMERICA THE SPOIL OF CONQUEST

Go, student, to the map that hangs upon your classroom wall and tell me of what stuff is made this mighty conquering republic, which with one foot in the Atlantic and the other in the Pacific, "bestrides the narrow world like a Colossus," and embraces half a continent in its wide extended arms. It is the spoil of conquest. It is the tomb of a conquered nation. No, not of a conquered nation, for it is only the servile who are too mean to fight, or the intelligent and greatly brave who dare, that will submit to the fate of the conquered. It is the tomb of a fierce, savage race, which, lacking the capacity to ride upon the swelling tide of civilization which flowed in upon it, breasted it with a savage, stolid defiance, and was swept under by its waves. It is the mausoleum of a perished people, "whose very sepulchres are tenantless," and of whom there remains no memorial save the fleeting sounds which perpetuate their language in the names which still denote such streams as the Potomac and Rappahannock; such mountains as the Alleghanies.

AMERICA THE REFUGE OF THE CONQUERED AND OPPRESSED

Tell me, then, who were those strange, stern palefaces who first set their feet upon these inhospitable shores and lit the fires of civilized art amid the gloom of the wilderness? Who were these conquerors before whose advancing footsteps the savage recede; and under whose touch the desert bloomed? Conquerors do I call them? Aye, conquerors now; but they came not in purple. Not in the train of a Pizarro, or a Cortez; not in the crowded fleets where ambition's power dreamed of vast dominion, nor hireling avarice burned with the lust for plundered gold were they borne upon the waters; nor "fanned by conquest's crimson wing" were they wafted to these shores.

THE SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND

From old England to the New came the Puritans, who, loving the simple forms of the Calvinistic faith, fled from fine, imprisonment, and death, demurred against them for refusing to wear the vestments and adopt the ritualism of the Established Church. "The spacious days of Queen Elizabeth," with all the glory of flourishing arts and arms, are marred by the direful statute of 1593 presenting the dread alternative of exile or death to those who would not worship God by the machinery which bigotry had invented and fanaticism had patented for their oppression. From the fury of the bishops they turned to the wide ocean and the savage desert to hide their heads; and the statute which disgraced old England peopled the New. "The true foundations of Plymouth and Massachusetts," says Mr. Edward Everett, "are to be sought not in the patent of James, nor the charter of Charles, with the grant of zones of territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but in the stern text of the act of 1593."

THE SETTLERS OF PENNSYLVANIA, GEORGIA, AND SOUTH CAROLINA

To Pennsylvania came the Quakers, loving simple manners, holding fast, and above all things else, liberty of conscience, preferring "hard liberty" in the wilderness to the "easy yoke of servile pomp" in the splendid capital, teaching the same

methods of free inquiry which Socrates had explained to the youth of Athens.

To Georgia came the persecuted Protestants and the poor debtors of England. Have you ever read "Little Dorrit," the beautiful, touching story of Charles Dickens, and looked in upon the debtor's prison, the Marshalsea, where insolvency was regarded as the normal condition of mankind, and the payment of debts as a disease which occasionally broke out? If you have, you know the dread slavery of debt in England in the olden time. James Oglethorpe had looked in on these sad scenes. Each year he had seen four thousand Englishmen immured in jail because they could not obey the fierce commandment: "Pay what thou owest." As Commissioner of Jails he besought Parliament, "till from extreme misery he restored to light and freedom multitudes who by long confinement for debt were strangers and helpless in the country of their birth." The prison doors of England opened, and in Georgia the prisoner found home, and hope, and freedom.

To South Carolina—God bless the gallant little state!—came the Huguenots, the Puritans of France, flying from the terrors imposed by Louis XIV., who called himself the State, and whom sycophants called "The Grand." Forbidden to hold office there; excluded from the guilds of tradesmen and mechanics; prohibited to intermarry with members of the Established Church; their property confiscated; their children torn from them; their books burned; their ministers broken upon the wheel; their leaders roasted by slow fires, gashed by knives, wounded with red-hot pincers; hard, indeed, was their fate. Ten thousand perished by the gibbet, the wheel, and the stake. The bodies of the dead were thrown to wolves and dogs. Forbidden even to emigrate "the hounds were let loose upon game shut up in a close park." By stealth they fled; the New World received them, and the exiles of Languedoc, seeking the genial clime of South Carolina, there revived the drooping and bruised lilies of France.

THE COLONISTS OF VIRGINIA

It has been said that the first settlers of Virginia were "gold seekers," adventurers without resources or character, whose

turbulent and restless spirits endangered the infant colony and rendered its progress uncertain"—wild young men who were sowing large crops of wild oats, and who wanted a big field to sow them in. It is quite authentic that the first installment of colonists who set forth for "the dear strand of Virginia, earth's only paradise," as their imagination depicted it, contained "forty-eight gentlemen and four carpenters." When these were reinforced in 1808, by a second lot, the proportion of practical men amongst our ancestors was so small that Treasurer Thomas Smith wrote back: "When you send again I entreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers up of trees and roots, etc., well provided, than a thousand such as we have."

Poor was the outlook for the little colony! But how true it is, as was writ about that time by Francis Bacon as he looked forth from the old country to the new: "Certainly it is with the kingdoms of the earth as it is in the Kingdom of Heaven; sometimes a grain of mustard seed proves a great tree. Who can tell?" Time has told. The tree is here, and we sit beneath its branches. Hither came to nourish its feeble seed the boldest, bravest, thriftiest, gentlest blood of England: high-souled adventurers who brought to the New World "no wealth but enterprise, no rank but that of manhood, no privileges but those of Englishmen." Here the click of the spade was heard in the mine; the blaze of the first iron furnace in America was lit while yet the Red Man roamed the wilds; the industrial arts and the laws were cultivated. Hither came both Puritan and Cavalier, and the sturdy Scotch-Irish stock.

THE STONE REJECTED BY THE BUILDERS OF EUROPE

Yes, to Virginia—to America—flocked the broken in fortune, but the brave in heart, the conquered faction, the persecuted martyrs, the wounded spirits, the ruined merchants, the empty-handed, full-souled adventurers, who, driven to the ocean by the energy of despair, here, in a safe harbor, anchored the hopes of future generations. Not the conquering, but the conquered, were the conquerors here. The stone rejected by the builders of Europe became the head of the corner of America. As the bird in spring seeks some lonely nook or craggy perch,

and there builds its nest with withered grass, and sere and yellow leaves, and broken twigs which the winter winds have swept before them, so to this high eyrie, guarded by the tempestuous seas, and far from the touch of sacrilegious hands, soared the genius of the coming liberties of man; and here, from the despised outcasts of European malice, was built that nest from which has sprung the great conquering republic of the Western World.

THE CONQUERING ENGLISH

Go back with me to the Fatherland and tell me who the conquering English are. Four centuries after the Christian era had elapsed before the English won that "precious stone set in the silver sea," and gave it the name of England. Antiquity finds it the Briton's home; 39 B. C. the legions of Rome subdued Britannia; Agricola carried the Roman frontier to the firths of Forth and Clyde, and by Edinburgh yet remain the mossy ruins of the Roman wall. The fifth century (A. D. 411) found Rome herself sorely pressed; the Western empire fell; the terrible Goths were pouring into Italy; and the Roman legions were withdrawn from British soil to fight for the Eternal City of the Seven Hills. Rome fell; her fall was the rise of England. As the Roman eagles spread their wings for flight other hungry, watchful birds of prey descended upon the quarry.

In the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the Northern seas lay little Sleswick, the one country that bore the name of England. With sudden and secret swoop there issued hence a race of pirates, fierce in onset, who brandished sword with careless glee, and wielded oar with brawny arm that defied the storm and the wave; and 449 years after Christ was born, with Hengist and Horsa at their head, at Ebbs' Fleet, on the shores of the Isle of Thanet, there first pressed upon the soil of our Fatherland those conquering feet whose martial tread has kept pace with the drum beat and marched with the banner of the sunrise around the globe. "Foes are they," sung a Roman poet of the time, "fierce beyond other foes, and cunning as they are fierce; the sea is their school of war, and the storm their friend; they are sea-wolves that live on the pillage of the world."

Fire and sword did their dreadful work; the Briton vanished, the Englishman gave his name to, and stood conqueror in, the conquered land. Other multitudes did the populous North "pour from her frozen loins." Another wave of Norse invasion rolled over England; other conquerors of the same blood and speech stood triumphant there; but she was England, they were Anglo-Saxon—the Saxon English still. But in the year 1066 the fullness of time had come, and a new birth was at hand. Then the Saxon king, Harold, found his domain once more threatened by the Norsemen—the Danes. At Stamford Bridge, with his plowmen, he beat back the bold Vikings; with his own hand he slew Harold Hardrada, their king, and tore down their raven flag, which bore the name of "The Ravager of the World." But while the defeated Danes were bearing back across the German ocean the corpse of their dead king, another invader was landing on the southern coast of England; none less than William, Duke of Normandy, with his mail-clad men. Wheeling around from one field, Harold turned with swift feet and dauntless spirit to another; from Stamford Bridge he hurried on to the dread field of Hastings.

THE CONQUERED ENGLISH

In Sussex, in the south of England, on the 15th of October, 1066, the Saxon and the Norman met. Behind him the Norman Duke had scuttled his ships that no thought of retreat might give hope to the coward; and Harold, as well as he, marshalled his men that day, well knowing that a kingdom was at stake. From 9 o'clock in the morning to 6 at eventide the battle raged. Three horses were slain beneath Duke William, but again and again he returned undaunted to the charge; and incessantly with gay, elastic, earnest valor the Norman host poured upon the Saxon lines:

Chanting loud the lusty strain
Of Roland, and of Charlemagne,
And of the dead the dauntless all
Fell at famous Roncevalles.

Right valiantly stood the Saxons by their land and kith and kin; like "noble yoemen whose limbs were made in England," they fought that day; and at their head, worthily of them, and

of their land, and of his crown, fought Harold, their fair-haired, blue-eyed, dauntless Saxon king, "chosen by his people—and fighting for his people."

Fifteen thousand Normans bit the dust before the bills and bows, and battle-axes of England. The king's own hand cleaved many a Norman helmet, but when the sun went down an ancient kingdom had fallen, and a new epoch of English history had dawned.

On the brow of the hill of Senlac where the dead lay piled in thickest masses, and the last stand was made by the side of the royal standard of gold which blazed with mystic gems, and bore the figures of "The Fighting Man," with Gurth and Leofwine, his brothers, on either hand, striking back with his double-handed battle-axe at the thick crowded host which rushed upon him; thus Harold met his fate, thus fell and perished the last of the Saxon kings.

Thus, in one campaign which had but one battle, a great nation became the spoil of conquest. Merry England passed away from English rule; a free-born people became the serfs of feudal lords, and a foreign duke rose to the majesty of an English king. When the first star shone in the heavens, and England's slain yeomanry had grown stark and cold on their native hills, William of Normandy had won the name of conqueror. He raised his triumphant banner where the conquered banner of Harold fell; there on the hill of Senlac he pitched his pavilion, and sat at meat rejoicing with his mail-clad knights around him; there in after days he raised the fair pile of Battle Abbey to commemorate the Norman knights who died that he might be hailed as conqueror of our conquered Fatherland.

RULE OF THE NORMAN CONQUEROR

Woe to the vanquished! Oh! Muse of History, avert thy face, and tune thy harp to the sad refrain, "How man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn!" For more than a hundred years English history is a blank of ruin. Aye, during the century and a half which follows the conquest "there is, strictly speaking, no English history." The barbaric despotism of Asia was practiced by the accomplished Norman upon the subjugated Saxon. The land was parted out by the

conqueror to his knights; the poorest soldier of fortune, and the meanest follower of the camp, found his part in the booty. Every high office was bestowed upon a Norman; and offices were created, amongst them that of chief-justiciar, that Normans might fill them.

THE NORMAN CARPET-BAGGER

The Norman carpet-bagger was the hero of the century of which I speak; before the end of William's reign there was not one Englishman who was either Earl, Baron, Bishop, or Abbot.

An old historian drew the portrait of the Norman carpet-bagger and hung it in the rogue's gallery of the ages. You will perceive the resemblance to it of the carpet-bag family of our own day. "The great men," says the old chronicle, "were influenced with such a rage for money that they cared not by what means it was acquired. The more they talked of justice the more injustice they acted. Those who were called justiciaries were the fountains of all injustice. Sheriffs and judges, whose peculiar duty it was to pronounce righteous judgment, were the most cruel of all tyrants, and greater plunderers than common thieves and robbers."

War was declared against the mother tongue of England. The conqueror sought to tear it out and cast it to the dogs. He commanded that in all the schools French should be taught; the pleadings in court were made in French; the laws were composed in French; the language of the Royal court and the noble's parlor was French; and the fawning ambition of servility vied to excel in French.

THE ENGLISH KU-KLUX

The ku-klux came, the vengeful shadow of the carpet-bagger, veritable ku-klux of flesh and blood, whose existence is verified by better testimony than that of a partisan Congressional committee. The shades of the forest became the haunts of bold outlaws; many a Norman tyrant entered them to reappear no more; or to be found with an arrow in his heart, or a cut across his throat—the work of hands unseen. Ku-klux laws,

enforcement acts, turned tighter the screw of conquest. The whole community was required to pay a heavy fine whenever a Frenchman was slain; and with the tyrant's true logic it was provided that every person found slain should be proved to be a Frenchman.

Thus prostrate, thus harried, thus tortured, lay the Saxon England of the dead Harold, under the conqueror's heel, thus did she realize the old, old story, "Woe to the vanquished!"

WHAT THE CONQUERED ENGLISH GAINED FROM THEIR CONQUERORS

But "black misfortune's baleful train" did not walk alone in England. By the side of the tyrant's minions walked the gentle and blessed spirits whose mission 'tis to restore, to bind up, and to heal—to fringe the cloud with its silver lining. These Norman conquerors were cousins to the English; sprung from those same "sea-wolves" who gave England her name and station. A century earlier they had landed on the sunny shores of France, and given to the conquered land their own Norse name: Normandy, the Norseman's land. There the rude virtues of the North were interpenetrated and interfused with the more genial virtues of the South. There the Norsemen had come in contact with the laws, the arts, the refinements which France herself had gotten from other conquerors, from imperial Rome and imperial Charlemagne. There polite luxury had spread its board; cultured art had adorned the landscape with stately edifices; graceful manners had rounded off the rough angles of rude behavior; there chivalry had brightened its sword, dressed its plume, and enlarged the generousities of human heart. The Norman was the fairest specimen of a European gentleman of that age: courtly in address, distinguished in negotiation, eloquent in speech. He had the head to contrive, the tongue to persuade, and the hand to execute, which make the ruling spirit; and he wore that brightest flower of gentleness—decorous regard for her, however so humble, who appeared in the sacred form of woman. Normandy, before the conquest, had been the schoolroom to which English princes and nobles repaired for education. When William went to England he moved the schoolhouse across the British channel

to his scholars, and hard taskmaster as he was, he did not spare the rod, he could not spoil the child.

And many benefactions did the scholar receive from his unwelcome teacher. Peace reigned throughout the kingdom; local dissensions ceased; and while England, now become a continental power, made her arms felt from France to the Holy Land, no cloud of war darkened her shores. Under her conqueror the Jews found toleration; their capital gave impetus to trade and enterprise, their energy made itself felt in the practical arts of life. The Domesday book, which Hume calls "the most valuable relic of antiquity," was compiled under the conqueror's orders, and fixed the tenures of her lands. Stately castle and cathedral and thrifty keep took the place of hovel and cabin; hedgeway and orchard rose upon the barren field; the arts of living showed that Norman taste and genius was making the dawn of a new day for England. Stability, subordination, organization grew with the feudal system. Loose-joined Saxon England, with her extreme ideas of personal right and local right, had been like an awkward, wayward boy, without consistency of conduct, carriage of figure, or grace of movement. The Court of King's Bench, the pattern of the supreme courts of our State and Federal governments, the power of the barons, the authority of the Crown, compacted her into a well-knit frame, put her in tight uniform, and taught her to keep step with the advancing ideas of the age.

The gradual blending of the Norman and Saxon blood "fired the duller Saxon mass with a new spirit of animation and power." As Campbell well expresses it, "The Normans high mettled the blood of our English veins." Yes, those Norman knights were grand heroes, and in the list are found many names which have been transmitted to America and to Virginia through our forefathers. The first blow that was struck at Senlac was by the arm of a Taliaferro, and by William the Conqueror's side rode the ancestor of our own immortal Lee. These names, and names like them, are now on the list of Appomattox Courthouse; but they are also on the rolls of the conquerors to come. It is said that the painter Turner exhibited at the Centennial Exposition a picture of great merit, but so dull of color that it escaped attention amongst its brilliant

rivals. He dipped his brush once more and flung upon the canvas one blood-red spot, and it seemed to illuminate the whole. So, under the vivid touch of the brilliant Norman, somber Saxon England grew radiant and beautiful, and became a beacon to the nations.

CONQUERED ENGLAND TO THE FRONT AS CONQUEROR

"Truth," says Lord Coke, "peradventure by force may for a time be trodden down, but never, by any means whatsoever, can it be trodden out." It is so with virtue whatever form she wears. Trodden down was Saxon England; but never could that "vital spark of heavenly flame" be trodden out. It still burned and glowed, still in its ashes lived its wonted fire, and the hour came when it shot forth a mighty pillar of fire to guide all generations to come through the wilderness to freedom. The indomitable Saxon lost not his sturdy common sense, his hardy manhood, his tenacious pluck, his upright, assertive individuality. The soil had received a handsome top dressing, as our farmers would express it. The flowers of poesy, the fruits of learning, the golden grains of new thought, had been planted in it. But the subsoil was Saxon; Saxon it remained; and its inexhaustible vigor was not weakened by the crops it bore to be garnered by its conquerors. And now the day has come when up rises that scion of English oak under whose shade the whole Saxon race reposes in liberty and peace.

MAGNA CHARTA THE FRUIT OF CONQUEST

More than a century of conquest passes; the year 1215 is at hand; and King John, seventh of the Norman line, sits upon the throne. His army is beaten on the field of Bouvines, in France; he is driven from Normandy; he bows the proud crest of English majesty into the dust before the Pope of Rome; Saxon and Norman forget their ancient feud; and their country's humiliation cements them together as brethren of misfortune, as joint sufferers under a tyrannous and unrighteous rule. The vices and follies of the king become the glory of his kingdom.

In a little island in the Thames between Staines and Windsor a curious scene is witnessed. King John is encamped on one bank, on the other stand the "iron barons" of Runnymede, de-

manding not their portion of a conqueror's spoil, but marking the limit of kingly power, demanding their rights, their people's rights as Englishmen and as freemen.

Great ideas were in the air that day the great charter was confirmed: that charter whose principles, whose very sentences are reproduced in the constitutions of the American states, and in that of the Federal Union; that charter which is shield and spear and helm of liberty throughout the world.

Then was the compact sealed between sovereign people and sovereign king: "No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or be disseized of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed, or exiled, or any otherwise destroyed; nor will we pass upon him, but by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. We will sell to no man, we will not deny or delay to any man, justice or right."

I care not to follow in its great career of conquest that glorious blood of our Fatherland

Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.

When men shall sing no longer of Nelson and the Nile, when Assaye has become a strange word, and the stone lion of Waterloo has crumbled; when Macaulay's vision of the New Zealander contemplating the ruins of London has passed into the real—Magna Charta, the great charter of Saxon liberty, won by conquered England from her conquerors, will still shine as the crowning work of our conquering race. Side by side on the walls of our capitol, in the State Library at Richmond, hang the *fac simile* of the great charter and the Roll of the Norman Knights at the Battle Abbey. Senlac was the source from which sprung the bold stream of Runnymede. Harold's fall proved in the end the rise of England; from the very furrow which the fiery ploughshare of the conqueror had channelled in her soil, sprang

The one true seed of Freedom sown
Between the people and their ancient throne.

And the yoke under which our conquered fathers bowed, expanded into the grand triumphal arch through which they passed into the Elysian fields of liberty, upon the broad plateau of a higher civilization.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF CONQUEST — ALL NATIONS ARE
CONQUERED NATIONS

I have told the story of the fall and rise of England. And yet my tale of conquest is but begun. The history of conquest is the history of man. Edmund Burke says: "All ancient history is dark and uncertain. One thing is clear: there were conquerors and conquests in those days." One hundred years ago he estimated that thirty-six millions of human beings had fallen by the sword. Each succeeding year has sent an army of recruits to join this ghostly band. During 550 years of the Roman Republic the Temple of Janus was closed but once. The Universal Temple of Janus has never been closed; every day a hecatomb has been sacrificed at the altars; every day of history the breeze has been laden with "the clash of resounding arms."

Great battles have marked the great epochs of history as mountain ranges mark the boundaries of empires; and streams of blood have defined the rise and fall of creeds, institutions, dynasties, and peoples. The round globe is one mighty battle field; civilization itself rises up like a continent out of the seas of conflict; my theme comprehends universal history—all nations are conquered nations.

Were I to follow the conqueror's tracks, I should begin at the rotunda of this University and end my weary march in sight of the gates of Eden. Through whatever land we roam we behold his footprints; he has sailed on every sea that opens to the keel.

CONQUERED SCOTLAND

We pass from England northward; we tread the land of "the Scots who ha'e wi' Wallace bled;" and there rises before us the bloody vision of that hero's head displayed on London bridge, crowned mockingly with laurel. We see again the sweet, sad face of Mary Stuart, their Queen, as she bows her fair white neck to the headsmen's axe; we remember fatal Flodden Field, the Waterloo of Scotland,

Where no Scottish went backward,
When the royal lion fell.

We recall that we are in a conquered land.

CONQUERED IRELAND

We take the sea. A beautiful island, "greenest isle of the ocean," springs up before us. Its ancient kings are gone. We behold on the beach "the poor exile Erin; the dew on his thin robe is heavy chill." Across the waters echo the lamentations of her broken harp; we catch the strain of "Erin Mavourneen! Erin go bragh!"

Let us stand on deck with uncovered heads and salute her as we pass; let the bell toll! It is the land of Grattan, O'Connell, and Mitchell; it is the land of Curran, Phillips, and Shiel; it is the land which gave a Moore to poesy; a Wellington to arms; a Burke to man, to the world, to freedom. It is the land which returned the glorious dust of the hero-martyr Emmett back into its bosom. It is the home of that brave race of genius, generosity, and misfortune. Poor, conquered Ireland, we salute you, and pass on.

CONQUERED FRANCE

Across the British channel behold fair France. The native Gaul has vanished; the Roman and the Visigoth invaders have been and gone; her Germanic conqueror, the Frank, has sealed her history with the signature of his name. For a hundred years England wrestled on her soil for its possession; the Black Prince carried the French king John as a captive to London; the armies of Europe have set their feet in Paris; revolution and internecine strife have torn her in pieces; a German emperor has received his crown in the palace of her disrowned sovereign; she has known all the vicissitudes of the conquered land.

CONQUERED SPAIN

Old Iberia lies by the side of France. In the language of her Roman conqueror she was re-baptized Hispania-Spain. Hannibal and Scipio have fought upon her fields for the rival fortunes of Carthage and Rome; for three centuries the Visigoth was her master; for eight centuries the banners of Islam waved over her in triumph; and this very century she was withered into a province by the fiery glare of the Napoleonic star.

CONQUERED CARTHAGE, ROME, GREECE, EGYPT, ARABIA, ASIA
MINOR, TURKEY

We pass under the shadow of Gibraltar, where conquering England guards the portal of the Mediterranean. The wrecks of conquered nations fill its depths and bestrew its shores. "*Delenda est Carthago*" is fulfilled; Carthage is no more. Italy greets our sails. Oh! what grand visions of her conquering legions fill the mind; and, alas! what mournful memories of the fall of that splendid city which once contained the genius of the world.

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood and fire,
Have dwelt upon the seven-hilled city's pride,
She saw her glories, star by star, expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride
Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide,
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.
Chaos of ruins!

Egypt, Arabia, Asia Minor, Turkey are beyond her; they have been the spoils of the world's victors; they are the nurseries and victims of her conquerors. The gentle breeze bears us o'er the sparkling waters of the *Ægean*. Its foam is crimson with the blood of contending nations. Greece learned the world to war. She was the nurse of arms. The pupil beat his master, and there she lies, "Greece, but living Greece no more."

We circle Europe, we turn back to the Northern seas, we penetrate her mighty rivers; but whether it be upon the waters of the Rhine or the Elba; whether the Vistula or the blue Danube, the conquered nation is there.

CONQUERED PRUSSIA, AUSTRIA AND RUSSIA

Twenty-five times in two hundred years Prussia has felt the tread of the French invaders. She has been translated to glory and greatness in a chariot of fire.

Austria is a patchwork of conquered provinces; a detachment of the old Germanic empire; and her ruling house of Hapsburg is sprung from a Swiss adventurer.

Mighty, widespread, all-devouring Russia is a compact of the migratory tribes who drove into the northern wastes of ice her ancient people. It was not until about the close of the fifteenth

century that she threw off the yoke of her Tartar conquerors. In 1735 Bolingbroke thought Russia so insignificant that he spoke of the history of the Muscovites as having no relation to the knowledge which a practical English statesman ought to acquire. Whose name is it that now agitates the council board of every European potentate? Who is it whose arms are now advancing with the cross to the citadels of the waning crescent? Who is it, away off there in the northern deserts, whose voice is felt in the price of every measure of wheat that the farmer threshes, in every mouthful of bread that touches the lip of prince or beggar? It is the uprisen spirit of the conquered land; it is she whose capital was burned less than a century ago; who lay at her conqueror's feet. It looks now as if the Cossack were the coming man. It is she who slowly, surely, has knit together her mighty frame, and who dates her ascending grandeur from the day when Charles XII., of Sweden succumbed to her Peter the Great. From that

Dead Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughtered army lay,
No more to combat or to bleed.
The power and fortune of the war,
Had passed to the triumphant Czar.

I pause from my endless task. Europe has but one voice; Asia repeats it; from continent to continent, and from sea to sea, it is echoed on: All nations are conquered nations.

THE LITTLE NATIONS THE CONQUERORS

While pursuing the red track of the conqueror let us see if some flower has not sprung from the soil enriched with blood, if there are not lessons imprinted on the soil which it were well to remember. These very conquered nations have been, or are now, conquerors. What are the signal lights, what are the landmark facts which they have left for our guidance? One thing appears conspicuous: that the little nations inhabiting small, and often sterile territories, the little nations that have made up in pluck, energy and intellect what they lacked in numbers, have been the greatest and most permanent conquerors and, even when failing in arms, have continued to hold dominion over the minds of men, and gone on conquering and to conquer in the world of thought.

CONQUERING LITTLE MACEDON

On yon glowing canvas I behold the bold, ambitious brow and radiant face of the son of Philip, the youngest and greatest conqueror of the ancient world, of him whose incomparable deeds gave to Alexander of Macedon the name of Great. At his birth King Philip wrote these words to Aristotle: "Learn that a son is born to me. I render thanks to the gods less for his birth than that it happens while you live. I trust that educated and taught by you he will be worthy of me and my empire." That this son tamed the wild horse Bucephalus, cut the Gordian knot, killed his friend Clitus in a drunken frolic, and sighing for another world to conquer perished in a Babylonian revel, are what we hear oftenest of him from those shallow philosophers who love to look for spots upon the sun "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

The child grew, the youth was taught by Aristotle the principles of good government, and in the arts and philosophy of Greece. At twenty years of age the scepter of Philip descended to his hands; he became worthy of him and his empire; and little Macedon proved too small a frame for so grand a soul. Overawing Greece, and with less than 40,000 men, only 10,000 of whom were Macedonians, the rest being allies from the Grecian states, he entered upon the most daring enterprise of conquest that the world has ever known. He crossed the Hellespont, confronted Darius, the great king with his half million of soldiers, forced the Granicus, beat his myriads at Issus, overwhelmed him at Arbela. In ten years Asia was at his feet, Asia Minor, Syria, Persia and Egypt were his spoil, and even to the Punjaub of India, where now floats the English standard, did he plant his conquering banners.

Like Lear, he was "every inch a king." Dressing like a common soldier, marching on foot in the van of the column, sleeping at night with Homer under his pillow on the golden casket which had held the perfumes of Darius, fighting in the front of battle; carrying with him those famous cooks, "a long march to dress his breakfast, a light breakfast to prepare his supper, and a light dinner to prepare his supper," he took possession of the

—gorgeous East,
Which showers on its kings barbaric pearls and gold,

and proved to be one of those rare heroes who can write, speak, fight, and rule. What to the hardy warrior band of this hardy warrior king were the hosts of Darius, wearing their golden collars and robes of golden tissue? What to them his train of priests in purple vestments, displaying "their gay religious pall of pomp and gold?" What the glittering array of camp followers and beasts of burden bearing all the luxuries that could stimulate or satiate the voluptuous appetites of man? What this vast show to Alexander's squad of heroes who seemed "too many for an embassy and too few for a fight?" Marvelous as it may seem, forty thousand men infused with that man's spirit scattered and subdued countless millions, and cities, garrisons, provinces, empires yielded to them. Ah! it is the old story: "it matters not to the wolves how many the sheep are." Materialist, look upon this picture and remember the words of Solon to Cræsus, displaying his riches: "Sir, if any other come that hath better iron than you he will be master of all this gold." The iron will of Macedon, the little nation, did all this.

CONQUERING LITTLE ROME

A few adventurers of old set their standard on the Palatine Hill. Around them grew Rome. A flagstaff expanded into a camp, a camp into a hamlet, a hamlet into a village, a village into a city, a city into a nation, a nation into a majestic empire that stretched its arms and gathered in the uttermost parts of the earth. It took five hundred years for the Romans to subdue lower Italy; another five hundred years they were the sovereigns of the civilized world; and for more than another five hundred years they wielded the scepter and wore the crown. This is, in miniature, the history of Rome to its fall. The Arabian fable of Prince Ahmed became the Roman reality: the little tent that might be folded and held in the hand like a lady's kerchief, expanded into the broad pavilion that held armies and nations.

THE CONQUERING LITTLE BAND OF MAHOMET

A little cloud no bigger than a man's hand arose in the Arabian deserts. "It spread out and overshadowed the ancient quarters of the globe and their faded glories." Near the close of the sixth century of the Christian era Mahomet gathered a

squad of followers about him. "There is no God," said he, "but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet." The handful of "true believers" went forth to conquer. The unbelievers were driven into dens and caves of the earth; they were scattered in the field; they were hunted down in hiding-places. But "persecution is the mother of proselytes." They multiplied and at length they rose to be the leaders of armies and mighty conquerors, "overcoming in pitched battle the Roman cohort, the Grecian phalanx, and the gorgeous hosts of Persia; carrying their victories from the gates of the Caucasus to the western descents of Mount Atlas; from the banks of the Ganges to the Sus, the ultimate river in Mauritania; and, planting their standards on the pillars of Hercules, threatened Europe with subjugation." They retained their grasp upon Spain until the very year Columbus discovered America. Overrun by the Turks and other Tartar tribes, they bowed to physical power only to conquer back with mental power, and at this very time the doctrines of Islam still survive in three continents and are professed by 180,000,000 of people, who are still repeating in their mosques the words which more than a thousand years ago were first feebly muttered in the Arabian desert: "There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet."

CONQUERING LITTLE SPAIN

Sixth in territorial rank amongst the European States is Spain. How fervent a soul has burned in that little body, now, I fear, almost burned out! In 1492 in front of Granada, then just wrenched by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella from the Mahommedan power, while the redeeming blood of Spain, the conquered nation, was yet wet upon the field that made her conqueror, the son of a Genoese comber of wool, a simple sailor, received a commission to enter upon that voyage which amazed and electrified the Old World by discovery of the New. Like a bold lawyer he took the case on a contingent fee, he was to receive no reward unless he succeeded. He won his case; and immortality is his fee. Science had come into Europe with the Saracen invaders. They were driven back. Science remained. And, wonderful coincidence, it plumed its wings, on the very day that the full-grown scholar turned his teacher

away from school, for the loftiest flight of all the ages. Little Spain, at its end, was mistress of America. One man, Columbus, whose fleet was three ships, whose army was a corporal's guard, won the seat of a hundred empires. Little Spain seemed like a dwarfish Atlas holding up the New World in one hand, and grasping the Old in the other. Pizarro, with a paltry force of one hundred and eighty men, and twenty-seven horses, landed in South America, and subduing the native hosts of the Inca of Peru, poured a golden stream into the Spanish treasury. With less than seven hundred men Cortez entered upon the conquest of Mexico; planted the standard of the cross over the palaces of the Montezumas, and emptied their riches into the lap of Spain. In the sixteenth century the bayonets of the Spanish infantry seemed invincible on land; her sails were the overlords of the sea. Since the downfall of Rome no such power as Spain had preponderated in the world. In Asia and Africa conquest had given her great possessions. Portugal had been annexed to her crown; the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, the duchy of Milan, Franche Comte and the Netherlands were her tributaries; Italy and the vast papal powers her allies. The name of Philip the Second, her king, was the terror of Europe; Alexander Farnese, Captain-General of her Armies, was the greatest military genius of the age; the guns of the "invincible Armada" thundered off the shores of little England. There was the climacteric of her career; but such was little Spain.

CONQUERING LITTLE ENGLAND

England is a speck upon the map in the physical geography of the world. In its mental geography, in its moral geography, in its conquering geography, the world is the speck and England is the map. Here, in a nutshell, lies English history.

What do these teachings teach? How is it that conquest has been universal? What is it that has produced the rise and fall of nations? Why is it that the little nations have beaten the great ones, and the great broken to pieces?

If a polar wave were to sweep over this land to-morrow, and the thermometer to sink suddenly to twenty degrees below zero, birds, beasts, and men would perish. The old, the sick, the

feeble, the poor, and the unprovided for would perish first. Only a few hardy, vigorous and energetic would survive. In the conflicts and desolations of war the like result is seen. The feeble perish, the strong and ingenious live. It belongs to Charles Darwin of England, a writer much derided and perverted by the ignorant and superficial, not to have originated, but to have developed and set before the world the theory of the origin of species, now almost universally accepted. He has shown how by natural selection the favorable variations of plants and animals are preserved, and by "the survival of the fittest" the best species are continuously driving out and conquering, so to speak, the weaker, less adaptive, less favorable species.

In the history of conquest the same process of progress is observable. In the early age of man, "the fighting age" as it has been termed, the best tribes and nations conquered the worst tribes and nations. The pot of clay was always broken in the stream when it struck against the iron. The nations strong in nerve and muscle, the lithe, active, swift-footed, cunning-handed, struck down their weaker brothers. The strongest and best type prevailed; the nation that ought to have won did win. The subjugated, inferior in strength, was compelled to resort to artifice. Better weapons, deeper schemes; the arts of strategy were employed. They began to tell. Brain beat muscle; artifice answered numbers; the conquered turned the tables on his conqueror. As civilization advances it is more difficult to pursue through its complicated agencies and organisms the peculiar superiority that gave ascendancy to the conqueror.

THE TRUTHS OF CONQUEST

But still in the broad vista of successive ages certain distinct truths appear: that conquest has been often the most instructive educator of mankind; that it has often elevated the conquered and prostrated the conqueror, sometimes elevated both; that the little nations have been conquerors because they possessed some element of manifest superiority over their greater rivals; that where a nation was unfit for the missions of conquest, its victories have been transitory and evanescent; and that where the conquered was worthy to live and rule and make and enjoy freedom, he has never failed to re-assert his independence and

supremacy; that ideas govern the world, and that the best types of mankind, with the best ideas as their guides and guardians, are the conquerors in the long run.

These truths embody, as I think, the philosophy of conquest, and I shall endeavor to demonstrate them.

It is not my purpose to exalt the mission of war. It is generally error, often crime, and as Shakespeare says:

War is a game which, were the people wise,
Kings would not play at.

But the noblest animals are the fighting animals. The lion is monarch of the forest, the eagle is king of the skies. The noblest races of men are those that *will* fight and know *when* to fight, *how* to fight and when to *stop* fighting. The nation that will not defend the weak from oppression and defend itself by arms from the foreign invader or the native usurper, has the canker of decay upon its cheek. "The ultimate question," says Carlyle, "between every two human beings is, can I kill thee or can'st thou kill me?"

EDUCATION THROUGH CONQUEST

Conquest begins by conflict. Opinions differ, then swords cross; the strongest wins; education begins with the first sound of war and does not end with victory. Like the desolating storm and the heaving volcano, war has its uses: is often necessary and heaven-directed. And conquests which seemed to be inspired by lust of ambition, greed of gain, or fanatical zeal, have often resulted in showering blessings on mankind of which the recipients never dreamed and the projectors never intended, and which were never disclosed until the smoke vanished from the flame and left its light to shine undimmed.

The very exertion excited by conflict expands and concentrates the faculties of man and "forces into sudden and brilliant action the arts and virtues that are stimulated by the invention of necessity, matured by the energy of despair." The friction of steel and flint produces the spark that ignites the powder that drives the ball; so the collision of mind against mind, and force against force, lights the flame of heroism and genius to propel the enterprises of great pith and moment that belong to war. Between the rough burrs of the mill the corn is ground;

by force it is kneaded; by fire it is made bread. It is the remark of Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton, the elegant historian of Athens, that "without the invasion of Persia, Greece might have left no annals, and the modern world would search in vain for inspirations from the ancient."

Many a pale, feeble youth, entering the ranks from a luxurious home, living on hardtack instead of delicacies, and making forty-mile flank marches with "Stonewall" Jackson when he used to feel too weak to saunter down town, has returned home robust as a yeoman, with muscle in his arm, and with the spirit of health flushing his cheek and beaming in his eye. He is the type of nations. Hardship and poverty and emergency produce exertion; exertion generates strength; strength conquers. Themistocles said to the islanders of Andros when besieging them: "I bring with me two powerful divinities—Persuasion and Force." Bravely they answered back: "And we have two powerful gods on our side—Poverty and Despair."

Conqueror and conquered become teachers of each other. Man is an imitative animal; and the inferior are the imitators of the superior. As soon as conqueror and conquered mingle together in peace, arts, laws, institutions are communicated; manners, customs, languages are diffused. Each side gathers in instruction by absorption, and it is not alone where the invaded nation has triumphed that the stream of blood, like the inundation of the Nile, fertilizes the earth over which it flows, and that the misfortunes of one generation become the glory and greatness of another.

ORGANIZATION AND UNIFICATION BY CONQUEST

Conquerors are great organizers. Their dominion not resting on public consent they must maintain it by vigilance and by organization; and they practice and teach vigilance and organization. Conquerors are often great protectors and peacemakers. As the master often took better care of his slave than he himself would, not merely because of affection, but of self-interest, so the conqueror would take care that no foreign power should injure his province and deprive him of its revenues. He shelters it from all rapine but his own.

Conquerors are great founders of empires. The little nations must unite to resist him; if he prevails, he must unite them in order to hold them. Ireland was once divided into fragments—Ulster, Leinster, Meath, Connaught and Munster—petty kingdoms always at war. Conquest gave them peace and made them one. The seven Saxon kingdoms, “the Saxon Heptarchy,” once divided England. By the heat of war they were moulded into one great kingdom. Spain is the compound of Navarre, Castile, Leon, Catalonia, Aragon, Granada, and other little states. France is the product of as many, and they coalesced through battle and defeat. But the other day we beheld the same process in Europe; France invaded Germany—the little states rallied around Prussia, and through the storm of war the German Empire appeared.

Thus battle becomes the hothouse of civilization where the virtues are forced into rapid and brilliant blossom; thus the great nations are moulded; thus permanent advantages and blessings are secured which live long after the conqueror’s crest has gone down.

THE ASCENDENCY OF CHARACTER IN CONQUEST

Various are the theories as to the cause of the supremacy of those little nations and peoples whose achievements I have recounted. One will say that Greece acquired and regained power from arts and letters; one, that the Macedonian phalanx was Alexander’s springboard to glory; one, that Rome rose by the strength of her legions and the wisdom of her laws; another, that science and pluck and religious fanaticism carried Mahomet to his splendid pinnacle; another, that the tread of the Spanish infantry terrorized nations to succumb; another, that the commercial enterprise, the almighty dollar of “the nation of shopkeepers,” kept the English bayonet glittering in the perennial sunrise; another, that the public schools of Prussia, and great Universities of Germany, carrying universal enlightenment to every man’s door, were the foundation of her present imposing power. I disparage none of these potent factors of civilization and progress. I would sing the glory of each and of all. But neither one alone, nor all together, can make a nation great. There is another power more influential,

vaster, wider spreading, farther reaching, subtler, profounder—that bright consummate power which springs from the soil—that these elements may enrich, but which they can not create. It is the ascendancy of character—that indescribable spiritual power which “sleeps in the stone, dreams in the animal, awakes in man”—that genius of greatness which none can realize but which all feel and bow to; that “compelling dignity which common spirits fear.” With this, great things can be done without wealth, without science, without arts, without letters, without vast numbers. Without it, neither wealth, science, arts, letters, or numbers can do much. Unite it, however, to them and the nation rises in true grandeur and illustrates in perfection what Humboldt says: “The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a finished man.”

RESULTS OF ALEXANDER’S CONQUESTS

We are still enjoying the fruits of Alexander’s conquests. He planted Greek colonies and cities throughout Asia; and ere long the musical accents of the Greek language were heard from the *Ægean* Sea to the Indies—from the Hyrcanian plain to the Nile. The higher Greek culture—manners, customs, letters, laws—floated like a rich argosy upon that stream of limpid melody into the gorgeous gardens of the East, which it irrigated, fertilized and refreshed. The New Testament was years after written in Greek; and the Greek language was its John the Baptist in the wilderness of Asia, and there made straight the ways for the evangel of the Redeemer. Though teachers of letters and laws, the conquerors became scholars of science. They acquired from the Chaldeans, who “had watched the stars,” astronomical observations burnt in bricks, ranging back two thousand years. The Eastern philosophers had catalogued the stars; detected the precession of the equinoxes; predicted eclipses; divided the zodiac into twelve signs; parted day and night, each into twelve hours; calculated the tropical year within twenty-five seconds of the exact truth; and the siderial year within two minutes.

Aristotle, his old instructor, accompanied Alexander and wrote his “History of Animals.” At Alexandria, founded by the conqueror Ptolemy, his successor established his capital and

collected the literary and scientific fruits of the conquest. Here arose the white marble library of 400,000 volumes; here were established botanical and zoölogical gardens, art galleries, chemical laboratories, and astronomical observatories. Here Euclid wrote his famous mathematical works; Archimedes founded the science of hydrostatics, invented the screw to raise the waters of the Nile, and the burning mirror by which it is said he fired the Roman fleet at Syracuse. Here Ptolemy wrote the great work which was only displaced by the immortal "Principia" of Newton. Here Hero invented the first steam engine. Hence came the water-clock, which, drop by drop, measured time.

Under these influences the Age of Reason began to dawn upon the world. Scientific thought displaced the crudities of mythology. The ancient oracles grew dumb. The imaginary gods and goddesses who had inhabited the skies had a writ of ejectment served upon them; and the Satyrs, Gorgons, and Chimeras dire, who had infested "the Isles of Greece, where burning Sappho lived and sang," were served with process of unlawful entry and detainer.

In the realm of science the spirit of yon ardent son of genius finds that other world for which his soul repined, wherein he still goes on conquering and to conquer.

RESULTS OF OTHER CONQUESTS

Other conquerors have been great teachers. Rome learned from conquered Greece what conquering Greece learned from conquered Asia.

Conquered Greece subdued her conquering foe,
And taught rude Latium the arts of peace.

Arabian science was inculcated wherever the standards of Mahomet floated in triumph. Rome gave the language of Virgil and Cicero to her provinces; whosoever knows Latin to-day, half knows French and Spanish. He who is grounded in the Institutes of Justinian can soon plead in the courts of France, Spain, Germany or Louisiana, where the civil law obtains, and has acquired no small part of the common law. The conquered barbarians learned from Rome the art of war, and by it conquered her.

Spain was educated no little by the Saracen conquest. The Khalifs were patrons of learning and set an example of refinement in strong contrast to the rudeness of European culture. To every mosque was attached a public school. For advanced or wealthy scholars there were academies; in the great cities which they founded, great universities. They held commencements at which poems were read and orations delivered. We are at this moment observing a practice copied from the Mahommedan conquerors of Spain; unwittingly sailing back to the city of good Haroun al Raschid—"to Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold."

LITTLE PRUSSIA MADE BY HER INVADERS AND CONQUERORS

Prussia has been made by her invaders and conquerors. We ourselves have seen the German Empire rise and take its seat amongst the foremost sovereign powers. In the seventeenth century we behold all Germany desolated with a thirty years' war. Prussia, not yet a kingdom, but a little electorate, was neutral; and was kicked, cuffed and ravaged by both sides—as all neutrals ever are and ought to be. In the eighteenth century the scene changes; Prussia is a kingdom, and a veritable King, Frederick the Great, has come; and at the head of a population of 5,000,000 we behold him confronted and assailed by Russia, Austria, France, Sweden, Saxony, and the Germanic body, representing a population of 100,000,000—twenty to one—with wealth as disproportioned as their numbering. And worse still, small as was Frederick's kingdom, it probably contained a greater number of disaffected subjects than were to be found in all the states of his enemies. No sea nor mountain range defended him; he was fighting no effete or inferior race. Alone the hero confronted the myriad. More than once he despaired. Such odds had never been heard of in war. A singular genius was this old king. He had a passion for poetry and war; he made havoc of poetry and poetry of war. In his reverses he contemplated suicide, carrying poison about him. And Macaulay draws a curious picture of him: "Haughty, vigilant, resolute, sagacious, bluestocking, half Mithridates, half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other."

For seven years he wrestled with his powerful antagonists. Never was war more fierce or more destructive. Berlin was more than once entered and plundered. The fields lay waste and uncultivated. Famine and pestilence swept away flocks and herds. The seed corn was devoured in the madness of hunger. Fifteen thousand houses were burned; the population decreased ten per cent.; a sixth of the arms-bearing males perished in battle; the currency was debased; the authority of law suspended; the traveler passed whole districts in ruins, and a succession of villages without inhabitants; no laborers were seen in the fields but women. But as long as there was a man in Prussia that man was to carry a musket; as long as there was a horse left, that horse must draw artillery. "There was still rye bread and potatoes; there was still lead and gunpowder; and while the means of sustaining and destroying life remained, Frederick resolved to fight it out to the last."

The last came. Brave old Frederick beat the allied Generals of Europe—little Prussia held up under the world in arms. He returned to Berlin in triumph. For six years he had not seen his capital city. The streets shone with the fiery splendor of illumination; the multitudes poured forth to greet him. The heart that battle could not move was softened; the old warrior, in his battle-worn coat, raised his hat and saluted them with the exclamation: "Long live my dear people, long live my children."

Long *have* lived those people, long *will* live those children.

The nineteenth century comes, and with it the Man of Destiny, upon whom shone the sun of Austerlitz. Europe can not hold him. He puts his feet on kings, and his Providence is heavy artillery. Prussia falls at Jena and *væ victis* is the cry throughout the bounds of Germany. John Palm, the bookseller, publishes his little pamphlet called "Germany in Its Deep Humiliation." He is courtmartialed and shot. The civil authorities are compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the French Emperor, and military governors and magistrates nominated by him are given absolute power. A thousand million of dollars are exacted as Prussia's ransom, and it is decreed that her army shall not exceed 42,000 men. French troops are quartered upon her, fed, paid and clothed at her

expense. "The monarchy of the great Frederick seemed to be bound in fetters more strict and galling than had ever in modern times been imposed on an independent state." More than half of her territory is reft from her.

Two great statesmen came to the helm: the one was Stein, Minister of Finance; the other Scharnhorst, Minister of War. The tyranny of the conqueror became the guide to freedom. The Prussian peasants were hereditary bondsmen, and under many exactions of tribute. The genius of Stein emancipated them in four days after he entered office, and held out to them the honors and rewards of freedom. The municipalities were enfranchised, government was thoroughly reformed. What Stein was to the State, Scharnhorst was to the Army. He could have, under Napoleon's decree, at no time more than 42,000 men in arms. He enlisted that number for a short time, drilled them thoroughly, sent them home, filled their places with recruits, and continued the process until all Prussia had been marched into the service and out again, and all ranks and conditions of men had become a reserve corps ready at any moment to take arms again. Thus the foundation of the Prussian army was made; a new army arose in which, as in the State, merit and service, not birth, were the only grounds of promotion.

There was, too, a bold leader of dragoons who bated "not one jot of heart or hope" under accumulated disaster, old Blücher—"Marshal Forward," as they called him. He descried the avenging Nemesis to come. "I reckon much," said he, "on the public spirit of Germany, on the enthusiasm which reigns in the universities. Success in war is ephemeral; defeat itself contributes to nourish in a people the principles of honor and a passion for national glory. Be assured that when a whole people resolve to emancipate themselves from foreign domination they will never fail to succeed. I have no fear of the result." And speaking of Napoleon: "The time may come when Europe in a body, humiliated by his exactions, exhausted by his depredations, will rise up in arms against him. The more he enchains different nations, the more terrible will be the explosion when they burst their fetters."

Seven years passed. The time came. Europe arose in arms with Prussia in the midst. The women made lint and moulded

bullets. Youth and age grasped the musket. The universities poured forth their students, lads from school stood in the ranks with veterans. Terrific was the explosion at Leipsic—there the fetters were burst. In dismay and confusion the army of Napoleon fled; the sovereigns of Russia, Austria and Prussia met on the field of the allied victory; the city resounded with acclamations, “and tears more eloquent than words rolling down almost every cheek told that the conqueror was struck down and Germany delivered.”

And now yet another scene looms up before me.

It is the 18th of June, 1815, the village clock of Nivelles is striking eleven, the twelfth stroke is the boom of cannon; it is 12 o'clock for the conqueror; his time is up! The battle of Waterloo is begun. On yonder hills I seem to see him now—the long overcoat, the cocked hat, the eagle eye, and calm imperturbable countenance. He sweeps the field with bayonets. “I have them—these English,” he chuckles. The Scotch Grays come in line. “What a pity!” he says. Over hill and dale there is the roll of musketry, the grand diapason of artillery, the mighty, terrible glory of war. Columns and squadrons charge and countercharge, but “these English” are rooted to the ground. The tornado of iron hail falls upon them. “Hard pounding this, gentlemen,” coolly says the Iron Duke, “but we will pound the longest.” It is now past 3 o'clock, a cloud of dust is rising and thickening on the sight. The Man of Destiny sits uneasy in his saddle—a charge is made; it is repulsed. Seven o'clock—there is no indenture in the allied line. The Imperial Guard of France, with the unconquered eagles, moves to the front to cast the last card in the pack of the grand gamester. He looks uneasily to the right—“Oh! that night or Grouchy would come!”—while the Old Guard, with Ney at its head, descends to its last charge, and once more his eye brightens as the thrilling cry resounds, “*Vive l'Empereur!*” Once more war displays its dread magnificence; once more devoted heroism exerts its splendid valor; but as the glorious battalions of the conqueror climb to the hill there comes from the lips of a son of conquered Ireland those once stirring words that time will cherish on its latest syllable: “*Up Guards and at them!*” There is a blaze of fire along the crest—the Guard dies—it is

finished! No, not finished; that cloud of dust that gathered on the right is now quivering with its lightning flashes—the sabers of the bold dragoons of Prussia are twinkling in the sunset hues of Heaven. The conqueror flies, and swift upon his heels, relentless and remorseless, follow the hardy sons of conquered Prussia, disciplined by his conquest. And at their head, fierce, unsparing, rides a grim prophet of the conquered land, “Marshal Forward,” with the keen avenging sword.

The Stone Lion stands on the tumulus where English valor is buried, to commemorate what England did that day. Where Prussia’s blood was spilled I would erect a simple tablet and write the words which Blucher the prophet spoke, ere Blucher the avenger was smitten: “When a whole people resolve to emancipate themselves from foreign domination they will never fail to succeed.” No! never! never! never! There are more Waterloos than one. And they are yawning to engulf the poor short-sighted mortals who adopt the perishing conqueror’s creed, that Providence is on the side of the heaviest artillery. Other Waterloos will slay them. Other St. Helenas will bury them alive to die daily by piecemeal, and to hear their own obituaries read by their conquering captives! God is just!

THE PARADOXES OF CIVILIZATION AND CONQUEST

Hard indeed it is for the feeble eye of man to discern and understand the mighty, complicated agencies by which the ruler of us all plants the soul of good in things evil, and brings forth the light from the darkness. But still, as we survey the track of ages over which our race has passed, we can not fail to see that the misfortune of one day becomes the glory of its morrow, and that the great sea of time takes from one generation to pay back with interest to another, as the natural sea “here advances, there recedes, swallowing up the fertilities of this shore to increase the territories of that, and fulfilling in its awful and appalling agency that mandate of human destinies which ordains that all things shall be changed, and nothing shall be destroyed.”

In the fourteenth century we first hear of gunpowder, and as early as 1346 a chronicler reports that there was at Aix “an

iron barrel to shoot thunder." Edmund Burke, in his brilliant essay on Natural Society, pours out his lamentations that "from the earliest dawnings of history to this day the inventions of men have been sharpening and improving the mystery of murder, from the first rude essays of clubs and stones to the present perfection of gunnery, cannoneering, bombarding and all these species of artificial, learned, and refined cruelty in which we are now so expert." I sigh not with him; I rejoice. Gunpowder has saved more lives than all the pills that were ever compounded by doctors. The rifled cannon is the evangel of peace. The iron-clad monitor is the very fortress of civilization. Why? Because war is now decided by position. In old times they kept on cutting, hacking, and hewing until there was nobody left to cut, hack and hew. Now a General turns an enemy's flank, a rifled gun commands it—the day is won. An iron-clad vessel steams alongside a city—she surrenders.

All glory then to gunpowder and cannon. They are the most successful fire and life insurance agents that ever this world has known; they are the guardians and protectors of wives and children from widowhood and orphanage. Mahomet declared that: "the gates of Paradise are under the shadow of the sword." The fair fields of peace, plenty and prosperity lie under the range of the rifled gun. The barbarous hordes will never overrun the civilized world again; Attila and Alaric will come no more; the spear, the battleaxe, the arrow and the shield of the barbarian can not compete with the mitrailleuse and the needle-gun. The New Zealander will never contemplate the ruin of London unless he steams to England in an iron-clad, and carries with him a field telegraph, and a park of rifled cannon.

TREATMENT OF THE CONQUERED—DEATH

Progress is verified by the improved treatment of the conquered. The first conquerors slew their captives. Mercy was unborn; defeat was death. The beaten enemy knew not the art of submission; he could not be trusted—he was slain.

Pharaoh commanded respecting the Israelites: "Every son that is born ye shall cast into the sea, and every daughter ye shall slay alive."

The Israelites imitated their conquerors; the old dispensation is a creed of carnage. Moses enjoined his people to slay those who would not worship with him: "Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses; and there fell that day of the people three thousand men." This is a sample of the old dispensation.

Mahomet borrowed from the Old Testament its beautiful traditions concerning the angels, the prophets, the patriarchs, and the good and evil genii. But the emblem of the religion he taught was the sword. "Different prophets," said he, "have been sent by God to illustrate his different attributes; Moses, his clemency and providence; Solomon, his wisdom, majesty and glory; Jesus Christ, his righteousness, omniscience and power. . . . None of these attributes, however, have been sufficient to enforce conviction, and even the miracles of Moses and Jesus have been treated with unbelief. I, therefore, the last of the prophets, am sent with the sword!" "The sword," he said, "is the key of heaven and hell." And with the sword he slew his thousands and tens of thousands. Modern times, and very modern times, are stained with like creeds and like deeds.

Spain, overrun by the Mahommedans, followed their example when she, in turn, became conqueror. In Mexico and Peru they robbed and slew, under the text that "the heathen are given as an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth as a possession." Fifteen millions, it is said, were cut off by the Spanish sword, and a civilization that might have instructed Europe was crushed out.

The Christian Crusaders to the Holy Land massacred 70,000 Jews. Forgetting the injunctions of the Prince of Peace, they, too, acted as if "the gates of Paradise were under the shadow of the sword."

Ancient Greece and Rome, modern England and France, have repeated these dark murderous deeds. In the days of Jeffreys one hundred and fifty rebels were hung, while he rode the circuit of the bloody assizes from Dorset to Somerset. The nineteenth century has learned something from the past.

SLAVERY THE FIRST AMELIORATION OF CONQUEST

The first amelioration of bloodshed was in slavery. The conqueror could make his captive useful: the captive submitted; he was made a slave.

The earliest glimpses of history exhibit pictures of bondage. The Egyptians, who rocked the cradle of civilization, carved upon it the images of their slaves. The pyramids were built, the canals of Egypt dug, by slaves.

The Hebrews were Egyptian slaves; they became, in turn, slave takers, owners and traders. The old patriarchs sat in their tents and watched their flocks tended by slaves.

Beautiful are Shelley's words: "Liberty said, 'Let there be light;'" and like a sunrise on the sea Athens rose." Glorious was the sunburst, but 'twas clouded by the captured slave. A slave mart stood in the city of the Parthenon. Plato, in his conception of a perfect republic, only desired that no Greek might be a slave. But the Greeks enslaved each other. The language of Homer is the mother tongue of the Helots—bondsmen; Achilles' wrath, the siege of Troy, the Iliad of Homer, were all inspired by Helen, a beautiful, captive slave. At Thermopylæ, "where the ensanguined Spartan still is free," the Helots followed their masters—they were slaves. Rome copied Greece. The conqueror of the world was its enslaver.

Our English ancestors did as Rome did. They first exterminated the Britons. When they stopped cutting their captive's throats they treated them like oxen and mules, and condescended to let them live as slaves; without any rights but to work and to breathe as long as permitted. Captain John Smith was a fugitive from Turkish bondage. Columbus captured five hundred native Americans and sent them back to Spain. And while English avarice was shipping in Colonial days the captive African to Virginia, the Pilgrim Fathers were industriously engaged in New England in capturing the redskin followers of King Philip and converting them into personal assets. In Winthrop's will is a legacy of Indian slaves. But slavery of the captive is ended. The nineteenth century knows it not, save in dark, barbarous lands. Its knell has been rung. And with its echo endeth the second lesson!

CONFISCATION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE CONQUERED

The slave is an undigested atom; society sickened with him; civilization revolted from him. The tyrant relented a little; he was content with banishment and confiscation. Moses and the old patriarchs were great confiscators. "The cattle and the spoil of the cities we took for a prey" is a frequent expression of the Old Testament. Canaan was a confiscated land. Mahomet's armies were laden with the spoils of the captive. The Franks wrested from the Gauls their lands; the English wrested theirs from the Britons; the Normans took from the English; our forefathers confiscated America; in the French Revolution £100,000,000 of confiscated property was sold. One-half of Ireland, near eight million acres of land, was confiscated and bestowed by Cromwell on the soldiers of fortune who followed him; a third of Scotland was torn by the Scotch Covenanters from its rightful owners and bestowed upon the favorites of the conquering party.

BANISHMENT OF THE CONQUERED

Banishment of the body went hand in hand with confiscation of goods. Themistocles was banished after saving Greece; Scipio, after saving Rome. The most illustrious citizens of France were banished by the Directory in the French Revolution. Siberia hides in her icy deserts the banished offenders against the absolutism of the Russian Czar. The Jews, although at the time at the head of the scientists of Europe, were banished from France and Spain. The Puritan of New England is the banished citizen of Old England. Cromwell banished the Irish captives as soldiers to foreign states, and hurried off their wives and children to the plantations. Who is there that has not been touched by Campbell's plaintive lines about the "poor exile of Erin?"

But I weary with massacre, slaughter, slavery, confiscation and banishment. "All history hath but one page"—and thus has unrighteous power forever dealt with its victims.

MENTAL SUBJUGATION OF THE CONQUERED

Yet a new scheme for perpetuating and aggrandizing power entered the tyrant's and the conqueror's mind: a scheme of

mental subjugation, wherein, indeed, blood was spared, but wherein the soul itself was sought to be made captive. He would mould the conquered upon his own model; he would disfranchise him; deny him the right to hold office; turn him away from the exalted functions of Church and State; fasten upon him new political systems.

Alas! I need not go to foreign shores to seek instances of attempted mental subjugation. When the Confederate war closed its bloody pages we beheld set on foot the most tremendous scheme of intellectual oppression that modern history has known. The Constitution was altered that the bravest and best of our citizens might be ostracised by law; and new constitutions far severer and wider sweeping in their disfranchisements than the amended Federal instrument itself were imposed upon the conquered states. While the intelligent master was stricken down, the rude, untaught slave was elevated to the highest places of government. While in many states the native white citizen could not vote, hold an office, practice a profession, teach a school, preach a sermon, marry the adult, baptize the infant, or bury the dead with religious rites, the seditious alien and the ignorant slave ruled and ruined. Public schools and uniform text-books were builded and printed by taxes exacted from an impoverished people. Compulsory education in some cases was adopted to force alien ideas upon the rising generation. And while the conqueror's henchmen sung pæans to liberty and independence, the desolate captives of the South lay in bondage, as

Wretched slaves who under hatchways lie
Hear those on deck extol the sea and sky.

I quarrel not with the thinker of the North who concluded that the Constitution established an indissoluble government in perpetuity. So Adams and Webster taught; so many of our own wisest men believed. Neither quarrel I with that Northern man, who, seeing his section take arms to prevent what it regarded as the calamity of disunion, paused not to ponder technicalities, but following the logic of the heart, took his place under the old flag, saying: "My country; may she e'er be right; my country, right or wrong." I forgive the fanatical

zeal which as a war measure declared that the negro should be a freeman; aye, even that extreme fanaticism which gave him, untaught, the ballot. Errors I believe they committed; but they were in the direction of elevation and liberty, the blind excesses of virtue. Yea, in magnanimity may we *forgive* those who struck down the liberties of the white race; made us strangers in our homes; turned us over bound in shackles to the tender mercies of our slaves, inflamed with bad passions by bad, unscrupulous men who came here to make spoil of our adversity. But let no American citizen ever *forget* the doer, or fail to *execrate* and *denounce* the unjust deed. They who did this were tyrants; and we should ever hate the tyrant as we "hate hell pains." These were the only rebels that the war produced: rebels against the Constitution, rebels against their race, rebels against their kith and kin, rebels against liberty and against mankind. No! not rebels. God forgive that I should so desecrate the great and glorious name of Rebel, the highest and grandest name of history, save that of Saviour; that name which Washington and America wreathed with the halo of victorious valor—which Lee and the South wreathed with the lustrous crown of vanquished martyrdom. They were not rebels. They were traitors. But forgive them. Let them pass.

INFLUENCES THAT CONQUERED THE SOUTH

Pause we to inquire, what conquered the South? Physical Geography had much to do with our defeat. Mountains, rivers and oceans are great philosophers, law-givers and nation-builders. The configuration of the continent in a large measure preserved the unity of the American race. The Mississippi River flows from North to South—a thousand miles long—through a Mesopotamian valley, capable of sustaining the populations of Europe. It is the natural outlet to the ocean for the vast granaries and commerce of the teeming West. And the Western yeoman who cared not a straw for slavery vowed that a foreign state should not cut in twain this great artery—this inland sea—of Western navigation. And his stalwart arm cleaved open its channel through the barriers of Southern steel. The Mississippi River is the reason that Daniel Voorhees, "the tall sycamore of the Wabash," did not transplant himself with

a forest of Indiana bayonets on the southern banks of the Ohio and the Potomac.

The superficial observer would say that the North conquered us because she had more men than we had; because she had the world at large to recruit from, and a navy that swept the seas. This is all true. These are the surface facts. But why was the North better armed, equipped, and provisioned than we? Why did the world back the North—not the South? Why were Lord Palmerston and Louis Napoleon, who hated, and were jealous of, Northern power, “willing enough to wound, and yet afraid to strike?” Why did Germany and Russia give the North their quiet sympathy and coöperation?

It was because the North had cultivated the conquering ideas of the world. It was because she had conquered the South before a gun was fired. It was because she had shown herself our superior in finance, in literature, in arts, commerce, and manufactures.

“Uncle Tom’s Cabin” was a stronger fortress of Northern power than Fortress Monroe. The Northern spindles were harder to fight than Northern bayonets. She coined the money of the country, and drained the money of the South. She wrote, printed, and bound the books that made the literature of the country. She created the arts that adorned our homes. She wove the bridal veil, furnished the house, clad the inmates, compounded the medicines of the sick, shrouded our dead.

Every Southern gentleman, every Southern lady, wore the livery of the North. The hat of the beau, the bonnet of the belle, the kid slipper of the ballroom, and the rough brogue of the cotton field, the dress-coat, the silk train, the calico wrapper, and the “lindsay-woolsey” gown—all these were Northern liveries which we wore. From the crowns of our heads to the soles of our feet we wore the badges of commercial slaves.

When we went to the field the Southern soldier carried an old-fashioned musket or a sportsman’s shotgun; and was shot down by repeating rifles before he got close enough to fire back with his short-range weapon. While our artillerists were trying to get near enough to let loose their inferior cannon, and were discharging shells which burst so close to their own muzzles that they were often more terrible to friend than to foe, the Northern

cannoneers sent whizzing from rifled steel those far-flying messengers of death which delivered the messages to our ranks almost before our enemy was seen. While our ports were hermetically sealed, our currency being carried to market in baskets for what might be brought back in the hand, our people living on what Lazarus would have despised, the North was sweeping the seas and guarding our harbors with iron-clad monitors whose admonitions could only be rejected to incur desolation and destruction; was upholding paper money to an approximate equality with gold; was affluent, opulent, and unstrained. And while we could not build a sixty-mile military railroad between Danville and Lynchburg, the North was laying its iron rails across the mighty stretch of the Western plains, climbing the Rocky Mountains, and connecting its splendid highway with the golden gates of the Pacific. These are the facts; thus it is that we were conquered.

WHAT THE SOUTH LOST BY THE NORTHERN CONQUEST

Vast and terrible were the losses of the South by the Northern conquest of her Confederacy. The wrath of the tremendous revolution left no condition of her people at its close which the beginning found.

Four millions of slaves became freedmen; in them alone millions of capital were annihilated, and that ever a dollar will compensate the loss is only a lunatic's dream. Besides this the land was devastated; millions of private property were destroyed and irreparably lost; her labor system was broken up; her rich beggared; her bravest and noblest slain in battle. As President Davis said, "the seed corn was ground up." And it seemed to her when the end came that, with her hopeful youth committed to early graves, "the year had lost its spring."

France and Germany fight for Alsace and Lorraine, for the boundaries of the Rhine. The war ends, but the land is there; the cause of war remains; and one war begets another. But between North and South the war eliminated, annihilated its cause. What was that cause? Slavery was the material bone of contention; secession was the fiction of law adopted in pleading for its defense. The war ended, but slavery had departed forevermore, and by the arbitrament of battle secession was buried

with it in a common grave. It may suit the frenzy of declamatory utterance to declare that "our cause was not lost"—but the pretence is vanity of vanities! As well might man hope to solve the problem of Nicodemus, to enter into his mother's womb and be born again; as well attempt to rehabilitate the dead "whose holy dust was scattered long ago," as to revive in any form that cause. If there be any who fancy otherwise—I believe there are none—I would answer in the language of Phocion to the pompous harangues of Leosthenes: Your speeches resemble cypress trees, which are indeed large and lofty, but produce no fruit." No! the cause is dead, dead—let it rest!

WHAT THE SOUTH SAVED AND GAINED FROM THE NORTHERN CONQUEST

But the South did not lose all; it saved much; it gained much from its heroic struggle. But a single state, our own dear Old Dominion, was shorn of its ancient entirety; and there remains yet to her children those genial skies lighted by a sun whose rays are not too cold to repress, or too warm to enervate the energies of man. There remains yet to them those fair, inviting fields which need only to be "tickled with the hoe" in order "to laugh with the harvest." The war developed Southern character in new phases which surprised, and won her the honor of, the world. The whole country was converted into an arsenal and a hospital; and under trial and hardship which would have broken a feeble race, her genius burst forth in exploits of mechanical invention and economical skill not less splendid than her feats of arms. The resources of the Southern fields and forests were rapidly developed; manufactories of cannon and small arms sprung up all over the land; whatever could sustain or destroy life was in some form or other provided by the resolution and ingenuity of an enthusiastic energy, which wrenched success and victory from despair.

The first gun of Sumter broke the stagnant, dreamy langor of our Southern lotus-land,

Where it was always afternoon,

and every faculty of a people profuse in genius, though lacking culture in the practical art of life, was aroused into magnificent exertion and achievement.

Never did a people display more adaptability of character, or more endurance or heroism and valor. While the North taught us many things, it received from us many lessons. It had charged that we were passionate but unsteady; that we were "sudden and quick in quarrel," but not firm, cool, constant, tenacious, or self-reliant. It soon discovered its error; and the smooth prophecies of Seward that three months would crush out the rebellion, were speedily displaced by the realization that the work of years was upon its hands. It had charged that we had been enervated by the luxurious life of the master and the mistress; but it soon found that the fair lady who had lain "amongst the roses and lilies of life" could crush between her dainty fingers the nettle of war; could mould a bullet, could dress a wound, could cook a meal, could make a uniform, could move with the mysterious power of a serene, subtle, and courageous energy amid the dreadful scenes which tried the stoutest souls; and that "the hand as soft as the nestling bird could grip with the grip of steel."

It soon found that the assertion of Southern manhood was no vain boast; and that man for man it could not match us. The swift saber of the lithe cavalier struck the brawny dragoon of McClellan to the earth before he had learned well how to sit in his saddle; the swift flank march of the "foot cavalry" turned his armies out of position, and before the massive lines could be put in battle array they were already beaten. The master of a hundred slaves submitted without a murmur to the command of a corporal; the tender child of luxury laughed as he feasted on hardtack; the so-called and derided aristocrats of the South proved that they were the aristocrats of the battle field; and in the single campaign of the Wilderness, from the Rappahannock to the James, under the eyes of Robert Lee, they left a dead or wounded enemy in front of every Southern soldier in the ranks, and still with undaunted front stood ready to receive the new levies of Grant—three to one—with the grim welcome of stubborn steel.

Nay, more: On the 7th of March, 1862, there steamed out of Norfolk harbor a curious craft—a sea monster looking like the roof of an immense building sunk to the eaves in the water; such a thing as never before had been seen upon the

seas; such a thing as would have caused the eyes of a Blake, a Drake, a Nelson, a Decatur, to open wide with astonishment. It was the resurrected body of an abandoned United States frigate, the *Merrimac*, which Southern genius had raised from the waters, clad with iron, and filled with batteries; and from the lips of her guns there thundered across the waves of Hampton Roads the first shot ever fired from an iron-clad vessel in the battles of the world. It was the knell of the wooden navies of the universe; it was the model after which is patterned the men of war of every maritime power which struggles for lordship of the ocean.

Vain was our sacrifice, vain our great endeavor. The mighty battalions, the inexhaustible resources, the practical arts of the North were too much for us to cope with. But with no broken spirit did the little wasted band of Appomattox confront its conquerors. There they stood in solemn valor ready to say, did Lee speak the word: "Willingly would we have died to save our country; not being able to save her, we die more willingly." Lee said surrender; and the South faced defeat with a courage that rose transcendent over all her splendid achievements of her victories. "It is finished," she said; "I am done—enough." After surrender not a shot did she fire; but closed her lips, saluted fate, and from the chivalry of war enlisted in the chivalry of labor.

The field was lost; but all was not lost! There still remains the inalienable right of man to take part in making the laws by which he is to be governed; to demand that those laws shall treat one citizen like another citizen; to appeal to that Constitution which spreads its shield over the lowly as well as the lofty. And there still remains to us the glorious history which will enrich the blood of our descendants, and of all the nations.

That land which sprung up like an island in the ocean of revolution, and sunk back forever under the waters of conquest, bloomed with the verdure of a sublime endeavor, was odorous with the flowers of devoted valor, whose seed perished not with it, but were wafted upon the waves and the winds of Heaven to fertilize, bloom again, and dispense their fragrance through all the ages and in every clime. From our Fatherland our "Stonewall" Jackson in moulded bronze comes back to us again,

and poesy wreathes the wan brow of the conquered land with immortelles.

No nation rose so bright and fair,
Nor fell so pure of crime.

WHAT THE NORTH SHOULD DO

The North should remember that it has to deal with no inferior race, but with a justly proud, with a manly, fearless, freeborn race, which, like its barbarian ancestors who under Arminius broke the power of Rome in the German forests, has forever "despised life when separated from freedom;" has forever been fired with those exalted instincts, "the love of honor and the dread of shame."

It should remember that unfit conquerors never retain the conquests; it should study the story of the downfall of the great empires which have forgotten the responsibilities of power. Was it wonder that Alexander's conquests were so splendid and so permanent when we recall how well he knew his business? At the battle of Issus he captured the wife, mother, daughter, and Court of Darius. Their lamentations arose, for *væ victis* in those days was deemed the inevitable fate of the conquered. But astonishment and delight were theirs when the conqueror sought audience in their presence, saluting the Queen as queen, and Darius' mother as mother; and his camp was fitly called a temple, where they were as safe as if under the guard of virtue. On the field where Persia fell he paraded his army to do honor to the slain; and although Darius had offered a reward for his assassination, he wrote these words while offering generous terms: "I will let you see that I know how to conquer, and to oblige the conquered." Was it a wonder that Darius, dying, invoked blessings on the head of Alexander?

Grand was the Northern opportunity when the war closed. Had the President of the United States then made Robert E. Lee Minister to England, the Alabama claims would have been settled on his demand in ten days. Had Joseph E. Johnston been made a member of the Cabinet, and the terms of surrender between him and Sherman confirmed, then reconstruction would have called for no statute. But the Union would have stood again cemented by Northern and Southern blood alike, and the

shouts of those who carried the Flag of the Cross up the steeps of Gettysburg would have hailed everywhere the conquering banner. The North has remembered, I think, and it were well for it to be remembered, that it is never too late to mend!

It is a proverb of political philosophy which Bolingbroke applied to Rome, that "the corruption of the best things are the worst." The North won by arms the best things of its conceptions; let it see that the corruption of them does not produce the worst. Let it be wise in time; let it give us our own men in our own places; restore fully the Saxon right of home rule; and fulfil Abraham Lincoln's aspiration that "the government of the people, for the people, by the people, shall not perish from the earth." Let it stand out of our sunshine; let it take its foot entirely and forever off of our neck—and then shall the nation go forth

In sight of mortal and imortal powers,
As on a boundless theater, to run
The great career of Justice.

WHAT THE SOUTH SHOULD DO

The South should never fawn or cringe, but in the courage of truth she should affirm her full acceptance of the decrees of fate; should recognize that her destiny is bound up with that of the great American Union. With all its faults it is a great hopeful nationality; its career has been a succession of surprises, a succession of political miracles; and its future is grand beyond the most glowing dreams of its founders.

In all the elements of manhood and womanhood the South stands the peer of any people that lives, or has ever lived, on the tide of time. But in many things she is deficient. She has another battle to fight, not with lead or steel, but with heart, and brain, and hand, directed with the patriotic impulse to regain her just and equal part in the confederation of states; to resume her wealth, power, influence, prestige, and dignity.

First, let her continue to nourish and build up her educational institutions, from the humblest public school in the gorge of the mountains to the great University which raises heavenward its spires and domes. Let her write her own books, print and bind her own books, and patronize her own books in her own homes

and her own schools. Then she should direct her energies to material developments; to the building of mills and factories; to the working of the mine; to the making of the things which she consumes. We have had iron and coal here under our feet superior to, and in vaster quantities than, that of Pennsylvania, but they have slumbered and slept. Wake them up. We have had wool here. Charlottesville has found out what to do with it, let her sister towns and cities follow her example. We have noble forests here—oak, hickory, pine, cedar, walnut, poplar, ash—but their leaves have sighed in the wind while we drank out of buckets, sat in chairs, lay in beds, rode in carriages, drove wagons, and reaped our fields with implements made in New England. We have water power enough to turn the spindles of the world. But the waters have flashed in the sun, rolled away to the ocean, and left no sign.

The very flag of Virginia which floats over its Capitol with its splendid motto, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*," was, I dare say, woven and painted in some Northern workshop. These things should not be; it is a shame that they ever have been.

Above all, however, let not the South forget that true greatness lies in the ascendance of character. To remain long under conquest debases, degrades, and demoralizes the conquered.

The Egyptians treated the old Israelites like robbers. The Israelites, too feeble to rob, played the pickpocket, and to "dispoil the Egyptians" was deemed a virtue. Force was answered by deceit and theft. In our own country the same process has been at work. The Northern partisan has boldly taught that it is no harm to cheat, defraud, and terrorize a Rebel; and I have heard it whispered that it is not harm to cheat a radical! Never let such ignoble thoughts find utterance, never let such ignoble deeds be done.

"Let justice be done," said the old Roman, "if the heavens fall." Let justice be done, say I, and the heavens will not fall, nor the earth perish. The heavens are pillared on justice, and four pillars uphold the earth; "the learning of the wise, the justice of the great, the prayers of the good, and the valor of the brave."

In no spirit of banter, but in the spirit of clear perception and firm maintenance of the right which freemen must ever cherish,

we have only to say, and do say, to our Northern brethren what their fathers and our fathers said to England through the Colonial Congress of 1774: "Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you to be our greatest glory and our greatest happiness; but we must tell you that we will never submit to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for any ministry or nation in the world." What their fathers and our fathers said, also, in the Congress of 1775 to the Lord Mayor of London, we repeat in spirit: "North America, my Lord, most ardently desires for a lasting connection with Great Britain on terms of just and equal liberty, less than which generous minds will not offer, nor brave and free ones be willing to receive."

THE SPIRIT OF LOYALTY AND OF LIBERTY

They tell us we are not loyal. We answer we are loyal to the core; but they will degrade themselves, we would degrade ourselves, if ever it were admitted either by them or by us that the spirit of loyalty is higher than the spirit of liberty. Aye, loyalty to liberty is the truest, grandest loyalty, for it is loyalty to God and to mankind. Loyalty to government is only to be respected when that government is obedient to God and just to man. Never was its true spirit better expressed than by the old barons of Arragon.

"We," said the barons, "who are each of us as good as you, and who are all together more powerful than you, promise obedience if you maintain our rights and liberties."

These are words of freemen, and let not the American freeman ever descend to a lower manhood than that of old Spain. Knowing our own rights, respecting theirs, acknowledging everywhere the Union power and the Union flag, we have no request to make of our Northern fellow-citizens but this: "Give us freedom and fair play! And to do this, take off every badge of dishonor which you have put upon us. Let the soldiers who served in our armies be as free to hold commissions in your own army as your own sons are; recognize Johnston and Early, Hampton and Gordon, and Rosser, and Taliaferro, and the Lees, as the peers of your Grants, Shermans, Sheridans, Hookers, Burnsidcs, and McClellans. Above all, take away the

shameful badge of captivity you still hang upon our President and Commander-in-Chief, Jefferson Davis."

HEROISM OF THE SOUTH UNDER THE HUMILIATION OF CONQUEST

The South realizes her condition and her deeds show that she belongs to that conquering race which has never yet remained under the yoke of Europe, and which will never remain under it in America; and the good triumphing in the end over the evil speaks with a thousand tongues:

To assert eternal providence,
And vindicate the ways of God to man.

With Congress and the President against them; with hostile officeholders thick as Egyptian locusts in their midst; with armed soldiers quartered upon them; with negro majorities compacted and inflamed by white skill; with capital, arms, prestige, power, the pulpit, the press, and the vast white majorities of the North, against them—all the states of the South have won back their autonomy. And with feet as firm as those of Harold at Senlac, or Wellington at Waterloo, the Southern Saxon still upholds the flag of freedom—still stands and rules his home.

With the public schools foisted upon her by constitutions which were framed in New England, with uniformity of textbooks exacted that the Southern idea might be taught to shoot in alien directions, the South has captured the batteries which were leveled at her bosom, and they now guard the ramparts of her defence.

Political power was given the negro that he might rule his master. But confounding the wisdom of the wise in political *finesse*, that very electoral strength which negro suffrage created elevated a Northern Democratic statesman of liberal opinions to the Presidential chair. The people were robbed of their choice by force and fraud; but the partisans who put another in our rightful ruler's place are left food for reflection in these facts: That on the very day that gallant Hampton redeemed his South Carolina, and gallant Nicholls redeemed his Louisiana; on the very day that the august South, solid as the phalanx of

Macedon, stood abreast in the line with her Northern sister states, the conquering North, by the decree of its fanatical faction, received a Chief Magistrate from the votes of the late Southern States!

Extremes meet; the shaken balances readjust themselves; and lo! the despised doctrine of State's rights, spurned for ten years, is itself appealed to and enforced by its extremest, fiercest enemies; and the Electoral Commission which could not see fraud, whose judgment turned to irony the expression that "justice is blind," sees only and applies the rejuvenated, strict construction State's rights theories of John C. Calhoun to accomplish its horrid ends.

Verily, the ghost of the South Carolina statesman must have flitted across the Senate Chamber when the marvelous decree was pronounced!

And behold the sequel. The President created by fraud, refuses to play the rôle designed for him. The spirit of the times, the majestic spirit of American liberty, says, begone! begone! Unceasing justice works upward evermore; trodden down, it can not be trodden out; God's Providence makes fraud itself the unwilling tool of justice. From the depths of perturbation rolls like an organ peal the grand old hymn:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

His purposes shall ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind Unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

THE SOUTH IS RISING UP!

Let us rejoice, now, that our people are marching abreast of the spirit of the age. Let gallant South and generous North

rejoice alike that the South is rising up. Aye, forth from dust and ashes, forth from humiliation and defeat, she is rising up! The cotton blossoms are again resplendent in our fields. They are the robes of our ascension. We are rising up. The waters of our rivers have been filled with finny dwellers; they are being taught to turn the wheel, and I hear them chant as they murmur on to the ocean: "We are rising up! we are rising up!" The blades of the bountiful corn stand in serried ranks in many a field, and the winds that toy with the tassels seem to whisper as they pass by: "We are rising up! we are rising up!" From the dark recess of the mine comes the merry click of pick and spade; iron and coal seem to sing in chorus: "We are rising up!" In the myriad public schools I hear the myriad voices of the young. The citizens of the time to come are there. They are rising up!

OLD MEN OF THE CONQUERED SOUTH

Old men of the conquered South, I salute you reverently! You saw—you were part of—the past glory of the South. You shared her downfall. God be thanked that you have lived to see her thus rising up so valiantly. Your work was not in vain. Confederate bonds, wherein your fortunes took flight, will be forever worthless on the Stock Exchange, but they will pass current in Heaven; there will they be redeemed when the Great Cashier of human accounts reads upon them the signature of your patriotism, their maker—your self-sacrifice and valor, their endorsers. Your wisdom is your country's pride, your virtue her glory, your deeds her fame. Serene be the evening of your days, and hopeful.

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in sadder dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

WOMEN OF THE CONQUERED SOUTH

Women of the conquered South, God bless you! Two traits conspicuous and preëminent have ever characterized the old Germanic stock, the Saxon race: firm adherence to the right of local government, "home rule;" and reverence for, and decorum to, woman, the chief of all "home rulers." Let these traits be

cherished. Let not man forget that of all the altars of religion ever reared, whether under the dome of St. Peter's or the spire of St. Paul's, there is no shrine of God so sacred as the mother's knee; that of all the schools, academies, and universities that open their doors to learning, there can be none whose light so fructifies the mind, or kindles the heart, as that which radiates from the hearthstone of home.

The "drum and trumpet" histories of the world have no place for you; in the sequestered vales of life your mission lies; there nobly through hardship and suffering and adversity you have performed it. I can not, I need not if I could, your story tell. It is writ on high. It is remembered here. And long may the sons of the South revere and guard its mothers and daughters.

YOUNG MEN OF THE CONQUERED SOUTH

Young men of the conquered South, to you I bring a special message!

Said a wise Caliph of Arabia: "Young men are more like the age that they live in than they are like their fathers." Profound is the reflection. It must be so; it is well that it is so. Our fathers had their work to do. None did their work better. In their successes they were gracious; in their failures, grand. We have another and different work to do, and are not called to do theirs over again, or to re-attempt the things which they and we together failed at. Their true glory lay in the fact that they did not tread in their father's footsteps, but kept on in the course where their fathers left off; not running around in a groove like the holiday race-horse, but, like the battle-steed, moving steadily to the front. Had they followed their fathers America would have remained a British colony. Had we followed our fathers the South would have remained a Northern province.

Imitating their examples, but not repeating their acts, let us breathe the spirit of the advancing age in which we live, yet clinging to home right, town right, county right, state right, country right—yet clinging to these essential principles of freedom which died not in England when Harold fell, nor died yet in America when Lee sheathed his sword at Appomattox.

Revere the past; but remember that we can not live in it. Sacred be it as a Sabbath of the soul; but let it not prevent us from gathering the corn-ears that grow around us; for as Christ said of the Sabbath, so may we say of the past: "It was made for man; not man for it."

Take no lot or share with "the little hearts that know not how to forgive." Be not like the perishing worms which "bite each other here in the dust." Think for yourselves, act for yourselves, and speak out right boldly that which you do think, maintaining dignity and conscience, whether conquering or conquered, echoing in your conduct the grand words of St. Paul: "Stand up; I myself am also a man."

THE CONQUERORS OF THE SOUL ARE COMING

When the green sward of spring was breaking in the present year over hill and valley; when the tendrils of the vine were stretching over the deep moats and climbing the ramparts which still scar the battle-worn land; when the forest was again waving its green leaves over bygone scenes of conflict, and the flowers of May were shedding their fragrance upon the breeze so lately "loaded with the death smell from fields wet with brothers' blood," a scene was witnessed in this land of ours over which the stars of the morning might have sung together. To the humble graves that held the dust of the brave soldiers who fell under the Southern Cross and under the flag of the Stars and Stripes came the noble sons and daughters of the conquering and conquered land, and on each grave was reverently laid the flowery tribute which nature had woven and gentle hands had gleaned to bestow upon the brave who fell before the conqueror of us all. Oh! state-craft, greater is this lesson than any which man hath writ. Oh! Builder of Empire, here is that "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." These are things not named in statutes; but these are the things that make nations great. But yesterday the mighty North conquered the form of the feeble South. For more than a score of years she has not known wisdom; and, perhaps, we are not guiltless.

But now the conquerors of the soul are moving. Faith at last begins to pierce with its Ithuriel spear the clouds of force,

and the heavens are flush with the promise of a serene and benignant day.

By many a fireside of the conquering North, where prejudice has darkened, hate rankled, and vindictive passion overflowed the intuitions of better nature, the truth is shining, kindness is growing, confiding faith is taking deep and sturdy root.

In many a stricken home of the conquered South, where sore bereavement and aching wound have bowed the heart in sorrow, and keen resentment has stirred the blood with vengeful thought, the balm of hope is soothing pain, and quickened magnanimity is opening wide its responsive arms.

From these the conquerors of the soul are coming, from these come those who honor the dead and spare the living. And those who have wrestled in death-grapple have now the fair field of a great country, and a future as grand as ever nerved the hand of labor or fired the brain of ambition, or inspired the dreams of poesy, wherein to contend—not for the prizes of blood, but for the prizes of honest toil and rival generosity.

Let the great and good of the North and South, enter the lists of the grand tourney. We have failed to conquer the form, be it ours to strive to conquer the souls of our Northern brethren, with a sublimer faith, a more gracious courage, a broader magnanimity. Magnanimity of the conqueror is a generous concession; magnanimity of the conquered is an heroic achievement. The form of Harold was conquered at Senlac; but his soul lives and conquers still in the blood of our conquering race.

Standing side by side, by the bier of the honored dead, let North and South alike raise their eyes to the mild and gentle majesty of true faith; with one voice let them speak: "*Faith and Friendship Between the North and South Forevermore.*"

All hail! The conquerors of the soul are coming! "Be ye lifted up, O! ye gates! And be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in! the King of Glory shall come in!!" THERE IS NO CONQUEROR BUT GOD.

NOMINATION OF HANCOCK

Mr. President and Brother Democrats of the National Convention:

It is not the weakness, but it is the essential strength of the true Democracy that its constituents should possess varied and different opinions as to who is the man to receive public honors, to maintain great principles, and to execute the people's will. It is the glory of true Democracy that its constituents will renounce all personal opinions and preferences when the voice of a majority has pointed to the chosen servant of the people to execute the people's will.

We are here to-day embarrassed by the very brilliancy and variety of the names which have challenged public favor for the first office in the people's gift. Jurists who have worn untarnished ermine; statesmen who have moulded the policy, shaped the measures, and fought the battles of the party; soldiers who have enriched our history with feat of arms, and who are battle-scarred with wounds of honor; orators, scholars, thinkers, actors in all the leading lines of practical enterprise, or intellectual endeavor, stand in glittering array around us, worthy to be crowned with any honor or to be the recipients of any trust that this great Republic can bestow. The question which I have asked myself, the question which, it seems to me, should be the index-finger to guide our work to a wise conclusion, is this: Who is that man among them who can interlace the heart-strings of this American people? Who is that man who can make to permeate through every portion of this mighty land those sentiments of mutual confidence and of brotherly love which once abided among us before the unhappy schism of the secession war? When I have asked the question the heart of every man gives me answer that that man is Winfield Scott Hancock, of Pennsylvania. Did I say of Pennsylvania? Winfield Scott Hancock, of the United States; of all the states by his good right hand, re-united. They tell us, gentlemen, that this

A speech seconding the nomination of Winfield Scott Hancock for the office of President of the United States, before the Democratic National Convention, held in Cincinnati, Ohio, on June 24th, 1880.

country is tired of the rule of the camp and of the sword. They tell us that the people are weary of martial habits and of martial measures. I acknowledge that fact! But all the more will they welcome with gladsome greetings the man who first abolished them.

Who is he, indeed? He is the man who abolished the rule of the camp in civil places.

All the more ready, therefore, are the people to receive into their hearts him who was the first to salute with his stainless sword the majesty of the civil law, who was the first to bow with knightly crest at the bar of civil justice; who was the first of all whose voice was heard crying aloud in the wilderness of despotism: "Make the way straight for the reign of peace and for the sovereignty of the people."

Bethink you not, my friends, that the American people are so indiscriminate as to apprehend the embryo of a Cæsar in him who wrote with a pen worthy to have been guided by the hand of Jefferson, who uttered with the emphasis of Andrew Jackson, the immortal words of Democratic Faith which every lip re-echoes. On the contrary, he is a very Brutus of unhallowed arbitrary power.

Those words came to this country like a sunburst upon a wintry day. They were like the fountain springing in a desert. They were like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. And long after this great convention has passed away from earth the millions who are to come after us will be singing upon their tongues those words which belong to Runnymede and to Magna Charta: "The great principles of American Liberty are still the lawful inheritance of this people, and ever should be. The trial by jury; the *habeas corpus*; the freedom of speech; the liberty of the press; the natural rights of persons, and the rights of property must be preserved."

They tell us that we, the American people, do not want a soldier. The greatest and best, the magistrate without a peer, was who? George Washington, the soldier. George Washington, whose life had been spent in the saddle, and whose history is made musical with the clinking of the spur. Madison and Monroe were soldiers. Jackson and Harrison and Taylor were soldiers. Franklin Pierce was a soldier. Buchanan and

Lincoln had both borne arms for the Republic. All adown the line of your Presidents for one hundred years are the sparkling names of the American soldiers.

And why shall we not follow the footsteps of our fathers, and present the greatest office which this Republic can bestow to that great Democratic soldier who shed his blood for this people, yet who proved as generous to the conquered as he was loyal to the conquering banner.

Just one word more. The nomination of General Hancock means instantaneous and continuous aggression. It will sound to America like a general order from this great Democratic council of war: "We move on the enemy's works to-morrow." The signal gun sounds the advance. The bugles ring boots and saddles. The standards go to the front with the nomination of Hancock, and you will hear the tread of the moving legions. I am reminded here that the first man yesterday whose very presence touched the heart of this convention and brought forth spontaneously its applause was the soldier-statesman, Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. Let us echo it back. Nominate Winfield Scott Hancock and let the last cheer of this convention go up for the Union soldiers who have shown themselves so generous in welcoming us. Then, my friends, in the canvass, you will hear the hearty hurrah of the boys who wore the blue, mingling with the wild, sweet music of the rebel cheer in one grand national anthem of peace. Then, my friends, the divided tribes, who, like the Romans of old, have come down from the mountain of secession, will roll in one mighty and undivided stream for the regeneration of this nation.

KING'S MOUNTAIN

My Countrymen:

Upon this spot one hundred years ago this day was a great battle of the people fought by the people alone. There was not a bayonet, there was not a cannon, there was no martial music, there was no gilded banner, there was no chaplain, there was no ambulance or wagon, there was no general officer, there was not a single regular soldier in the army of victory—there were men here. They were clad in coarse, homespun garments, made at the cabin fireside by their sisters, wives, and mothers. They had knives in their belt and flintlock rifles in their hands, and they did a deed for which all mankind should be grateful, and which the ages will remember. They climbed the strong breastworks of this rugged mountain through terrific fire of Tory rifles and through fiercest onsets of British bayonets; they tore from this proud summit the royal banner of Great Britain; they laid low in battle, or led captive every one of the defiant soldiery who defended it. "Complete to a wish" was their victory, as their commandant said as they stood conquerors here, and their shout of triumph was heard seven miles "on the plain."

But far beyond the plain that echoed back the voice of the mountain, that shout of triumph rolled. Like a minstrel's song, its joyous notes swept over the land of the pine, the palmetto, and the moss-clad oak, lifting up the hearts of those who crouched under the sword of Tarleton, rallying the fragments of the Southern army, who had fled from the fury of Cornwallis, suppressing the uprisings of Tory factions, who "were willing enough to wound, but yet afraid to strike," and re-animating the scattered band of Sumter, and cheering anew the dauntless men who still stood by the side of Marion, the lion-hearted. Northward it rolled, and the Continental Congress received it with jubilant thanksgiving. The peerless Commander-in-Chief heard in it the first note of hope that broke in upon the miseries of despair that wailed upon his ears

An address delivered at the Centennial Celebration of the Battle of King's Mountain, at King's Mountain, South Carolina, October 7th, 1880.

from the disastrous fields of the Southern land, and his bursting heart, bowed with the recent treachery of Arnold, found solace in the loyalty of an artless people who made liberty their first love, and life the only measure of their devotion.

Jefferson, then Governor of Virginia, afterwards wrote: "It was the joyful annunciation of that turn of the tide of success which terminated the Revolutionary War with the seal of independence." It had turned "the shadow of death into the morning." The men who did this deed of vast and unending consequence were rude foresters, huntsmen, and herdsmen of the wilderness "who came from beyond the mountains; whose very names were not known."

Pause, O Century, ere thy latest step be taken; pause and bow before the grand old mountain, salute the venerable witness of that glorious day. Hear once more the solemn tread of the huntsmen as they file around the lair of their oppressors; hear the wild melody of their soulful voices echoing through these gorges and carrying dread notes of warning to the foe at bay. Look once more! Behold the men of the wilderness as their firm feet climb from ledge to ledge up these rocky fastnesses. See them as they receive the charge of the veteran warriors of England, recoiling now before the bayonet, yet ever returning with instant and fierce onset; see them as their concentric fires close around the desperate and unhallowed valor that meets its fate with grim and stern defiance. Look! Let thy latest glance behold the emblazoned standard of St. George as it falls in the midst of the sunburned, storm-beaten faces, as it is torn from this proud crest by the horny hands of the men of the desert who "came from beyond the mountains; whose very names were not known." Hear! Let the last sound that falls upon the ears be that wild, victorious shout of the mountain men which shall echo through the ages, teaching the world its grandest lesson—how to be free!

My countrymen, from some partiality which I can not explain, and which I can not hope to justify, I have been summoned from the Old Commonwealth that was the home, and from a county that bears the honored name, of Campbell to speak of the portentous scene that was here enacted and to unite with you in its commemoration. When I recall that a

Bancroft, standing here, has depicted in it the vivid lines of historic truth, and that a Preston has shed over it that rare and lustrous eloquence which belongs to the tongue that has been touched by living fire, well may I shrink from the unequal task and envy the silence which the meditative mind brings to its contemplation. But I have considered that the things which here came to pass are so engaging in themselves that in their plainest recital every deficiency of their orator would be forgotten, and as the men of King's Mountain came in their rude, rustic dress to do its wondrous deeds, so let me in all simplicity of speech attempt to tell once more its wondrous story.

The history of the Revolution from the firing of the first gun to the battle of King's Mountain recalls a series of disasters to the American arms, broken here and there by a scintillation of victory glorified all the way by splendid exertion of patience, fortitude, and courage, but attended with but few successes that were followed by substantial consequences.

The British had indeed retired from Concord and Lexington in the first flush of war before the desultory fire of unorganized rebels, and in the next month of May, Ethan Allen and Arnold had made a liberal dash and captured Ticonderoga; but ere Washington, who was chosen Commander-in-Chief by the Colonial Congress, could reach the field of action Bunker Hill had been stormed by the thrice-repeated assaults of the British troops. And though they had been taught that Colonial militia could fight with deadly prowess and disciplined valor, our enemy were yet masters of the situation. On the very last day of that year the expedition against Canada under Montgomery and Arnold met with a foretaste of its disastrous close, and on the heights of Quebec, when Wolfe had perished in the joy of victory, Montgomery, the Colonial leader, had fallen victim of desperate and fatal valor.

In March, 1776, the British evacuated Boston, but only to strike more vital points. On June 28th, ere the Declaration had severed America forever from the motherland, there arose in the Southern horizon what Bancroft has fitly termed "the bright, the morning star that harbingered American independence," and from the guns of Moultrie, at the Palmetto Fort

in front of Charleston, was proclaimed the first great triumph of the incipient republic that was ushered into being amid the clashing of resounding arms. All hail! noble South Carolina, of whom her eloquent orator has said that "the sky which bends above her is scarce large enough for a single star to glitter in," and of whom I may add never was so small a sky illumined by so auspicious or so bright a star.

On the Fourth of July old Independence bell rang out: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof." But O how many cheeks were to be withered with woe, how many gladsome hearts were to be pierced with inexorable sorrow, how many homes were to be desolate, what grievous hardships were to be borne, what keen pangs of disappointment and defeat were to freeze the genial currents of the soul ere the bold adventurers who had pledged life and fortune and sacred honor to the cause should bring forth in travail the completion of their hearts' desire! Ere another month had waned the American army on Long Island, commanded by Putnam, and under the eye of Washington, had been surprised and driven from the field in the first battle delivered by "the United States" to the opposing power, and the light of the young nation was nearly extinguished ere yet its radiance had penetrated the haunts of despotism of the Old World. A thousand men were lost, Sullivan and Sterling were captured, and only by the indomitable will of Washington, who was twenty-four hours in the saddle, did his dejected, beaten army escape across the East River into the city of New York.

The British General followed him. On September 15th at Kyp's Bay, where Thirty-fourth Street now pierces the heart of the great metropolis, the American troops fled from the advancing redcoats, and in sickness of soul Washington exclaimed as he vainly exposed himself to rally them: "Are these the men with whom I am expected to defend the liberty of America?" Returning to Harlem Heights (now surrounded by the great Central Park, which spreads its varied landscape of hill and dale amid the palaces of the ever-widening city) and thence to Fort Washington hard by, he now confronted his victorious foe; but new defeat awaited him. While at Fort Lee, on the opposite Jersey bank of the Hudson, he witnessed on November

16th the surrender of its garrison of 2,600 men, and retreat through the Jerseys now opened to them the only avenue of safety. While the elated British pursued, so confident were they that the back of the rebellion was broken, that proclamation of amnesty was made by Lord Cornwallis and Sir William Howe to all who would in sixty days promise not to take up arms against the king. The Convention of Maryland, weakening, offered to renounce the Declaration of July 4th for the sake of accommodation with Great Britain. On the 12th of December Congress adjourned from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and the closing days of 1776 seemed as dark and dreary as disaster, retreat, and general depression could make it. But

As stars to-night, woe luster gives to man,

and never so grandly rose the character of Washington as when his dauntless spirit wrestled with adversity. Suddenly turning upon his overweening enemy, he marched at quick-step from the vicinity of Philadelphia, crossed the Delaware in the darkness of wintry night while thick masses of ice swept along on its course, and midst wind and sleet and hail he fell on Christmas morn with 2,400 men upon the Hessian camp at Trenton, capturing 1,000 prisoners, 1,200 stands of arms and six pieces of artillery. Thence he passed on to Princeton, and on the 3d of January, 1777, he repeated his exploit by capturing 230 more of the enemy.

Notwithstanding these auspicious openings of the year, verily now "care sat heavily on the brow of the young people who were to be formed to fortitude and tribulation and endeared to after ages by familiarity with sorrows." Human life and fortune have been fittingly compared to the Scotch plaid whereon the dark and the bright spots are side by side, and the Revolutionary vicissitudes of 1777 furnish a notable illustration. Until the affairs at Trenton and Princeton "the life of the United States flickered like an angry flame." Washington had rekindled it, but ere the end of 1777 it again sank low in its socket. In September, Stark, with the husbandmen of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Western Massachusetts, in their shirt-sleeves and carrying only their fowling pieces without bayonets, surrounded and assailed the British camp of Baum,

beat back the bayonets of the regulars and the sabers of the dragoons at Bennington, September 16th, and gave our enemy a foretaste of what irregular militiamen can do when their hearts are aflame with patriotic ardor. With less than thirty killed and forty wounded, he captured 692 of Baum's men and all their artillery, and he but confirmed the reports of British officers when he declared: "Had our people been Alexanders or Charleses of Sweden, they could not have behaved better." But how quickly was this bright spot shaded by the dark ones! The very next month (September 15th) Washington was defeated at Brandywine, Lafayette was wounded, and 400 prisoners lost. On the 18th Congress fled again from Philadelphia, first to Lancaster, and then to York. On the 26th the British with flying colors marched into and took possession of the city. Misfortunes came "not single file, but in battalions." On the 4th of October Washington was again repulsed at Germantown, losing 400 more prisoners from the ranks of his thin and exhausted troops.

And the campaign of 1777 in the Middle States thus gloomily ended, his wasted and despondent army, half fed and almost naked, returned to the bleak hills of Valley Forge, twenty-six miles from Philadelphia, their bare feet tracking the frozen ground with blood, and their scanty raiment scarce concealing their forms from the pitiless skies of winter. But meanwhile a very aurora seemed to radiate the darkness of the northern heavens. At Saratoga on October 16th the Virginia riflemen of Morgan, nobly supported by the Continentals of New York and New England, and led by Gates, Lincoln, and Arnold, had forced the capitulation of Burgoyne with his entire force of 6,000 troops and forty-two pieces of artillery, the most brilliant achievement of the war, saving alone the final triumph at Yorktown. This battle has been called the turning point of the Revolution, and Creasy, the scholarly author of "The Decisive Battles of the World," has numbered it with Marathon, Blenheim, and Waterloo as one of those few battles of which the contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes. I would not shade a single ray that glows in the sunburst of that glorious day. Glorious in itself, it was alike glorious in its consequences. It largely

contributed to induce the recognition of the United States by France and other European governments which speedily followed it, and carried cheer to the weary watchers by many a camp fire, and heightened the efforts of their allies beyond the seas; but it did not quench the dogged spirit of Great Britain nor paralyze British power. It revealed the tremendous task that the Motherland had undertaken, but with unshaken nerve she put forth renewed efforts for its accomplishment. Ere long she had regained all that had been lost and much more, and two years later, occupying every vantage ground, that flag that "had braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" floated high over a weak and weary adversary driven to the last pangs of extremity and despair.

During 1778 Washington, in June, combated Sir Henry Clinton at Monmouth; but the decisive results hoped for were lost by too great a display of the "rascally virtue of prudence" on the part of General Charles Lee, whom Washington rebuked on the field. Soon after the British commander at Monmouth succeeded Howe in chief command. He speedily changed the theater of operations, and to the subjugation of the South he turned his veteran legions.

On the 23d of December of that year a British armament under Colonel Campbell appeared near Savannah. Right speedily its mission of conquest was accomplished. On the 29th the American General Howe was defeated and Savannah fell, with 450 prisoners and a large store of provisions and munition of war. The British were already masters of Florida. Now Georgia had been felled at a single stroke, and lay prostrate at their feet. The year ended in deepest gloom. The conquest of the South had begun.

The year 1779 came and went, but with it no decisive turn in the aspect of affairs. She was like a wounded snake, "dragging its slow length along." In the spring Sir Henry Clinton captured Stony Point; and in the summer "Mad" Anthony Wayne, the American, stormed and replanted the American colors on its ramparts. In December General Lincoln, assisted by French allies, attempted to recover Savannah, but defeat again befell our arms. The hour of deliverance had not yet

come. Hope deferred had made the heart sick, and care still sat heavily on the brow of the young nation.

And now the year 1780, the sixth year of the struggle, was at hand. The heavens were hung with black, and the bleak earth was blood-stained with many a vain sacrifice to the unpropitious god of war. In New York the British power was firmly riveted. Established in the city under Knyphausen, their forces defied the threat of Washington, while their marauding parties scattered forth to pillage and burn in Connecticut and the Jerseys. Congress was beset with extreme embarrassments and difficulties. The treasury was an aching void. The continental notes, so multiplied by frequent emissions and by ingenious counterfeits that floated in the market "thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa," depreciated to a ratio of forty to one of good money. A colonist's pay would not buy oats for his horse, and five months of a private soldier's wages would not buy a bushel of wheat. The untilled fields were growing up in briars and broom sedge. The troops were ill clothed and ill fed, and sullen discontent now broke forth in open mutiny. The army of Washington, wintered at Morristown, found there "in the squalid wretchedness of ill-provided camps" a repetition of the terrors of Valley Forge. Life, bereft of comfort, seemed to bid adieu to hope. "We have never experienced a like extremity at any period of the war," said Washington. "The troops, both officers and men, are almost in perishing want." And while with matchless fortitude he bore up the crushing load that lay upon him, designing men made question of his ability, and petty ambition conspired to strike him down, while despondence hovered on raven wings over our Northern camps.

Sir Henry Clinton, the British Commander-in-Chief, seemed to follow the eagles of victory, and now prepared to swoop down and conquer the Southern land. On December 26th, 1779, he set sail from New York with 8,500 men in the fleet of Admiral Arbuthnot, and on May 11th, 1780, he established his troops at John's Island, within thirty miles of Charleston. General Lincoln, who had been second to Gates at Saratoga, then commanded the American garrison, but was unable to withstand the veteran army launched against it. The story is soon told. On the 12th of May, beleagured and helpless, he

capitulated and surrendered the city, all its fortifications, shipping, artillery, and public stores, and 5,000 men stacked arms before our conqueror. Saratoga, where are all thy glories now?

Gone glimmering through the dreams
Of things that were.

Florida and Georgia and now South Carolina lay a prey to the victorious sword.

Brave as English blood has ever been in battle, bravely as it has borne the same flag, its drum-beat keeping even pace with the sunrise of the world, the descendants of those ravagers of the sea who carried the raven banner of the Norsemen to the conquest of their island home have too often displayed their barbaric lineage in ferocity to the conquered. Here in the Carolinas they visited upon their offending victims those unutterable calamities of cruelty which made human nature blush, weep, and shudder for its kind. Confiscation of property and still more dreadful punishments were demanded against all who should oppose the king in arms or hinder any from joining his standard. The men of Camden and Beaufort, ninety-six, surrendered under promise of security from Clinton. But he was "his own interpreter," and soon made "plain" what "security" he intended. He required all the inhabitants, even those outside of Charleston who were prisoners on parole, to take an active part in the king's cause. "Should any neglect to return to their allegiance," so ran the infamous proclamation, "they will be treated as rebels to the government of the king."

As Tarleton swept over the land with his vengeful blade, sometimes rode with him Major Patrick Ferguson, his fit associate, a character of whom you will hear again ere this tale is ended, a hardy partisan of vigorous and dauntless courage, himself the inventor of a rifle and extolled as the best marksman living. The son of an eminent Scotch judge, he had entered the army at any early age, and had served with the Germans and in the army of the Northern States. Experience had ripened in him the qualities of a born soldier, and he was well fitted for leadership in irregular, predatory war. Before the fall of Charleston Tarleton and he together had surprised the

camp of General Huger and Colonel Washington at Monck's Corners, capturing 100 of their men, and soon afterwards had scattered Colonel Bufort's command of Virginians at the Waxhaws, leaving 150 mangled on the field and slaying 113 in cold blood despite the fact that they threw down their arms and cried for quarter.

This deed of butchery had been followed by others not less revolting. Patriots were surrounded in their homes in the dead of night and put to the sword, while widowed wives and orphaned children fled from burning homes to the woods and canebrakes. The dumb beasts of the farmyard were either driven away or left dead by the ruthless hands; the garden tools were torn up and scattered, the grapevine made short work of the hesitant rebel who would not swear allegiance to the king, and the midnight torch made funeral pyres of the altars of the home. A universal panic seized upon the people. Bowed to the dust in humiliation, they were now driven to dishonor and despair. A pall of death was upon the land. All opposition in South Carolina ceased. Stripped and desolate, scattered, bleeding and broken, ravaged and dismayed, they crouched under the power that brooked no resistance and ground out all resentment. Sir Henry Clinton gazed upon his work and thought it was good. Leaving Lord Cornwallis in charge of the conquered provinces, he set sail for New York on the 18th of June, carrying with him 4,000 of his victorious men.

Northward toward North Carolina now marched the conqueror Cornwallis, while Tarleton and Ferguson, his partisan rangers, ravaged the land, attracting or joining to their standards the most profligate and abandoned men, villains and desperadoes, who, hopeless of liberty, reveled in opportunities to hang, scourge, burn, plunder, and prey.

Alone in the field remained Sumter, the "Game Cock," and Marion, the "Swamp Fox" (as the British called him), with their little band of hard Carolinians, who, scattered to-day in the forests and swamps, reappeared on the morrow, vexing and hindering, if they could not stay the onward progress of their oppressors. A mighty effort was now put forth to retrieve the disasters that had befallen us. As early as May Washington had detached from his Northern army of less than 15,000 men

the Maryland Division and the Delaware Regiment under Major-General Baron De Kalb, and with them marched southward the corps of "Light-Horse" Harry Lee. This column was yet in Virginia when Charleston fell, and there received intelligence of our misfortunes in the Carolinas. The piteous cry of help that reached Virginia at the Continental Congress was speedily responded to. Arms were hurried forward from the Old Dominion to North Carolina upon her requisition; and though threatened by savages on the Western barriers and exposed to invasion all along her seaboard, the valiant state stripped herself to help her struggling sisters. "With a magnanimity which knows no fear," says Bancroft, "Virginia laid herself bare for the protection of the Carolinas."

Nelson and Armand, White and William Washington came with their corps to reënforce the column for the relief of the Carolinas, and General Horatio Gates, the victor of Saratoga, was appointed by the Continental Congress to command the Southern army. When Gates was summoned from his Virginia plantation to this arduous service, he assumed it with the most sanguine confidence of victory, laughing at the warning of his friend, General Charles Lee, who said: "Take care, Gates, lest your Northern laurels are turned to Southern willows." Baleful prophecy. How speedily was it fulfilled!

On the 16th of August, with a superior force, General Gates marched upon Cornwallis, at the village of Camden. Singularly enough his advanced guard, pushing forward, met the advance of Cornwallis, who was likewise moving in battle array against him, and swiftly the two armies joined battle. The British regulars were too stout for their contestants. The Virginia militia, under Stevens, soon broke and fled; the North Carolina militia, under Caswell, speedily followed their example; De Kalb, intrepidly leading the men of Delaware and Maryland, fell mortally stricken with eleven wounds; and when the day closed, the whole American army, excepting one hundred men who escaped with Gest into Maryland through the canebrakes, was dispersed, leaving all of its artillery, and utterly beaten.

The victor of Saratoga sped away to Hillsboro, where the North Carolina legislature was in session, two hundred miles

in three days, and officers and men vied with their leaders in the rapidity of their flight from the ill-starred field of Camden. Verily the Northern laurels were over the tomb of American independence. One disaster trod swiftly on another's heel. On the 18th of August, just two days after Camden, the camp of Sumter at Fishing Creek was surprised by the fierce and wary Tarleton and utterly routed and captured. On the 20th, Sumter, who escaped, rode into Charleston alone without hat or saddle.

In all the Southern land the little band of Francis Marion alone opposed an unbroken front to overwhelming forces of the conqueror.

Whence now, O bleeding sons of liberty, shall succor come? A hush of despair closes the white lips that tremble at the mention of Tarleton's name. The chilly winds of autumn and the yellowing foliage of the trees tell the sad-eyed watchers by the flickering flame of their country's cause that the summer is past, the harvest of battles is ended, and yet they are not saved. The scythe of death has mown down the last rank of these defenders, their wives and little ones are shivering around the cold ashes of what once was home, their armies are scattered, and there is no help in them. On whom, O illustrious Commander-in-Chief, on whom can you now rely? Your trusted lieutenant has forsaken you, Lincoln and Gates are defeated, their comrade in the glories of Saratoga is on his way to don the uniform of a British General. Power closes around you with stiffening grasp, intrigue comprises your counsels, and treachery sits by the camp fire, "squat like a toad," whispering "gold" to those whom steel has tried in vain. Where, where now shall faith rear his cross, now that the anchor of hope is breaking? God of the dauntless patriot, God of the widow and orphan, God of the weak and lowly, whose despondency shivers around thy throne, shall the heavens ever be brass? Is there none to save? Let the woods and the swamps, the pathless thicket, the steep rocks, and the everlasting hills give answer. Yet, when Hope was dying, Despair summoned an army of salvation.

In the heart of the Carolinas was a hardy Presbyterian stock, the Scotch-Irish as they were called, a people possessing

a quick, inquisitive intelligence, and the impulsive courage of the Irish with the dogged resolution of the Covenanter. This element extended into the valley of the great southwest of Virginia, and had pushed forward upon the receding footsteps of the savage in Kentucky and Tennessee. Mingling with pioneers of English blood in all its settlements and in its more southerly connections with that of the gallant Huguenots, who had sought an asylum from religious bigotry in South Carolina, there had been formed an adventurous and intrepid population filled with all the qualities of bold, generous manhood. The spirit of popular liberty had stirred amongst them and given birth to their glorious maxim: "The rights of the many against the exactions of the few."

So rife was this spirit in the Carolinas that when the boundary line was run between North Carolina and Virginia, in 1727, the borderers were eager to be included in the former state, as "there," they said, "they paid no tribute to God or Cæsar." By their hands the first blood was shed in America against the exactions of arbitrary taxation in the conflict with Governor Tryon, the royal Governor, in Alamance county in 1771. By their voices was fulminated at Mecklenburg the first Declaration of Independence against the British crown, more than a year before the Colonial Congress emulated their example and copied their very language in the great Declaration of Philadelphia. In the bosom of the wilderness had reared by their hearthstones, the rude altars of civil liberty. Breaking from bondage, the sires of this hardy stock had crossed the Alleghanies to the alley of the Watauga, and carried their settlements to the broader Nollichucky, whose sparkling waters sprung out of the tallest mountain in the range; where the wild crab-apple scented the breeze with fragrance, they followed with their wit; where the trout darted through clear streams, but no flag of England flaunted; where the elk, the red deer, and the black bear abounded in the great forests of oaks, hickory, maple, elm, ash, and buckeye, where a genial soil yielded richest crops of maize, but no governor exacted tribute; here the mountain eagles screamed, but their ears were vexed with no king's proclamation, for they had planted their homes, framed their laws, and set to the people of

America the example of creating themselves into a state independent of the authority of the British king.

The victor of Camden had sent forth the redoubtable Patrick Ferguson toward the western confines of North Carolina with his own light infantry corps of a considerable body of Tory militia of his own training. His orders were to skin the mountain country between the Catawba and the Yadkin, harass the rebels, inspirit the Tories, and enlist the militia in the service of the king. Meanwhile Cornwallis himself marched northward and posted his army at Charlotte, where Ferguson was to join him at the close of his expedition. The latter was on his way to rejoin Cornwallis, when he heard that Colonel Clark, of Georgia, was retreating to the mountain district after an unsuccessful advance of the British post at Ninety-Six. Thinking to intercept Clark's retreat, Ferguson made his way through the wilderness to a small frontier village of log houses called Gilbert Town, in Rutherford county, and there camped in serene contentment, persuaded that there was no force in that section "able to look him in the face."

The mountaineers met together, and it seemed as if some masonry of the woods had given the watchword to its dwellers, and as if the lightnings had conveyed to them the signs of distress from their brethren and the wings of the wind had borne them an answer. An agreement was made between the indomitable McDowell, the brave Sevier, and Isaac Shelby to meet with their mountaineers at the Sycamore Shoals, on the banks of the Watauga, on September 25th. Bright and animated was the scene on that autumn day when, prompt as lovers at the tryst, the warriors of the wilderness pursued unbroken thicket or lonely bridle paths along the rocky ridges that overhang the sparkling waters, and hailed each other in one of those beautiful valleys which nature had adorned with every green-wood beauty and surrounded with all the grandeur that can elevate the soul of man. There they were, true to plighted word, in hunting-shirt and buckskin leggins, with faithful rifle, and ready knife that had won many a trophy from the forest and the mountains, and were destined now to still bloodier deeds.

Sevier, the pioneer of the Holston, born in Shenandoah, Virginia, of an old French family, with the bold, chivalrous blood of the Huguenots yet boiling in his veins at the memory of ancient wrongs, was there with the men of Sullivan (two hundred and forty strong), moving amongst them with eager step and bright eyes, animating all with persuasive address and ready eloquence that flowed like a fountain from the mountainside.

No time was lost. On the morning of September 26th the united band assembled. A solemn prayer was said amidst awe and silence. The last good-bye was spoken, and through the wilderness and over the yellow mountains rode the mountaineer men to seek the bloody trail of the wild beasts who had made home their prey and humanity their victim. On the 30th of September they met on the eastern side of the mountains on the banks of the Catawba, Colonel Benjamin Cleveland and Major Joseph Winston, with three hundred and fifty men from Wilkes and Surry counties. On the night of October 4th, Campbell convened a council of war at Gilbert Town. His advices were that Ferguson had decamped and gone to the British fort at Ninety-Six, that had been lately repaired and reënforced. It was concluded that the game had flown, and that naught was left but to abandon the chase. The expedition was on the eve of failure, the resolution had been passed to give it up, when late that night a horseman, who had ridden sixty miles that day, came dashing into camp with tidings of great import. Apprehended as a spy, he was blindfolded and led into the commander's presence, when he introduced himself as General Edwards, of the South Carolina Militia. He brought the news that Ferguson was in the neighborhood of the Cherokee Ford at Broad River, that the story of his march to Ninety-Six was only a feint to mask his movement and throw Campbell off his track, and that he was really trying to rejoin Cornwallis at Charlotte, to which place he had dispatched his reënforcements.

A plan of battle was at once agreed upon, when Lacy galloped back to relate that the mountain men were coming. On October 6th at sundown sure enough they arrived at Cowpens, where Colonel Williams with nearly two hundred South Carolinians

and Major Church with seventy North Carolinians from Tryon county had already bivouacked in waiting.

We have seen that when Ferguson left Gilbert Town on October 4th, professing that as a scout he was going to Ninety-Six, he had really sniffed a terrible danger in the breeze, and was trying to get to Cornwallis' camp. On the 5th of October he crossed Broad River at Fate's Ferry, near the present crossing of the Air Line Railroad. On the 6th he passed on the Yorkville road through a mountain gap and took a position upon a ridge of stone and slate formation about a mile in length north and south, very narrow upon its summit, and about one hundred feet in average height above the ravines that surrounded it. This eminence he called, in loyal reverence of his sovereign, "King's Mountain."

It is indeed a mountain which kings may well remember! While the wary partisan was, as the sun went down October 6th, posting his followers in this natural fortress, nine hundred of the fleetest horsemen in the combined camp of Campbell and his allies were preparing for the daring ride that was destined to eventuate on the morrow. A hasty mouthful was swallowed; at 8 o'clock every man was in the saddle, and all through the black night, and amid torrents of rain, Campbell's men rode swiftly on the trail of Ferguson with guns wrapped in their overcoats and blankets, trusting in God, but acting on old Moll's maxim to "keep their powder dry." Just before sunrise of October 7th they passed a little below the Cherokee Ford of Broad River, and soon came to Ferguson's camp of the 5th. The trail was fresh now, and the hearts of the hunters beat high with "the stern joy that warriors feel." Twelve miles farther on they met some men coming from Ferguson's camp, and they, as well as a boy in a field nearby, related that Ferguson was just three miles farther on. It was about 12 o'clock. The rain ceased, the clouds lifted, and the October sun in meridian splendor burst forth,

Turning with alchemy of its precious eye
The meager, cloddy earth to glittering gold.

Auspicious, glorious omen of the brighter sunburst that was soon to wrap the grand old mountain in a glory that would be undimmed forever!

The order, Spartan in its brevity and in its import, was passed down the line from lip to lip: "Tie up overcoats, pick touchholes, fresh prime, and be ready to fight." The people of the countryside gathered in, plowboys and seedsmen left the field, guides were selected and the word "Forward!" was given. In twenty minutes the head of the column caught through the opening of the woodland the glittering sheen of British bayonets fringing along the mountain top. Within a mile of their destination a courier of Ferguson's with dispatches for Cornwallis was captured. In that last message to his commander Ferguson said: "I hold a position on the King's Mountain, and all of the rebels out of hell can not drive me out of it." These words were read at the head of Campbell's men. They spoke not a word. Not a shout was raised. But a grim smile crept over their stern faces while they prepared to put the braggart partisan to the test.

Near the base of the mountain the men were halted, the horses were picketed, every man stood to his gun, and swiftly were the dispositions of battle made. Right opposite the slate gravestone which recorded that "Colonel Ferguson, an officer belonging to His Britannic Majesty, was here defeated and killed," Campbell posted his Virginians, and on the right center of his assaulting lines and on his left posted Shelby with the men of Sullivan. Sevier with his own men, part of Cleveland's Regiment under Major Winston, and the men of Hambright and Chronicle constituted the right wing. McDowell composed the left wing. Sevier, with the right wing, was to move up the ravine along the margin of the brook, a branch of Clark's Fork of Bullock's Creek, Cleveland with the left to pursue the course now marked by the woods, Shelby to act in coöperation with Campbell, and Campbell to charge the face of the mountain to the front, thus surrounding the British stronghold and bearing upon it on all sides with concentric fires.

As the men of Campbell, Shelby, and McDowell deployed along the base of the mountain to their appointed work the British opened fire; a sheeted flame bursts forth from the mountain crest and pours its hissing bolts on these devoted men. From behind rocks and trees the hunters' rifles send back keen response, and the Indian warwhoop wakes the forest echoes.

Campbell's men are climbing the mountain, Shelby and McDowell are pushing through the gap nearest to the camp, and at the end of yonder ravine comes the line of Sevier eager for the fray. Ferguson gallops to the head of De Peyster's regulars and with fixed bayonets unites with some of the Tory allies and leads them with dauntless spirit to the charge. The British bayonets! How many lines of battle have you driven before that terrible onset! On they come in steady phalanx, and McDowell's, Shelby's, and Campbell's men are driven down the mountainside. But hark! A shout bursts forth from the opposite extremity of the mountain crest. Hambright, Chronicle, Cleveland, and Williams have scaled the heights, the British are driven behind their wagons, while Ferguson rides amongst them, exhorting them with that vehement courage that knows no fear and no surrender. With a silver whistle, whose shrill notes pierced every ear, he calls his men around him as the huntsmen calls his hounds; and while the stricken fall on every side and the cowards crouch in the rear, he wheels about, sword in hand, heads the countercharge, bursting like a thunderbolt upon the enemy in his rear, who reel before his terrible onslaught. But as he drives back Chronicle and Williams, Campbell, Shelby, and McDowell come thronging back, and the cheer resounds: "Come on, boys; the British are retreating! Come on, boys! Come on!" They had happily mistaken Ferguson's charge upon the rear for a retreat, and made the mountains ring with their jubilant cheers. Galloping from rank to rank, his hand wounded and bleeding, but his heart undaunted, Ferguson wheeled again, entreating the hesitant, cursing the cowards, inspiring the brave, he marshaled his whole force and hurled it against Campbell's lines. Once more the center gave way before him, pushed back down the mountainside.

But instantly there rises again from the other side the shouts of Cleveland's wing, who repeat the mistake of their comrades, imagining Ferguson's reverse charge a retreat, and instantly come pouring upon his rear, filling the field with his slain; while Sevier's wing, now well in hand, joins in with a steady fire and exulting cheer. Thus relieved Campbell, warning the

clansmen of the Argyle, comes back, the Virginia rifles are now ablaze, and their sharp crack is seething the gory field.

The blood of battle is up. The first hasty impulse has cooled to that of white passion which clears the intellect, stiffens the nerves, and fires the heart in the immovable purpose to conquer or to die. Every officer is at the head of his men now; right wing, left wing, and center are closing in with firm, unyielding footsteps; their rifles are ringing from every point, and closer come the cheers that mark the steady progress of advancing lines. Baffled at every point, Ferguson neither flinches nor falters. The ground is slipping from his grasp; the tightening coils of the fiery serpent are crushing the very life of his command. His men are forced back to the northern extremity of the ridge; whichever way he turns, death scowls in his face with cold, remorseless frown.

He orders his cavalry to mount, but as the foot of the dragoon touches the stirrup, man or beast goes down; the deadly rifle has only found a more conspicuous mark. De Peyster sees that the day is lost. He raises the white flag. Ferguson curses the hand that raised it and tears it down; De Peyster raises it again at another point. Ferguson gallops to it, and his sword levels it to the earth. He will brook no surrender. He will win or die. He orders his men to join in their columns. The butcher knives of the Tories are strapped to the end of their guns. His regulars have their bayonets fixed. The saber of every dragoon who can live upon his steed is on rest. "Charge! Charge! Charge!" shouts Ferguson as he forces with defiance the thronging lines that close around him. The supreme moment of the battle has come—a moment pregnant perhaps with the destinies of millions of struggling heroes; of the destinies of myriads who should come after them. Once more the weird notes of the silver whistle quiver through the shouts of the conflict; once more he shouts with ringing voice that rises above the uproar of the battle: "Come on and crush the damned rebels into the earth!" There is a hush along the rebel lines. The rifles are cocked and ready, but their fire is withheld. "Come on, men, and crush the damned rebels into the earth!" and with the wild vehemence of despair, horsemen, footmen, come thundering all along the line, bayonets and

sabers flash to the light, and the opposing lines are but six paces apart. There is a sharp crack bursting into a volley; the whole rebel line is aflame with fire. Pierced by seven balls, Ferguson falls and gives up the ghost. The dead are heaped up thick around him, his men are scattered, his riderless steed gallops frantically from the field of fate, the white flag is run up. Ferguson stark dead, there is none to tear it down. "It is finished;" the battle of King's Mountain is won.

"Victory! Victory!" shouted the South Carolinians and the mountain men. Yes, let the sons of God shout for joy! Here in the drear midnight of our defeat on the bleak ledge of the precipice that overhung the unfathomable gulf of despair, hungry and half naked, the mongrel horde of the desert had builded victory's altar and their blood had fired a flame that blazed with meteoric splendor across the Southern sky. Victory for home! Victory for country! Victory for independence! Victory for the right of the many against the exactions of the few! Victory for the right of every man to utter his voice in making the laws by which he is to be governed, to pay no tax which he or his chosen representative does not levy, to render obedience to no power which he himself does not participate in creating! Victory for humanity! Victory which mingles the voices of the people with the voice of God! Let such victory receive our everlasting homage. Next to God, let us worship the rights of man. Next to Him alone, let us venerate the heroes who kept the pledge of life and fortune and sacred honor to make them whole. Let the centurion-like eagles in their flight hover around the monument that marks the eyrie whence the bird of victory plumed his wing.

Compared to the great marshaling in arms at Austerlitz or Gettysburg; compared to the scenic splendor of hundreds of fields which piled up hecatombs of slain and glowed with all the romantic pomp of war, the battle of King's Mountain was but a combat. But measured by the highest standards of intellectual and moral greatness it wears a dignity undimmed by the glories of any conflict. It was great in its conception. Planned by a commander hastily selected at the very moment it was about to be fought, under pressure of exigent circumstances and while there was no time to halt between two opin-

ions, posting of the troops was such as fitted the field and the men who were to fight upon it, and not the most brilliant field marshal of ancient or modern times could have bettered the disposition made in the flash of an eye by the untrained genius of Campbell and his brother officers.

General Bernard, an officer who served under the great Napoleon and afterwards in the engineer service of the United States, upon surveying the field declared that the Americans by their victory in that engagement created a monument of the military genius and skill of Colonel Ferguson in selecting a position so well adapted to defense, and that no other plan of assault than had been pursued by the mountain men could have succeeded against him. It was great in soldiership, furiously fought from the sound of the first gun to the close. During the dash the officers and men were inspired by a dogged and pertinacious resolution that caused them to return thrice to the assault, and there were deeds of surpassing individual prowess which seemed as if they belonged to the romance of ancient chivalry.

Never were men more bravely led, never did men more bravely follow. Campbell, the commander, his horse thrice fallen, fought on foot, cheering his men back to each successive charge. Sevier, Shelby, Cleveland, Winston, Williams, Chronicle, and their faithful lieutenants were everywhere in the front. Chronicle fell early in the action a martyr to his own intrepidity. Hambright survived, covered by six wounds. Williams, carrying a rifle while he led his men, perceiving Ferguson armed only with a sword and pistol, threw down his gun, declaring: "I will have a single tussle with him or die." Rushing upon the rival leader, he was felled by two balls and borne from the field by his two sons—mere lads, fighting by their father's side. The next day when his eyes were glazing in death he exclaimed, "I thank God for my country's deliverance," and said to his weeping boys: "God bless you, my brave boys. Tell your mother and your friends that I die content."

In the Virginia regiment thirteen were killed, twelve of whom were officers. Four Edmonstons were amongst them, and with them the Craigs, Beatties, Bowens, Willoughbys, Blackburns, Crawfords, Campbells, and Cummings. It was

great in its achievement. It was as clear a cut and clean a military performance as ever adorned the annals of war. There were but 900 men on the American side, according to the best authority. Ferguson's provision roll showed 1,125 men, twenty of whom, being absent on a foraging expedition, alone escaped. This force comprised the regulars of De Peyster, over 100 strong, and the rest were Tory riflemen. Not a man present but was killed, wounded, or taken—206 killed, 128 wounded, 648 captured, and with them all the wagons, 1,500 stands of arms, and the paraphernalia of the command.

Nine of the Tories were hanged in retaliation of the memorable massacre of Bufort's men at the Waxhaws. In short, one-fourth of the army of Cornwallis was annihilated at a single stroke by an inferior force, with a loss of but twenty-eight killed and sixty wounded.

It was great in its effect upon the immediate fortunes, and largely contributed to the final result, of the Revolutionary War. Had the action been delayed, Tarleton, about to take the road from the camp of Cornwallis, would have rescued Ferguson from peril and intercepted the arm that was raised to strike him down. Had Campbell lost the day, the last impediment would have been removed to the complete conquest of the Carolinas, the powerful organizations of Tories would have riveted their chains upon them, the path of the conqueror to Virginia would have been opened, and that state, already laid low to help her struggling sisters, would probably have fallen with them.

The terrific victory of King's Mountain, so swift, so stern, so fierce, so sweeping, stunned the British commander with natural astonishment and filled every American heart with a glow of elation and confidence. "The victory of King's Mountain," says Bancroft, "which in the spirit of the American soldier was like the rising of Concord, in its effect like the success at Bennington, changed the aspect of the war."

"From the turning point," says John P. Kennedy, the scholar (who in his fine novel, "Horse-Shoe Robinson," has graphically depicted the battle), "the cause advanced steadily to a speedy and prosperous end. . . . The victory was a fresh fountain of strength and the parent of new triumphs."

"It gave the first check," says the historian Ramsay, "to the career of British conquests in the South, and by the defeat of Ferguson so changed the aspect of the affair as to result eventually in the consummation of our independence." Says Edward Everett: "It restored the public mind from the depression caused by the recent successes of Cornwallis. It put an instant stop to his efforts to bring back the upper country to its allegiance, and contributed its full store to the combinations which about a twelve-month later led to the surrender of Cornwallis and the virtual termination of the war."

As the victory of Moultrie at the Palmetto Fort was the early morning star, so Yorktown was the glorious and undimmed sunrise of American independence; and so King's Mountain came like a vivid flash from the storm clouds of expiring night, dazzling darkened eyes with a momentary flood of light poured over the glorious landscape of our future triumph. By the lambent light that played around this hoary crest, the patriot's eye caught in prophetic vision an inspiring glimpse of Morgan and his men emerging through the smoke of Cowpens upon the heels of the flying Tarleton, beheld Cornwallis retreating before Greene after the dreadful carnage of Guilford, while at the close of the vista rose up in luminous splendor that grand historic picture which marks the dawn of a new era in the history of mankind—the sword of the conquered conqueror presented humbly to the "Father of his Country," while the tricolor of France and the flag of the great republic floated in mingled glory over the ramparts of Yorktown.

All honor to the gallant men of the Carolinas! All honor to the mountain men of the Old Dominion! Pioneers of victory! Let gratitude and glory write their names in every star that shines. Not on this field alone, but on many a theater of deadly conflict has their blood and their children's blood flowed in a common stream, not here alone, but everywhere, at all times, throughout the century that has gone, fellowship of patriotic passion bound them together with hooks of steel, and a kindred heroism refined and exalted their mutual affections. In place of the slender Colonial league for which they fought, a grand republic surpassing in all that kindles the generous pride and general hope of man, the glory of ancient

Rome, more powerful than even the most vast empire that looked upon its feeble offspring with derision, now rests its pillow upon the borders of the great sea—a transcendent temple of human rights, whose dome is studded with the stars of thirty-eight states and is crowned with the Goddess of Liberty pointing her finger to the heavens.

Here upon this altar of bloody sacrifice let us in the humility of grateful hearts turn in tender memory to the names of those by whose deeds the blessings denied to them were wrought out and handed down to us; here let us offer up thanksgiving that peace reigns upon earth, and that good will toward man has transformed the deadly combatants of other days into generous rivals for the prizes of kindly competition upon the sod that was trodden under hostile hoofs and kneaded with the life streams that spurted from rended hearts. Let us rejoice that we follow the guiding star of the century that is dawning with the serene grace of this mellow autumn day—a century that now comes forth to run its race, heralded by such signs as those which hailed the nativity of Him who “sent down the meek-eyed peace.”

Here, where our martyred fathers rest in undisturbed sleep, where the brook ripples in solemn, unceasing monotone, and the moldering gravestone tells in a double sense the story of frail ambition, let us waft the greetings of fraternal hearts to the sons of those compatriots in arms who strove on fields, as did the mountain men on this field, for the “rights of the many against the exactions of the few,” who signaled to Moultrie’s guns from Concord to Lexington and answered back to their responsive voices from Bunker Hill. Let Ticonderoga and Trenton, and Bennington, Saratoga, and Stony Point, King’s Mountain and Guilford and Cowpens and Yorktown—let these be the names that blend their colors in the rainbow that now spans the sunlit arch of our peace-illuminated land. With these sacred watchwords of union, with these sacred relics of memory and inspiration of hope, let us all rejoice that the great principles of American liberty are still the lawful inheritance of our people. By these unforgotten graves let us resolve that they “ever shall be” and let the deep swell of the people’s voice peal forth the sweet refrain of “Auld Lang Syne.”

LEE

Mr. President, My Comrades and Countrymen:

There was no happier or lovelier home than that of Colonel Robert Edward Lee, in the spring of 1861, when for the first time its threshold was darkened with the omens of civil war.

Crowning the green slopes of the Virginia hills that overlook the Potomac, and embowered in stately trees, stood the venerable mansion of "Arlington," facing a prospect of varied and imposing beauty. Its broad porch, and wide-spread wings, held out open arms, as it were, to welcome the coming guest. Its simple Doric columns graced domestic comfort with a classic air. Its halls and chambers were adorned with the portraits of patriots and heroes, and with illustrations and relics of the great Revolution, and of the Father of his Country. And within and without, history and tradition seemed to breathe their legends upon a canvas as soft as a dream of peace.

The noble river, which in its history, as well as in its name, carries us back to the days when the Red Man trod its banks, sweeps in full and even flow along the forefront of the landscape; while beyond its waters stretch the splendid avenues and rise the gleaming spires of Washington; and over all, the great white dome of the National Capitol looms up against the eastern sky like a glory in the air.

Southward and westward, toward the blue rim of the Alleghanies, roll away the pine and oak-clad hills, and the fields of the "Old Dominion," dotted here and there with the homes of a people of simple tastes and upright minds, renowned for their devotion to their native land, and for their fierce love of liberty; a people who had drunk into their souls with their mother's milk, that Man is of right, and ought to be, free.

On the one hand, there was impressed upon the most casual eye that contemplated the pleasing prospect, the munificence and grandeur of American progress, the arts of industry and commerce, and the symbols of power. On the other hand,

An oration pronounced at the unveiling of the Recumbent Figure at Lexington, Virginia, June 30th, 1883.

Nature seemed to woo the heart back to her sacred haunts, with vistas of sparkling waters, and verdant pastures, and many a wildwood scene; and to penetrate its deepest recesses with the halcyon charm that ever lingers about the thought of *Home*.

The head of the house established here was a man whom Nature had richly endowed with grace of person and high qualities of head and heart. Fame had already bound his brow with her laurel, and Fortune had poured into his lap her golden horn. Himself a soldier, and Colonel in the army of the United States, the son of the renowned "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, who was the devoted friend and compatriot of Washington in the Revolutionary struggle, and whose memorable eulogy upon his august Chief has become his epitaph:—descended indeed from a long line of illustrious progenitors, whose names are written on the brightest scrolls of English and American history, from the conquest of the Normans at Hastings to the triumph of the Continentals at Yorktown,—he had already established his own martial fame at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec and Mexico, and had proved how little he depended upon any merit but his own. Such was his early distinction, that when but a Captain, the Cuban Junta had offered to make him the leader of their revolutionary movement for the independence of Cuba:—a position which, as an American officer, he felt it his duty to decline. And so deep was the impression made of his genius and his valor, that General Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the army in which he served, had declared that he "was the best soldier he ever saw in the field," "the greatest military genius in America," that "if opportunity offered, he would show himself the foremost Captain of his times," and that "if a great battle were to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, his judgment was that the commander should be Robert Lee."

Wedded to her who had been the playmate of his boyhood, and who was worthy in every relation to be the companion of his bosom, sons and daughters had risen up to call them blessed, and there, decorated with his country's honors and surrounded by "love, obedience, and troops of friends," the host of "Arlington" seemed to have filled the measure of generous desire with whatever of fame or happiness fortune can add to virtue. And

had the pilgrim started in quest of some happier spot than the Vale of Rasselas, well might he have paused by this threshold and doffed his "sandal shoon."

So situated was Colonel Lee in the spring of 1861, upon the verge of the momentous revolution, of which he became so mighty a pillar and so glorious a chieftain. But we can not estimate the struggle it cost him to take up arms against the Union, nor the sacrifice he made, nor the pure devotion with which he consecrated his sword to his native state, without looking beyond his physical surroundings, and following further the suggestions of his history and character, for the springs of action which prompted his course. Colonel Lee was emphatically a Union man; and Virginia, to the crisis of dissolution, was a Union state. He loved the Union with a soldier's ardent loyalty to the Government he served, and with a patriot's faith and hope in the institutions of his country. His ancestors had been among the most distinguished and revered of its founders; his own life, from youth upward, had been spent and his blood shed in its service, and two of his sons, following his footsteps, held commissions in the army.

He was born in the same county, and descended from the same strains of English blood from which Washington sprang, and was united in marriage with Mary Custis, the daughter of his adopted son. He had been reared in the school of simple manners and lofty thoughts which belonged to the elder generation; and with Washington as his exemplar of manhood and his ideal of wisdom, he revered his character and fame and work with a feeling as near akin to worship as any that man can have for aught that is human.

Unlike the statesmen of the hostile sections, who were constantly thrown into the provoking conflicts of political debate, he had been withdrawn by his military occupations from scenes calculated to irritate or chill his kindly feelings toward the people of the North; and on the contrary, in camp and field and social circle, he had formed many ties of friendship with its most esteemed soldiers and citizens. With the reticence becoming his military office, he had taken no part in the controversies which preceded the fatal rupture between the states, other than the good man's part, to "speak the soft answer that

turns away wrath," and to plead for that forbearance and patience which alone might bring about a peaceful solution of the questions at issue.

Years of his professional life he had spent in Northern communities, and, always a close observer of men and things, he well understood the vast resources of that section, and the hardy, industrious, and resolute character of its people; and he justly weighed their strength as a military power. When men spoke of how easily the South would repel invasion, he said: "You forget that we are all Americans." And when they prophesied a battle and a peace, he predicted that it would take at least four years to fight out the impending conflict. None was more conscious than he that each side undervalued and misunderstood the other. He was, moreover, deeply imbued with the philosophy of history, and the course of its evolutions, and well knew that in an upheaval of government deplorable results would follow which were not thought of in the beginning, or, if thought of, would be disavowed, belittled, and depreciated. And eminently conservative in his cast of mind and character, every bias of his judgment, as every tendency of his history, filled him with yearning and aspiration for the peace of his country and the perpetuity of the Union. Is it a wonder, that, as the storm of revolution lowered, Colonel Lee, then with his regiment, the Second Cavalry, in Texas, wrote thus to his son in January, 1861:

"The South, in my opinion, has been aggrieved by the acts of the North, as you say. I feel the aggression, and am willing to take proper steps for redress. It is the principle I contend for, not individual or private benefit. As an American citizen I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions, and would defend any state if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. Secession is nothing but revolution. . . . Still, a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to

take the place of love and kindness, has no charm for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved, and the Government is disrupted, I shall return to my native state and share the miseries of my people, and, save in defense, will draw my sword on none."

A few weeks later Colonel Lee was ordered, and came, to Washington, reaching there three days before the inauguration of President Lincoln. At that time South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana had already seceded from the Union, and the Provisional Government of the Confederate States was in operation at Montgomery.

The Virginia Convention was in session, but slow and deliberate in its course. The state which had done so much to found the Union was loth to assent to its dissolution, and still guided by the wise counsels of such men as Robert E. Scott, Robert Y. Conrad, Jubal A. Early, John B. Baldwin, Samuel McDowell Moore, and A. H. H. Stuart, she persisted in efforts to avert the calamity of war. Events followed swiftly. The Peace Conference had failed. Overtures for the peaceful evacuation of Fort Sumter had likewise failed. On the 13th of April, under bombardment, the Federal commander, Major Anderson, with its garrison, surrendered. On April 15th President Lincoln issued his proclamation for 75,000 men to make war against the seceded states, which he styled: "Combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings." This proclamation determined Virginia's course. War had come. Her mediation had been in vain. She was too noble to be neutral.

Of the arts of duplicity she knew nothing save to despise. She must now level her guns against the breasts of her Southern brethren, or make her own breast their shield. On April 17th Virginia answered Mr. Lincoln's proclamation with the Ordinance of Secession, and, like Pallas-Athene, "the front fighter" stepped with intrepid brow to where, in conflict, history has ever found her—to the front of war.

Where now is Robert Lee? On the border line, between two hostile empires, girding their loins for as stern a fight as ever tested warrior's steel, he beholds each beckoning to him

to lead its people to battle. On the one hand, Virginia, now in the forefront of a scarcely organized revolution, summons him to share her lot in the perilous adventure. The young Confederacy is without an army. There is no navy. There is no currency. There are few teeming workshops and arsenals. There is little but a meager and widely scattered population, for the most part men of the field, the prairie, the forest, and the mountain, ready to stand the hazard of an audacious endeavor to meet aggressions with whatever weapons freemen can lay their hands on, and to carry high the banners of the free, whatever may betide.

Did he fail? Ah, did he fail? His beloved state would be trampled in the mire of the ways; the Confederacy would be blotted from the family of nations; home and country would survive only in memory and in name; his people would be captives, their very slaves their masters; and he, if of himself he thought at all, he, mayhap, might have seen in the dim perspective the shadow of the dungeon or the scaffold.

On the other hand stands the foremost and most powerful republic of the earth, rich in all that handiwork can fashion or that gold can buy. It is thickly populated. Its regular army and its myriad volunteers rush to do its bidding. Its navy rides the Western seas in undisputed sway. Its treasury teems with the sinews of war, and its arsenals with weapons. And the world is open to lend its cheer and aid and comfort. Its capital lies in sight of his chamber window, and its guns bear on the portals of his home. A messenger comes from its President and from General Scott, Commander-in-Chief of its army, to tender him supreme command of its forces. Did he accept, and did he succeed, the conqueror's crown awaits him, and, win or lose, he will remain the foremost man of a great established nation, with all honor and glory that riches and office and power and public applause can supply.

Since the Son of Man stood upon the Mount, and saw "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" stretched before him, and turned away to the agony and bloody sweat of Gethsemane, and to the Cross of Calvary beyond, no follower of the meek and lowly Saviour can have undergone more trying ordeal, or met it with higher spirit of heroic sacrifice.

There was naught on earth that could swerve Robert E. Lee from the path where, to his clear comprehension, honor and duty lay. To the statesman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, who brought him the tender of supreme command, he answered:

"Mr. Blair, I look upon secession as anarchy. If I owned the four millions of slaves in the South, I would sacrifice them all to the Union. But how can I draw my sword against Virginia?"

Draw his sword against Virginia? Perish the thought! Over all the voices that called him he heard the still, small voice that ever whispers to the soul of the spot that gave it birth, and of her who gave it suck; and over every ambitious dream there rose the face of the angel that guards the door of home.

On the 20th of April, as soon as the news of Virginia's secession reached him, he resigned his commission in the army of the United States, and thus wrote to his sister who remained with her husband on the Union side:

"With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army, and, save in defense of my native state (with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed), I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword."

Bidding an affectionate adieu to his old friend and commander, General Scott, who mourned his loss, but nobly expressed his confidence in his motives, he repaired to Richmond. Governor John Letcher immediately appointed him to the Command-in-Chief of the Virginia forces, and the Convention unanimously confirmed the nomination. Memorable and impressive was the scene when he came into the presence of that body on April 23d. Its venerable president, John Janney, with brief, sententious eloquence, addressed him, and concluded, saying:

"Sir, we have by this unanimous vote expressed our convictions that you are at this day, among the living citizens of

Virginia, 'first in war.' We pray to God most fervently that you may so conduct the operations committed to your charge that it may be said of you that you are 'first in peace,' and when that time comes, you will have earned the still prouder distinction of being 'first in the hearts of your countrymen.'

"Yesterday your mother, Virginia, placed her sword in your hand upon the implied condition that we know you will keep in letter and in spirit: that you will draw it only in defence, and that you will fall with it in your hand rather than that the object for which it was placed there should fail."

General Lee thus answered:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:

"Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which, I must say, I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have preferred had your choice fallen upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native state, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

Thus came Robert E. Lee to the state of his birth and to the people of his blood in their hour of need. Thus, with as chaste a heart as ever plighted its faith until death, for better or for worse, he came to do, to suffer, and to die for us who, to-day, are gathered in awful reverence, and in sorrow unspeakable, to weep our blessings upon his tomb.

I pause not here to defend the course of General Lee, as that defence may be drawn from the Constitution of a Republic which was born in the sublime protest of its people against bayonet rule, and founded on the bed-rock principle of free government, that all free governments "must derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." I pause not to trace the history or define the grounds of that theory of constitutional construction which maintained the right of secession from the Union as an element of sovereign statehood—a theory which has found ablest and noblest advocacy in every section of the country. The tribunal is not yet formed that would hearken to such defense, nor is this the time or place

to utter it. And to my mind there is for Lee and his compatriots a loftier and truer vindication than any that may be deduced from codes, constitutions, and conventional articles of government. A great revolution need never apologize for nor explain itself. There it is!—the august and thrilling rise of a whole population! And the fact that it is there is the best evidence of its right to be there. None but great inspirations underlie great actions. None but great causes can ever produce great events. A transient gust of passion may turn a crowd into a mob, a temporary impulse may swell a mob into a local insurrection; but when a whole people stand to their guns before their hearthstones, and as one man resist what they deem aggression; when for long years they endure poverty and starvation, and dare danger and death to maintain principles which they deem sacred; when they shake a continent with their heroic endeavors and fill the world with the glory of their achievements, history can make for them no higher vindication than to point to their deeds and say—"behold!"

A people is its own judge. Under God there can be no higher judge for them to seek, or court, or fear. In the supreme moments of national life, as in the life of individuals, the actor must resolve and act within himself alone. The Southern States acted for themselves; the Northern States for themselves; Virginia for herself. And when the lines of battle formed, Robert Lee took his place in the line beside his people, his kindred, his children, his home. Let his defense rest on this fact alone. Nature speaks it. Nothing can strengthen it. Nothing can weaken it. The historian may compile; the casuist may dissect; the statesman may expatiate; the advocate may plead; the jurist may expound; but, after all, there can be no stronger or tenderer tie than that which binds the faithful heart to kindred and to home. And on that tie, stretching from the cradle to the grave, spanning the heavens, and riveted through eternity to the throne of God on high, and underneath in the souls of good men and true—on that tie rests, stainless and immortal, the fame of Robert Lee.

And now that war was flagrant, history delights to testify how grandly General Lee bore his part. Transferred from the state service to that of the Confederacy, with the rank

of General, we behold him first in the field in the rugged mountains of Northwest Virginia, restoring the morale lost by the early reverses to our arms in that department—holding invading columns in check with great disparity of force to meet them, bearing the censures of the impatient without a murmur, and careless of fame with duty done. Later, in the fall of 1861, we find him exercising his skill as an engineer in planning defenses along the threatened coast of South Carolina: and in March, 1862, he is again in Virginia, charged by President Davis “with the conduct of military operations in the armies of the Confederacy”—in brief, and in some sort, under the President, Commander-in-Chief.

But now a year of war had rolled by: no brilliant accomplishment had yet satisfied the public expectation with which he had been welcomed as a Southern leader: and as the fame of revolutionary captains can only be fed with victories, it is unquestionable that, at this stage of his career, the reputation of Lee, as a General, had sensibly declined.

Meanwhile the Army of Northern Virginia had made a name in history under its famous commander, Joseph E. Johnston, and I can not speak that name without bowing the homage of my heart to the illustrious soldier and noble gentleman who bears it. Under his sagacious and brilliant leadership his forces had been suddenly withdrawn from Patterson's front, near Winchester, and united with those of General Beauregard, at Manassas: and there, led by these two Generals, the joint command had, on July 21st, 1861, routed the Army of the Potomac in the first pitched battle of the war; had given earnest of what the volunteers of the South could do in action, and had crowned the new-born Confederacy with the glory of splendid military achievement. Still later in the progress of events, Johnston had exhibited again his strategic skill in holding McClellan at bay on the lines of Yorktown, with a force so small that it seemed hardihood to oppose him with it, had eluded his toils by a retreat up the Peninsula, so cleanly conducted that little was lost beyond the space vacated, had turned and fiercely smitten his advancing columns near the old Colonial capital of Williamsburg, on May 5th, 1862, and had planted his army firmly

around Richmond. Pending the siege of Yorktown, a thing had happened that probably had no parallel in history. The great body of General Johnston's army had reorganized itself under the laws of the Confederacy, while lying under the fire of the enemy's guns, the privates of each company electing by ballot the officers that were to command them. A singular exercise of suffrage was this, but there was "a free ballot and a fair count," and an exhibition worthy of

. . . . that fierce democratic
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne,

—an exhibition which would have delighted the heart of Thomas Jefferson, and which certainly put to blush the autocratic theory that armies should be mere compact masses of brute force. Still later, on May 31st, Johnston had sallied forth and stormed and taken the outer entrenchments and camps of McClellan's army at Seven Pines, capturing ten pieces of artillery, six thousand muskets, and other spoils of war, and destroying the prestige of the second "On to Richmond" movement.

But ere the day was done victory had been checked, and glory had exacted costly tribute, for Johnston himself had fallen terribly wounded. The hero, covered with ten wounds received in Florida and Mexico, had been prostrated by another; and when June 1st dawned on the confronting armies, the Army of Northern Virginia was without the leader who held its thorough confidence, but now lay stricken well nigh unto death. The casualty which thus deprived the army of its honored commander, and closed to him the opportunity which, in large measure, his own great skill had created, opened the opportunity of Lee. Fortunate the state and great the people from whom sprang two such sons, fortunate the army that always had a leader worthy of it, happy he who can transmit his place to one so well qualified to fill it, and happy likewise he who has had such predecessor to prepare the way for victory.

On the 3d of June, 1862, General Lee was assigned to command in person the Army of Northern Virginia; and from that day to April 9th, 1865, nearly three years, he was at its head. And on the page of history now laid open are crowded

schemes of war and feats of arms as brilliant as ever thrilled the soul of heroism and genius with admiration, a page of history that feasted glory till pity cried, "no more." Swift was Lee to plan, and swift to execute. Making a feint of reinforcing Jackson in the Valley, startling the Federal authorities with apprehensions of attack on the Potomac lines, and practically eliminating McDowell, who, with his corps, remained near Fredericksburg, he suddenly descends, with Jackson, on the right and rear of McClellan, and, ere thirty days have passed since he assumed command, Richmond has been saved, and the fields around her made immortal; and the broken ranks of McClellan are crouching for protection under the heavy guns of the ironclads at Harrison's Landing. Sixty days more, and the siege of Richmond has been raised, the Confederate columns are marching northward; Jackson, in the advance, has, on August 9th, caught up again with his old friend Banks at Slaughter's Mountain and punished him terribly, and, as the day closes, August 30th, Manassas has the second time been the scene of a general engagement, with like results as the first. John Pope, who thitherto, according to his pompous boast, had "seen only the backs of his enemies," had had his curiosity entirely satisfied with a brief glimpse of their faces; and the proud Army of the Potomac is flying in hot haste to find shelter in the entrenchments of Washington. In early September the Confederates are in Maryland. In extreme exigency, McClellan is recalled to command the Army of the Potomac, but while Lee holds him in check at Boonsboro and South Mountain a series of complicated manœuvres have invested General Miles, the Federal officer in command at Harper's Ferry, and on September 15th "Stonewall" Jackson has there received surrender of his entire army of eleven thousand men, seventy-three cannon, thirteen thousand small arms, two hundred wagons, and many stores. But there is no time to rest, for McClellan presses Lee at Sharpsburg, and there, September 17th, battle is delivered. Upon its eve Jackson has arrived fresh from Harper's Ferry. McClellan's repeated assaults on Lee were everywhere repulsed. He remained on the field, September 18th, and then recrossed the Potomac into Virginia.

The winter of 1862 comes, and Burnside, succeeding McClellan, assails Lee at Fredericksburg, on December 13th, and is repulsed with terrible slaughter.

With the dawn of spring in 1863, a replenished army with a fresh commander, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, renews the onset by way of Chancellorsville, and finds Lee with two divisions of Longstreet's corps absent in Southeast Virginia. But slender as are his numbers, Lee is ever aggressive; and while Hooker, with "the finest army on the planet," as he styled it, is confronting Lee near Chancellorsville, and Early is holding Sedgwick at bay at Fredericksburg, Jackson, who, under Lee's directions, has stealthily marched around him, comes thundering in his rear, and, alas for "Fighting Joe," he can only illustrate his pugnacious soubriquet by the consoling reflection that

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,

for Chancellorsville shines high on the list of Confederate victories, and, indeed, was one of the grandest victories that ever blazoned the annals of war.

But alas, too, for the victor. On May 2d, in the culminating act of the drama, Jackson himself had fallen, and never more is the "foot cavalry" to see again along the smoking lines that calm, stern face; never to hear again that crisp, fierce order, "Give them the bayonet!" which so often heralded the triumphant charge; never is the Southern land to be thrilled again with his familiar bulletin, "God blessed our arms with victory." At the age of thirty-nine, at a time of life when the powers of manhood are ordinarily scarce full-orbed, he has touched the zenith and filled the world with his fame, and he who went forth two years before from this quiet town, scarce known beyond it, comes back upon the soldier's bier, renowned, revered, and mourned in every clime where the heart quickens in sympathy for surpassing valor united with transcendent genius and honor without a stain. There he sleeps, in yon green grave, and as in life he fought, so in death he rests with Lee.

But not long can the soldier pause to weep. We fire our salute over the ashes of our heroic dead; and again the bugles sound "boots and saddles," and the long roll is beating. Less than a month has passed, and again the Army of Northern Vir-

ginia is in motion, and while Hooker is groping around to ascertain the whereabouts of his adversary, the next scene unfolds. General Early has planned and executed a flank march around Winchester, worthy of "Stonewall" Jackson, the men of his division are mounting the parapets, on June 14th, and capturing Milroy's guns. General Edward Johnston's division is pursuing Milroy's fugitives down the Valley pike. General Rodes has captured Martinsburg with one hundred prisoners and five cannon, Ewell's corps is master of the Valley, and by June 24th the Army of Northern Virginia is in Pennsylvania, while for the third time the Army of the Potomac is glad if it can interpose to prevent the fall of Washington, and a sixth commander has come to its head—General George G. Meade.

Then follows the boldest and grandest assault of modern war: the charge upon the Federal center entrenched on the heights of Gettysburg—a charge that well nigh ended the war with "a clap of thunder," and was so characterized by brave design and dauntless execution that friend and foe alike burst into irrepressible praise of the great commander who directed and of the valorous men who made it. It failed. But Lee, unshaken, rallies the broken line, and the next morning stands in steady array, flaunting his banners defiantly, and challenging renewal of the strife. "It is all my fault," he says. Not so thought his men. We saw him standing by the roadside with his bridle rein over his arm, on the second day afterwards, as the army was withdrawing. Pickett's division filed past him; every General of brigade had fallen, and every field officer of its regiments; a few tattered battle flags and a few hundreds of men were all that was left of the magnificent body, five thousand strong, who had made the famous charge. He stood with uncovered head, as if he reviewed a conquering host, and with the conqueror's look upon him. With proud step the men marched by, and as they raised their hats and cheered him there was the tenderness of devoted love mingled with the fire of battle in their eyes.

Returning to Virginia in martial trim and undismayed, and followed by Meade with that slow and gingerly step which is self-explaining, we next behold our General displaying that rare self-poise and confidence which bespeaks ever a great

quality—firmness of mind in war. In September, while he confronts Meade along the Rapidan, he detaches the entire corps of Longstreet, and ere Meade is aware of this weakening of his opponent's forces, Longstreet is nine hundred miles away, striking a terrible blow at Chickamauga.

The year 1863 passes by without other significant event in the story of the Army of Northern Virginia. Meade indeed, once, in November, deployed his lines along Mine Run in seeming overtures of battle, but quickly concluding that "discretion was the better part of valor," he marched back across the Rappahannock, content with his observations.

But as the May blossoms in 1864, we hear once more the wonted strains of spring, "Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching," and Grant (who had succeeded Meade), crossing the Rappahannock with 141,000 men, plunges boldly into the Wilderness on May 4th, leading the sixth crusade for the reduction of Richmond. But scarce had he disclosed his line of march, than Lee, with 50,000 of his braves, springs upon him and hurls him back, staggering and gory, through the tangled chaparral of the Wilderness, and from the fields of Spotsylvania; and though the redoubtable Grant writes to the Government, on May 12th, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," when we look over the field of Cold Harbor, on June 3d, we see there, stretched in swaths and piled in reeking mounds, 13,000 of his men—the killed and wounded of his last assault "in the overland campaign," and when Grant ordered his lines to attack again the flinty front of Lee, they stood immobile, in silent protest against the vain attempt, and in silent eulogy of their sturdy foe. One summer month had been summer time enough for Grant along that impervious line; and there at Cold Harbor practically closed the sixth expedition aimed directly at the Confederate capital—McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, and now Grant—all being disastrously repulsed by the Army of Northern Virginia, and all but the first receiving their repulse by the army led by Lee. But Grant in some sort veiled his reverses by immediately abandoning attack on the north side of the James, which he crossed in the middle of June, attempting to capture Petersburg on the south side by a *coup de main*.

But in this, after four days' successive assaults, which ended in vain carnage, he failed again; and almost simultaneously Hunter's invasion through the Valley was intercepted and successfully repelled at Lynchburg by the swift and bold movements of Lee's greatest lieutenant, the ever-to-be-counted-on Jubal A. Early, who had been dispatched to meet him with a force not half his equal in numbers. And when midsummer came, Grant was glad to shelter his drooping banners behind entrenchments; Hunter was flying to the mountains of West Virginia, and detachments were hurrying from the Army of the Potomac to save Washington, which was trembling at the sound of Early's guns. In that wonderful campaign of Lee from the Wilderness to Petersburg, Grant had lost no less than 70,000 men in reaching a point which he might have gained by river approaches without the loss of one. Every man in the Army of Northern Virginia had more than stricken down a foeman; and final demonstration had been given to the fact that in field fight Lee could not be matched in generalship, and that the Army of Northern Virginia was invincible. This fact the hard sense of Grant recognized; and though no commander who felt himself and his men to be equals of their adversaries in manœuvre and combat would ever come down to such conclusion, it is creditable to Grant's plain, matter-of-fact way of looking at things, that he looked at them just as they were. And so he resorted to sap and mine and pick and spade to do the work which strategy and valor had so often essayed in vain. For nine months the armies lay before the muzzles of each other's guns, bumping, as it were, against each other, Grant deliberately counting that he who had the most heads could butt the longest. Thus Lee stood with less than 40,000 men covering a line of thirty miles, while Grant, with more than three times that number, over and over again at Reams' Station, at the Crater, at Hatcher's Run, and other points, battered the armor from which every blow recoiled. So Lee stood with a half-fed and half-clothed soldiery, composed largely of stripling youth and failing age, beating back his threefold foe, freshly recruited for every fresh assault, and generously provided with the richest stores and most approved arms and munitions of war.

Time forbids that I prolong the story; and this imperfect sketch is but a dim outline of that grand historic picture in which Robert Lee will ever stand as the foremost figure, challenging and enchaining the reverence and admiration of mankind; the faint suggestion of that magnificent career which has made for him a place on the heights of history as high as warrior's sword has ever carved.

Vain was the mighty struggle led by the peerless Lee. Genius planned, valor executed, patriotism stripped itself of every treasure, and heroism fought and bled and died, and all in vain! When the drear winter of 1864 came at last, there came also premonitions of the end. "The very seed-corn of the Confederacy had been ground up," as President Davis said. The people sat at naked tables and slept in sheetless beds, for their apparel had been used to bind up wounds. The weeds grew in fenceless fields, for the plow horse was pulling the cannon. The church yard and the mansion fences were stripped of their leaden ornaments that the musket and the rifle might not lack for bullets. The church bells, now melted into cannon, pealed forth the dire notes of war. The land was drained of its substance, and the Army of Northern Virginia was nearly exhausted for want of food and raiment. All through the bleak winter days and nights its decimated and shivering ranks still faced the dense battalions of Grant, in misery and in want not less than that which stained the snows of Valley Forge; and the army seemed to live only on its innate, indomitable will, as oftentimes we see some noble mind survive when the physical powers of nature have been exhausted. Like a rock of old ocean, it had received and broken and hurled back into the deep in bloody foam those swiftly succeeding waves of four years of incessant battle; but now the rock itself was wearing away, and still the waves came on.

A new enemy was approaching the sturdy devoted band. In September, 1864, Atlanta fell, and through Georgia to the sea, with fire and sword, swept the victorious columns of Sherman. In January, 1865, the head of the column had been turned northward; and in February, Columbia and Charleston shared the fate that had already befallen Savannah.

Yes, a new enemy was approaching the Army of Northern Virginia, and this time in the rear. The homes of the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia from the Southern States were now in ashes. Wives, mothers, and sisters were wanderers under the wintry skies, flying from the invaders who smote and spared not in their relentless march. Is it wonder that hearts that had never quailed before bayonet or blade beat now with tremulous and irrepressible emotion? Is it wonder that, in the watches of the night, the sentinel in the trenches, tortured to excruciation with the thought that those dearest of earth to him were without an arm to save, felt his soul sink in anguish and his hope perish? So it was, that with hunger and nakedness as its companions, and foes in front and foes in rear, the Army of Northern Virginia seemed bound to the rock of fate.

On April 1st, the left wing of Grant's massive lines swept around the right and rear of Lee. Gallantly did Pickett and his men meet and resist them at Five Forks: but that commanding strategic point was taken, and the fall of Petersburg and of Richmond alike became inevitable. On the next day, April 2d, they were evacuated. Grant was now on a shorter line projected towards Danville than Lee, and the latter commenced at once that memorable retreat towards Lynchburg, which ended at Appomattox.

Over that march of desperate valor disputing fate, as over the face of a hero in the throes of dissolution, I throw the blood-reeking battle flag, rent with wounds, as a veil. And I hail the heroic army and its heroic chief, as, on the 9th of April morn, they stand embattled in calm and stern repose, ready to die with their harness on—warriors every inch, without fear, without stain. Around the little hamlet of Appomattox Courthouse is gathered the remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia—less than 8,000 men with arms in their hands—less than 27,000 all told, counting camp followers and stragglers; and around them in massive concentric lines the army of Grant, flushed with success and expectation—more than 80,000 strong upon the field, and with each hour bringing up reinforcements. "The environed army, with a valor all Spartan, stands ready to die, not indeed in response to civic laws denying surrender, but obedient to the lofty impulse of

honor." Can they cut through? Does the dream of a saved Confederacy yet beckon them on beyond the wall of steel and fire that girdles them? Can they find fighting ground in the Carolinas with Joseph E. Johnston, who, amongst the first to meet the foe, proves amongst the last to leave him? Can these dauntless foemen yet cleave a path to the inner country, and renew the unequal strife?

Not till that hope is tested will they yield!

As the day dawns, a remnant of the cavalry under Fitz Lee is forming, and Gordon's infantry, scarce 2,000 strong, are touching elbows for the last charge. Once more the thrilling rebel cheer rings through the Virginia woods, and with all their wonted fierceness they fall upon Sheridan's men. Ah! yes, victory still clings to the tattered battle flags. Yes, the troopers of our gallant Fitz are as dauntless as when they followed the plume of Stuart, "the flower of Cavaliers." Yes, the matchless infantry of "tattered uniforms and bright muskets" under Gordon, the brave, move with as swift, intrepid tread as when of old "Stonewall" led the way. Soldiers of Manassas, of Richmond, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, of the Wilderness, of Spotsylvania, of Cold Harbor, of Petersburg, scarred and sinewy veterans of fifty fields, your glories are still about you, your manhood is triumphant still. Yes, the blue lines break before them; two cannon and many prisoners are taken, and for two miles they sweep the field towards Lynchburg—victors still!

But no, too late! too late! Beyond the flying sabers and rifles of Sheridan rise the bayonets and frown the batteries of the Army of the James, under Ord. A solid phalanx stands right athwart the path of Fitz Lee's and Gordon's men. Too late! the die is cast! The doom is sealed! There is no escape. The eagle is quarried in his eyrie; the wounded lion is hunted to his lair!

And so the guns of the last charge died away in the morning air; and echo, like the sob of a mighty sea, rolled up the valley of the James, and all was still. The last fight of the Army of Northern Virginia had been fought. The end had come. The smoke vanished. The startled birds renewed their songs over the stricken field; the battle smell was drowned

in the fragrance of the flowering spring. And the ragged soldier of the South, God bless him! stood there facing the dread reality, more terrible than death; stood there to grapple with the face down despair, for he had done his all, and all was lost, *save honor!*

General Lee, dressed in his best uniform, rides to the front to meet General Grant. For several days demands for surrender had been rejected, now surrender was inevitable. And the two commanding officers met at the McLean house to concert its terms. The first and abiding thought of Lee was the honor of his men, for he had determined to "cut his way out at all hazards, if such terms were not granted as he thought his army was entitled to demand." "General," said Lee, addressing Grant, and opening the conversation, "I deem it due to proper candor and frankness to say, at the beginning of this interview, that I am not willing even to discuss any terms of surrender inconsistent with the honor of my army, which I am determined to maintain to the last." Grant gave fitting and magnanimous response, and the honorable terms demanded were agreed to: "The officers to retain their side arms, private horses, and baggage," and "each officer and man to be allowed to return to his home," and, mark it, "*not to be disturbed by United States authority as long as they observe their parole, and the laws in force where they reside.*"

Thus at last was the liberty of the soldier purchased with his blood.

And so the Army of Northern Virginia, never broken in battle, passed from action into history; so it perished by the flashing of the guns, while victory hung charmed to its flag, and threw upon its tomb the immortelles of honor.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways.

"*Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you; my heart is too full to say more,*" was Lee's utterance to the ragged, battle-begrimed boys in gray, who, when the dread news of surrender spread among them, gathered around him to shake his hand and testify their undying confidence and love. In his published address he said to them: "You will carry with you the satisfaction that pro-

ceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

As Robert Lee rode from Appomattox toward Richmond, he carried with him the heart of every man that fought under him, linked to him with hooks of steel forever. When he reached the fallen capital of the dead Confederacy, and rode through its ashes and paling fires to his home, a body of Federal soldiers there, catching a glimpse of his noble countenance, lifted their hats and cheered, and as the great actor in the bloody drama stepped behind the scenes, and the curtain fell upon the tragic stage of the secession war, the last sounds that greeted his ear were the generous salutations of respect from those against whom he had wielded his knightly sword.

Had the paroled soldier of Appomattox carried to retirement the vexed spirit and hollow heart of a ruined gamester, nothing had remained to him but to drain the dregs of a disappointed career. But there went with him that "consciousness of duty faithfully performed" which consoles every rebuff of fortune, sweetens every sorrow, and tempers every calamity; and now it was that he proved in deed what he once expressed in language, that "Human fortitude should be equal to human adversity." Once on the Appomattox lines agony had tortured from his lips the words: "How easily I could get rid of this and be at rest! I have only to ride along the lines, and all will be over." But he quickly added: "It is our duty to live, for what will become of the women and children of the South if we are not here to support and protect them?" And as the thought of his country was thus uppermost and controlling in the awful hour of surrender, so it remained to the closing of his life. Ere the struggle ended, he had disclosed to a confidential friend, General Pendleton, that "He never believed we could, against the gigantic combination of our subjugation, make good our independence, unless foreign powers, directly or indirectly, assisted us." But, said he, "We

had sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor." And now that this belief was verified, he declared: "I did only what my duty demanded. I could have taken no other course without dishonor. And if all were to be done over again, I should act in precisely the same manner." And when those about him mourned the great disaster, he said: "Yes, that is all very sad, and might be a cause of self reproach but that we are conscious that we have humbly tried to do our duty. We may, therefore, with calm satisfaction, trust in God, and leave results to Him."

Lee thoroughly understood and thoroughly accepted the situation. He realized fully that the war had settled, settled forever, the peculiar issues which had embroiled it; but he knew also that only time could dissipate its rankling passions and restore freedom; and hence it was he taught that "Silence and patience on the part of the South was the true course"—silence, because it was vain to speak when prejudice ran too high for our late enemies to listen; patience, because it was the duty of the hour to labor for recuperation and wait for reconciliation. And murmuring no vain sigh over the "might have been," which now could not be, conscious that our destinies were irrevocably bound up with those of the perpetual Union, he lifted high over the fallen standards of war the banner of the Prince of Peace, emblazoned with "On earth peace, good will toward men."

The President and Congress of the United States made conditions of pardon and absolution. They were harsh and exacting. The mass of the people affected by them, of necessity *had* to accept them. Therefore he would share their humiliation. Accordingly he asked amnesty. But his letter was never answered. He was indicted for treason. He appeared ready to answer the charge. But the Government now revolted from an act of treachery so base, for his parole at Appomattox protected him. Thus was he reviled and harassed, yet never a word of bitterness escaped him; but, on the contrary, only counsels of forbearance, patience, and diligent attention to works of restoration. Many sought new homes in foreign lands, but not so he. "All good citizens," he said, "must unite

in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war, and to restore the blessings of peace. They must not abandon their country, but go to work and build up its prosperity." "The young men, especially, must stay at home, bearing themselves in such a manner as to gain the esteem of every one, at the same time they maintain their own respect." "It should be the object of all to avoid controversy, to allay passion, and give scope to every kindly feeling." "It is wisest not to keep open the sores of war, but to follow the example of those nations who have endeavored to obliterate the marks of civil strife, and to commit to oblivion the feelings it engendered." "True patriotism sometimes requires of men to act exactly contrary at one period to that which it does at another, and the motive that impels them, the desire to do right, is precisely the same. The circumstances which govern their actions change, and their conduct must conform to the new order of things. History is full of illustrations of this. Washington himself is an example of this. At one time he fought against the French under Braddock; at another time he fought with the French at Yorktown, under the orders of the Continental Congress of America, against him. He has not been branded by the world with reproach for this, but his course has been applauded." These are some of the wise and temperate counsels with which he pointed out the duties of the hour.

Nor was he lacking in faithful remembrance of the President of the Confederacy, who, for months and months after surrender, lay sick and in prison, and who seemed to be singled out to undergo vicarious punishment for the deeds of the people. "Mr. Davis," truly said General Lee, "did nothing more than all the citizens of the Southern States, and should not be held accountable for acts performed by them, in the exercise of what had been considered by them unquestionable right." None are more conscious of this fact than those against whom Jefferson Davis directed the Confederate arms; and that he yet, nearly twenty years after strife has ceased, should be disfranchised in a land that vaunts its freedom, for so doing, is a grievance, and a grief to every honorable Southern man. He himself is honored by this significant mark of hostile memory. He can not suffer by the ignoble act. Only they who

do it are deeply shamed. And that it is done, only shows the weakness of representatives who have not read the very title page in the book of human nature, and who, vainly conceiving that an insult to one man can be fruitful of any public good, only illustrate the saying of Madame de Staël, "that the strongest of all antipathies is that of second-rate minds for a first-rate one," and that other maxim of Edmund Burke, that "great empires and little minds go ill together." When Mark Antony, the great triumvir of Rome, who conquered Egypt, was himself overthrown by Octavius Cæsar, he gloried dying that he "had conquered as a Roman, and was by a Roman nobly conquered." If the spirit of those brave soldiers of the Union, who, while the fields of battle were yet moist with blood, saluted Lee, had guided the conduct of the civilians to whom their valor gave the reins of State, it would have been for us Confederates who achieved great victories, and were in turn cast down, to have gloried likewise that we in our time had conquered as Americans and were by Americans nobly conquered. But when we recall that our honored and faithful President is disfranchised simply because he was our chief, and bravely, ably served our cause, the iron enters our souls and represses the generous emotions that well up in them. And we can only lament that shallow politicians have proven unworthy of the American name, and are not imbued with the great free spirit of a great free people. We have not a thought or fancy or desire to undo the perpetuity of the Union. For any man to pretend to think otherwise is proclamation of his falsehood, or his folly. But we intend to be free citizens of the Union, accepting no badge of inferiority or dishonor. And by the tomb of our dead hero, who was true to his chief, as to every trust, we protest to mankind against this unjust thing, an offence to our liberties and to our manhood, which are not less sacred than the grave.

And we waft to him, our late Chief Magistrate, in his Southern home, our greetings and our blessings: and as the years grow thick upon him, we pray that he may find in the unabated confidence and affection of his people some solace for all that he has borne for them; and in the strength that cometh from on high, a staff that man can not take from him.

While General Lee thus sustained and cheered his countrymen, the problem soon began to press, what should he do with himself? And had he been in any sense a self-seeker, the solution had been easy, for many were the overtures and proffers made to him in every form of interested solicitation and disinterested generosity. Would he seek recreation from the trials which for years had strained every energy of mind and body and every emotion of his heart, the palaces of European nobility, the homes of the Old World and the New, alike opened their doors to him as a welcome and honored guest. Would he prolong his military career, more than one potentate would have been proud to receive into his service his famous sword. Would he retrieve his fortunes and surround his declining years with luxury and wealth, he had but to yield the sanction of his name to any one of the many enterprises that commercial princes commended to his favor, with every assurance of munificent reward. And indeed, were he willing to accept, unlimited means were placed at his disposal by those who would have been proud to render him any service.

But it had been the principle of Lee's life to accept no gratuitous offer. He had declined the gift of a home tendered to him by the citizens of Richmond during the war, when "Arlington" had been confiscated, and the refuge of his family, the "White House," had been burned, expressing the hope that those who offered the gift would devote the means required "to the relief of the families of our soldiers in the field, who are more deserving of assistance and more in want of it than myself." And now, when an English nobleman presented him as a retreat a splendid country-seat in England, with a handsome annuity to correspond, he answered: "I am deeply grateful, but I can not consent to desert my native state in the hour of her adversity. I must abide her fortunes and share her fate." And declining also the many positions with lucrative salaries which were urged upon his acceptance, it was his intention to locate in one of the Southside counties of Virginia, "upon a small farm where he might earn his daily bread" in cultivating the soil, and at the same time to write a history of his campaigns; "not," as he said, "to vindicate myself, and promote my own reputation, but to show the world what our

poor boys, with their small numbers and scant resources, had succeeded in accomplishing."

But circumstances, then to him unknown, were bringing an event to pass which turned over a new and unexpected leaf in his history, an event which made a little scion of knowledge which had been nurtured amid the storms of the Colonial Revolution, a great and noble University, and which now has associated in the glorious work of education, as in glorious deeds of arms, the twin names of Washington and Lee.

It was nearly a century after the settlement at Jamestown that Governor Spotswood of Virginia, at the head of a troop of horse, first explored the hitherto unknown land beyond the mountains, and upon his return from the expedition the Governor presented to each of his bold companions a golden horseshoe, inscribed with the legend, "*Sic jurat transcendere montes*," as a memorial of the event, a circumstance which caused them to be named in history "The Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." In August, 1716, these adventurous spirits first looked down from the heights of the Blue Ridge upon the beautiful valley of Virginia, a virgin land indeed, tenanted only by the roving Red Men. Glorious must have been the thrill of joy that quickened their hearts as the tempting vision lay spread before them, as their eyes ranged over the fields and forests of this new land of promise in its summer sheen, a land watered with many rivers, and especially with that beautiful and abounding river the "Shenandoah," which the Indians named "The Daughter of the Stars."

But prophetic as may have been the glance that saw in the fruitful valley the future home of a great and thriving people, slow were the footsteps that followed the pioneers and occupied the hunting-grounds of the receding Indians. For in those days immigration was not quickened by steam and electricity, and early tradition had pictured the transmontane country as a barren and gloomy waste, infested with serpents and wild beasts and brutal savages.

But erewhile the reports of Spotswood and his men went far and wide, and the star of empire beamed over the Alleghanies. And along in 1730 and 1740 we find the spray of the incoming tide breaking over the mountains, the sturdy

Scotch-Irish for the most part, with some Germans and Englishmen, pouring into the valley from Pennsylvania and Eastern Virginia, and from the Fatherlands over the water. Not speculative adventurers were they, with the ambition of landlords, but bringing with them rifle and Bible, wife and child, and simple household goods; home seekers and home builders, who had heard of the goodly land, and who had come to stay, and who built the meeting-house and the schoolhouse side by side when they came. Rough men were they, ready to hew their way to free and pleasant homes, but in no wise coarse men, for they were filled with high purpose, and religion and knowledge they knew should be handmaids of each other. And, showing their instinctive refinement, where the corn waved its tassels and the wheat bowed to the wind by their rude log huts in the wilderness, there also the vine clambered and the rose and lily bloomed.

In 1749, near Greenville, in Augusta county—and Augusta county was then an empire stretching from the Blue Ridge mountains to the Mississippi river—in 1749, Robert Alexander, a Scotch-Irish immigrant, who was a Master of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin, established there "The Augusta Academy," the first classical school in the Valley of Virginia. Under his successor, Rev. John Brown, the academy was first moved to "Old Providence," and again to "New Providence Church," and just before the Revolution, for a third time, to Mount Pleasant, near Fairfield, in the now county of Rockbridge.

In 1776, as the Revolutionary fires were kindling, there came to its head as principal, William Graham, of worthy memory, who had been a classmate and special friend of Harry Lee at Princeton College; and at the first meeting of the trustees after the battle of Lexington, while Harry Lee was donning his sword for battle, they baptized it as "Liberty Hall Academy." Another removal followed, in 1777, to near the old Timber Ridge Church; but finally, in 1785, the Academy rested from its wanderings near Lexington, the little town which too had caught the flame of revolution, and was the first to take the name of that early battle ground of the great rebellion, where

The embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

Shortly after the close of the Revolutionary war, the Legislature of Virginia, in token of esteem and admiration for the virtues and services of General George Washington, donated him one hundred shares of stock in the old James River Company. General Washington, in a characteristic manner, declined to accept the donation save only on the condition that he be permitted to appropriate it to some public purpose "in the upper part of the state," such as "the education of the children of the poor, particularly the children of such as have fallen in defense of the country." The condition granted, President Washington, in 1796, for he had then become President of the new republic, dedicated the one hundred shares of stock "to the use of Liberty Hall Academy in Rockbridge county." Mayhap the friendship between William Graham, its principal, and his old classmate at Princeton, "Light-Horse" Harry Lee, the friend of Washington, had something to do in guiding the benefaction; but be this as it may, it was given and accepted, and in honor of the benefactor the Academy was clothed with his immortal name.

In acknowledging the thanks expressed to him by the Board of Trustees, President Washington said: "To promote literature in this rising empire and to encourage the arts has ever been amongst the warmest wishes of my heart; and if the donation which the generosity of the Legislature of the Commonwealth has enabled me to bestow upon Liberty Hall, now by your politeness called Washington Academy, is likely to prove a means to accomplish these ends, it will contribute to the gratification of my desires."

Soon after this, the legislature, which had already incorporated the institution on a comprehensive basis, gave it the name of "The College of Washington in Virginia." In the spirit of their beloved commander, the "Society of the Cincinnati," composed of survivors of the Revolutionary war, on dissolving in 1803, donated their funds, amounting to nearly \$25,000, to the institution which had received his patronage and bore his name; and, thus endowed, the "College of Washington" went forward in a career which, for nearly three score years and ten, was a period of uninterrupted usefulness, prosperity, and honor.

All ranks of honorable enterprise and ambition "in this rising empire" felt the impress of the noble spirits who came forth from its halls, trained and equipped for life's arduous tasks with keenest weapons and brightest armor. What glowing names are these that shine on the rolls of the alumni of this honored Alma Mater! Church and State, field and forum, bar and bench, hospital and counting-room, lecture-room and pulpit—what famous champions and teachers of the right, what trusty workers and leaders in literature and law, and arts, and arms, have they not found in her sons! Seven governors of states—amongst them Crittenden, of Kentucky, and McDowell, Letcher, and Kemper, of Virginia; eleven United States Senators—amongst them Parker, of Virginia, Breckinridge, of Kentucky, H. S. Foote, of Mississippi, and William C. Preston, of South Carolina; more than a score of Congressmen, two score and more of judges—amongst them Trimble, of the United States Supreme Court; Coalter, Allen, Anderson, and Burks, of the Court of Appeals of Virginia; twelve or more college presidents, and amongst them Moses Hoge and Archibald Alexander, of Hampden-Sidney, James Priestly, of Cumberland College, Tennessee, and G. A. Baxter and Henry Ruffner (who presided here), and Socrates Maupin, of the University of Virginia. These are but a few of those who here garnered the learning that shed so gracious a light in the after-time on them, their country, and their Alma Mater. And could I pause to speak of those who became valiant leaders of men in battle I could name many a noble soldier whose eye greets mine to-day; and, alas! I should recall the form of many a hero who passed from these halls in the flush of youthful manhood, and has long slept with the "unreturning brave;" for in 1861, when the calls to arms resounded, "The Liberty-Hall Volunteers," the students of Washington College, were among the first (and in a body) to respond; and when the quiet professor of your twin Institute was baptized in history as "Stonewall" Jackson, their blood o'erflowed the christening urn and reddened Manassas' field; and from Manassas to Appomattox, under Joseph E. Johnston, and Thomas J. Jackson, and Robert E. Lee, the boys and the men of Washington College proved that they were worthy of their leaders, worthy of their state and country, and worthy of all good fame.

Unsparring war spared not the shrine where, breathed into the arts of peace, yet lived the spirit and was perpetuated the name of the "Father of His Country." When in 1864, David Hunter led an invading army against the state from whose blood he sprung, he came not as comes the noble champion, eager to strike the strong, and who realizes that he meets an equal and a generous foe. Lee had penetrated the year before to the heart of Pennsylvania, and the Southern infantry had bivouacked on the banks of the Susquehanna. When he crossed the Pennsylvania line, he had announced in general orders from the headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia that he did not come to "take vengeance;" that "we make war only upon armed men," and he therefore "earnestly exhorted the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury of private property," and "enjoined upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who should in any way offend against the orders on the subject." He had been obeyed by his lieutenants and his men. No charred ruins, no devastated fields, no plundered homes, marked the line of his march. On one occasion, to set a good example, he was seen to dismount from his horse and put up a farmer's fence. In the city of York, General Early had in general orders prohibited the burning of buildings containing stores of war, lest fire might be communicated to neighboring homes; and General Gordon, in his public address, had declared: "If a torch is applied to a single dwelling, or an insult offered to a female of your town by a soldier of this command, point me out the man, and you shall have his life." The battle of Gettysburg had raged around Gettysburg College, but when it ended the college stood scathless, save by the accidents of war. But when David Hunter invaded Virginia, he came to make war on the weak and helpless, and he was as ruthless to ruin as he was swift to evade battle and to retreat. He blistered the land which he should have loved and honored, and a broad, black path marked his trail. From the summit of those mountains where Spotswood first spied the valley, could be counted at one time the flames ascending from a hundred and eighteen burning houses. The Virginia Military Institute was burned, and the very statue of Washington which adorned

it was carried off as a trophy. Washington College was dismantled, its scientific apparatus destroyed, its library sacked, its every apartment pillaged. The hand of war indeed fell heavily here, and when the Southern cause went down at Appomattox, Washington College remained scarce more than a ruinous and desolate relic of better days. Four professors, a handful of students, and the bare buildings were all that was left of it.

In August, 1865, the trustees of Washington College met. The situation they contemplated was deplorable and depressing. Their invested funds were unproductive. Their treasury was empty. The state was prostrate and bankrupt. In the sky of the future there was scarcely a ray of light. But they were resolved to face difficulties, and to do the best they could. One of the trustees, Colonel Bolivar Christian, of Staunton, suggested that General Lee be invited to accept the presidency of the institution. There was but little anticipation that he would incline to their wishes. The position could not be very remunerative, it involved tedious and perplexing tasks, and it did not seem commensurate with the abilities, nor altogether fitting to the tastes of a great commander who had so long dealt with the vast and active concerns of military life; but the suggestion was unanimously adopted, and Hon. John W. Brockenbrough, rector of the board, was appointed to apprise General Lee of the fact. At first General Lee hesitated. He modestly distrusted his own competency to fulfil the trust, and he feared that the hostility of the Government towards him might direct adverse influences against the institution which it was proposed to commit to his care. These considerations being successfully combated by those who knew how high his qualifications were, and how great were his attractions, General Lee accepted the position tendered him, and on the 20th of October, 1865, he appeared before the Rev. W. S. White, the oldest Christian minister of Lexington, took the oath of office, and assumed the duties of president of Washington College. On the eve of acceptance, two propositions were made to General Lee: one to become president of a large corporation, with a salary of \$10,000 per annum; another to take the like office in another corporation, with a salary of \$50,000. But he had made up his mind

to come here, and this is what he said to a friend who brought him the last munificent offer:

"I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life."

This was the high resolve that brought him here, and if Robert E. Lee seemed the great, heroic captain when he stood before the Virginia Convention with superb courage and dauntless mien, and "devoted his sword to his native state," he seemed informed with a spirit that gathered its strength and loveliness from Heaven, when he stood here and consecrated his remaining years to training up to life's duties the sons, brothers, and comrades of those who had followed him in battle. Young men of the South! To him who thus stood by us, we owe a debt immeasurable, and as long as our race is upon the earth, let our children and our children's children hold that debt sacred.

General Lee was eminently qualified for the task assumed. His own education had been liberal and thorough. In his youth he had been grounded by his tutors in a knowledge of ancient history, and of the dead languages, the Latin and the Greek, and the tastes thus early stimulated had been preserved and cultivated in after years. As a cadet at West Point he graduated second in a distinguished class, excellence of conduct and excellence of attainment going hand in hand. Appointed an officer of engineers when he entered the army, and often charged with most important works, the duties devolved upon him required assiduous study and research. Still later, after he returned with great distinction from Mexico, he became the Superintendent and Commandant of the Military Academy at West Point, and, occupying that position for three years, he acquired experience and developed capacities which singularly fitted him for the sphere which he now entered, the training of youth. It is indicative of his comprehensive views of education that during his superintendency at West Point, the course of study was extended to five years and greatly enlarged in its

scope. And when he entered upon his duties here, it was soon evident that he possessed every qualification to direct with signal success the affairs of the institution, and to mould the characters and minds of those confided to his care.

It was understood from the time of his inauguration that he would not himself act as teacher of any class, but would have in charge the business and financial concerns of the college, its educational curriculum, and the discipline of its students; and, from first to last, he devoted himself to these tasks with unceasing assiduity and success.

Everything here felt, with his presence, a renovating and progressive impulse. Nothing escaped his attention, from the smallest detail of business to the gravest question of educational policy; and in whatever concerned the well-being of the college, its faculty and its students, his discerning judgment and his sympathetic heart worked out the right result. Under his supervision the buildings were repaired, the accommodations enlarged, the chemical and philosophical apparatus replaced, the library replenished and re-formed. He it was who selected the site of yon chapel which now guards his mortal remains, his was the hand that drafted the plan, and his eye that saw its parts conjoined together. No figure-head was he, but a worker and doer, bringing things to pass as they should be.

Prior to his administration, there were but five Chairs of Instruction, several departments being combined under one professional head:

- (*First*). Mental and Moral Science, and Political Economy.
- (*Second*). Latin Language and Literature.
- (*Third*). Greek Language and Literature.
- (*Fourth*). Mathematics and Physical Science.
- (*Fifth*). Chemistry and Natural Philosophy.

Speedily after his accession, three new chairs were added, and professors elected to fill them; the Chair of Natural Philosophy, embracing, in addition to Physics, Acoustics, Optics, etc., the various subjects of Natural and Applied Mechanics; the Chair of Applied Mathematics, embracing Astronomy, Civil and Military Engineering; and the Chair of Modern

Languages, to which was added English Philosophy. In the second year of his incumbency the Chair of History and English Literature was established, and soon afterwards the department of "Law and Equity," under that eminent jurist, Judge John W. Brockenbrough.

Several other chairs were included in the president's program, one of the "English Language," one of "Applied Chemistry," and also a "School of Medicine," a "School of Journalism," and a "School of Commerce," the latter being designed to give special instruction and systematic training in whatever pertained to business in the most enlarged sense of the term. Amongst other changes introduced by General Lee was the substitution of the elective system instead of a fixed curriculum; and the system of discipline which he adopted, in no wise partaking of the military type, to which it might have been supposed his disposition would incline, was that which has so long prospered at the University of Virginia; a system which ignored espionage and compulsion, and put every student upon a manly sense of honor; a system which, especially with young men not too immature to appreciate it, and which, with all men who have the capacity of being gentlemen, is the best calculated to develop the virtuous and independent elements of character. Here for five years the General devoted himself to the cause of education, and here under him that cause nobly flourished. Here he demonstrated that comprehensive grasp of every subject connected with his sphere; and the keen apprehension of the demands of this progressive age, and of a land entering as it were upon a new birth. His associates in the faculty loved him as an elder brother; the students revered and loved him as a father; and all who saw or knew his work, with common voice proclaimed the conviction expressed by one of the most distinguished of his associates, that he was "the best college president that this country has ever produced."

His work has been established, and though the great chief has "fallen by the way," one who bears his name, and who is worthy of it, has taken up the lines that fell from his hands; and under him, with God's blessing, the good cause goes on prospering and to prosper.

And so, happily, it has come to pass that the little school of the pioneers, planted in the wilderness, is to-day a great university; that the ambition of William Graham, the college mate of Harry Lee, has been realized beyond its sweetest dream; that the college which the "Father of his Country" lifted up by his generosity from a struggling academy to educate the children of those who had fallen in its defence, and which was blighted to the verge of destruction, has been restored and magnified by the hand of him who alone of all men, living or dead, now equally shares with his illustrious prototype the eulogy pronounced by his own sire, "Light-Horse" Harry Lee: *"First in Peace, first in War, and first in the hearts of his Countrymen."*

Thus feebly and imperfectly have I attempted to trace the military achievements and services of him to whose memory this day is dedicated. Lee the General stands abreast with the greatest captains of all time, and Lee the Patriot has universal homage. It is now of Lee the Man that I would speak.

In personal appearance, General Lee was a man whom once to see was ever to remember. His figure was tall, erect, well proportioned, lithe, and graceful. A fine head, with broad, uplifted brow, and features boldly, but yet delicately chiseled, bore the high aspect of one born to command. The firm yet mobile lips, and the thick-set jaw, were expressive of daring and resolution; and the dark scintillant eye flashed with the light of a brilliant intellect and a fearless spirit. His whole countenance, indeed, bespoke alike a powerful mind and indomitable will, yet beamed with charity, gentleness, and benevolence. In his manners, quiet reserve, unaffected courtesy, and native dignity made manifest the character of one who can only be described by the name of gentleman. And, taken all in all, his presence possessed that grave and simple majesty which commanded instant reverence and repressed familiarity; and yet so charmed by a certain modesty and gracious deference, that reverence and confidence were ever ready to kindle into affection. It was impossible to look upon him, and not to recognize at a glance that in him nature gave assurance of a man created great and good.

Mounted in the field and at the head of his troops, a glimpse of Lee was an inspiration. His figure was as distinctive as

that of Napoleon. Ah! soldiers! who can forget it? The black, slouch hat; the cavalry boots; the dark cape; the plain gray coat without an ornament but the three stars on the collar; the calm, victorious face; the splendid, manly figure on the gray war horse that steps as if proudly conscious of his rider; he looked every inch the true knight, the grand, invincible champion of a great principle.

The intellectual abilities of General Lee were of the highest order, and his attainments, scientific and literary, were remarkable for one who had devoted so many years of his life to the exacting duties and details of the camp and the field. He read much, digested what he read, and amplified his readings with reflective power. But so modest and unpretentious was he, so chastened and retiring was his ambition, and his overshadowing military exploits had so fixed the admiring gaze of men, that when he came here few knew how rare were the accomplishments, and how versatile and adaptive was the genius of the gentleman who seemed by nature framed to lead the ranks and grace the habiliments of war. The training, habits, and occupations of the soldier seldom guide his footsteps to classic haunts, and when the great captain is unhorsed and his trappings disappear, how often do we find that the soldier was a soldier only, and nothing more. But when Lee the soldier stepped forth in civic dress, it was soon evident to all, as it had been previously to those who knew him best, that here was one full panoplied to dignify and adorn any civic station; one who disclosed himself in wide converse and correspondence embracing all manner of delicate and difficult situations, to possess that quality which is the consummate flower of wisdom—*unerring judgment combined with exquisite taste*. The literature that may be found in the letters of the great unfolds the very essence of the genius of the men, and of the times they lived in; and in my humble judgment it were sufficient to read the letters written by General Lee, and which are collated in the beautiful memorial volume prepared by Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, to discern that the writer was one who profoundly comprehended the topics of the day, and wielded a pen as vigorous and polished as his sword. And when we contemplate, in connection with his deeds, the fair and lofty character

that is mirrored in them, we behold one whose strong, equitable, and wide reaching mind was such that, had he devoted it to jurisprudence, had made the name of justice as venerable and august as when a Marshall enunciated the law; who, had he been a statesman, had moulded the institutions of his country, and guided its political currents, with as wise, firm, and temperate a hand as that of Washington; who, had he headed any of the great corporate enterprises of transportation, commerce, or development in which aggregated capital relies on scientific sagacity for great works, had greatly aided the solution of many perplexing problems that now agitate the public mind; who, had he bent himself to literature, had produced a page filled with the glory and dignity of philosophic inquiry or historic truth; one indeed so perfectly balanced in mind and will, so nobly turned in moral worth, so just in heart, so clear in thought, and so authoritative in direction, that, in any land where the common sentiment can have spontaneous play, would, as inevitably as the sparks fly upward, and by a law scarce less fixed than that which moves the planets in their course, have been the leading man in whatever he undertook, and would have been called by one voice to become the Chief Magistrate of the people.

As little things make up the sum of life, so they reveal the inward nature of men and furnish keys to history. It is in the office, the street, the field, the workshop, and by the fire-side that men show what stuff they are made of, not less than in those eventful actions which write themselves in lightnings across the skies and mark the rise and fall of nations. Nay, more; the highest attributes of human nature are not disclosed in action, but in self-restraint and repose. "Self-restraint," as has been truly said by Thomas Hughes, "is the highest form of self-assertion."

It is harder, as every soldier knows, to lie down and take the fire of batteries without returning it, than to rise and charge to the cannon's mouth. It is harder to give the soft answer that turns away wrath than to retort a word with a blow. De Long, in the frozen Arctic wastes, dying alone inch by inch of cold and starvation, yet intent on his work, and writing lines for the benefit of others, deserved as well

as the Marshal of France, who received it, the name of "the bravest of the brave." The artless little Alabama girl who was guiding General Forrest along a dangerous path when the enemy fired a volley upon him, and who instinctively spread her skirts, and cried: "Get behind me!" had a spirit as high as that which filled the bosom of Joan of Arc or Charlotte Corday.

The little Holland boy who, seeing the water oozing through the dyke, and the town near by about to be deluged and destroyed, neither cried nor ran, but stopped, and all alone stifled the opening gap with earth, in instant peril of being swept to death unhonored and unknown, showed a finer and nobler fiber than that of Cambronne when he shouted to the conquering British: "The Guard dies, but never surrenders." The soldier of Pompeii, burned at his post—standing there, and flying not from the hot waves of lava that rolled over him—tells the Roman story in grander language than the ruins of the Coliseum. And Herndon, on the deck of his ship, doing all to save his passengers, making deliberate choice of death before dishonor, and going down into the great deep with brow calm and unruffled, is a grander picture of true heroic temper than that of Cæsar leading his legions, or of the young Corsican at the Bridge of Lodi.

Amongst the quiet, nameless workers of the world, in the stubble-field, and by the forge, bending over a sick child's bed or smoothing an outcast's pillow, is many a hero and heroine truer, nobler than those over whose brows hang plumes and laurels.

In action there is the stimulus of excited physical faculties, and of the moving passions, but in the composure of the calm mind that quietly devotes itself to hard life work, putting aside temptations, contemplating and rising superior to all surroundings of adversity, suffering danger and death, man is revealed in his highest manifestation. Then, and then alone, he seems to have redeemed his fallen state, and to be re-created in God's image. At the bottom of all true heroism is unselfishness. Its crowning expression is sacrifice. The world is suspicious of vaunted heroes. They are so easily manufactured. So many feet are cut and trimmed to fit Cinderella's slippers

that we hesitate long before we hail the Princess. But when the true hero has come, and we know that here he is, in verity, ah! how the hearts of men leap forth to greet him, how worshipfully we welcome God's noblest work, the strong, honest, fearless, upright man.

In Robert Lee was such a hero vouchsafed to us and to mankind, and whether we behold him declining command of the Federal army to fight the battles and share the miseries of his own people; proclaiming on the heights in front of Gettysburg that the fault of the disaster was his own; leading charges in the crises of combat; walking under the yoke of conquest without a murmur of complaint; or refusing fortunes to come here and train the youth of his country in the path of duty, he is ever the same meek, grand, self-sacrificing spirit. Here he exhibited qualities not less worthy and heroic than those displayed on the broad and open theater of conflict, when the eyes of nations watched his every action. Here, in the calm repose of civil and domestic duties, and in the trying routine of incessant tasks, he lived a life as high as when, day by day, he marshaled and led his thin and wasting lines, and slept by night upon the field that was to be drenched again in blood upon the morrow.

Here in these quiet walks, far removed from "war or battle's sound," came into view—as when the storm o'erpast the mountain seems a pinnacle of light, the landscape beams with fresher and tenderer beauties, and the purple, golden clouds float above us in the azure depths like the Islands of the Blest—so came into view the towering grandeur, the massive splendor, and the loving kindness of the character of General Lee, and the very sorrows that overhung his life seemed luminous with celestial hues. Here he revealed in manifold gracious hospitalities, tender charities, and patient, worthy counsels, how deep and pure and inexhaustible were the fountains of his virtues. And loving hearts delight to recall, as loving lips will ever delight to tell, the thousand little things he did which sent forth lines of light to irradiate the gloom of the conquered land, and to lift up the hopes and cheer the works of the people.

Was there a scheme of public improvement? He took hearty interest in promoting its success in every way he could. Was there an enterprise of charity, or education, or religion, that needed friendly aid? He gave it according to his store, and sent with the gift words that were deeds. Was there a poor soldier in distress? Whoever else forgot him, it was not Lee. Was there a proud spirit chafing under defeat and breaking forth in angry complaints and criminations, or a wanderer who had sought in other lands an unvexed retreat denied him here? He it was who with mild voice conjured restraint and patience—recalled the wanderer home and reared above the desolate hearthstone the image of duty. And whosoever mourned the loved and lost, who had died in vain for the cause now perished, he it was who poured into the stricken heart the balm of sympathy and consolation.

Here, indeed, Lee, no longer the Leader, became, as it were, the Priest of his people, and the young men of Washington College were but a fragment of those who found in his voice and his example the shining signs that never misguided their footsteps.

Many are the illustrations and incidents which show how beautifully blended in his character were the sterner qualities that command respect with the gentler traits that engage affection. And his quick apprehension of every natural beauty, and keen sympathy for all living things, show the exquisite sensibilities of his heart. His letters from Mexico teem with expressions of the delight with which he looked upon the bright-winged birds and luxuriant flowers of that sunny land; and, during the Confederate War, when cramped resources denied bestowal of the smallest tokens of friendship, we find his letters to dear ones frequently laden with the floral emblems of his constant thought and love. In one of them he says: "I send you some sweet violets that I gathered for you this morning while covered with the dense white frost whose crystals glittered in the bright sun like diamonds, and formed a brooch of rare beauty and sweetness which could not be fabricated by the expenditure of a world of money."

And when, after the war, he visited Alexandria, the scene of his boyhood days, one of his old neighbors found him

gazing over the palings of the garden where he used to play. "I am looking," he said, "to see if the old snow-ball trees are still here. I should be sorry to miss them." How he loved, too, these grand mountains! Amongst them, mounted on his faithful war horse "Traveler," he often roamed while he spent his days amongst you. And here in nature's works he found refreshment from the toils of life, and looked from nature up to nature's God.

His tenderness was as instinctive as his valor. A writer, who on one occasion stood in his company watching a fire in the mountains, relates how, when others were wrapt in its scenic grandeur, General Lee remarked: "It is beautiful! but I have been thinking of the poor animals that must perish in the flames." And another tells how, when in the lines near Richmond the bolts of battle swept the point where the General stood, he ordered his attendants to the rear, and while himself calmly surveying the field under fire, he stooped to pick up a fledgling sparrow that had fallen from its nest, and restore it to the bough overhead.

Pictures, are these, full of infinite suggestion!

A Robespierre and a Torquemada may exhibit emotional tenderness, shallow and fitful, but that of Lee was the vital principle of a robust, exalted nature, which found its inspirations in the sacred heart of charity, and diffused itself in ceaseless acts of magnanimity and love.

So it was that while the passions of men were loosened, and the fierce work of war spread havoc and desolation far and wide, he who directed its tremendous forces with stern and nervous hand, moved also amongst its scenes of woe, a gracious and healing spirit. So it was that to him a stricken foe was a foe no longer, that his orders to the surgeons of his army were to "treat the whole field alike;" and when at Chancellorsville he in person led the tempestuous assault that won the victory, and stood amongst the wounded of the blue and gray, heaped around him in indiscriminate carnage, his first thought and care were for them alike in their common suffering. So it was that whether in Pennsylvania, Maryland, or Virginia, he restrained every excess of conduct, and held the reckless and the ruthless within those bounds which duty

sets to action. So it was that to one homeless during the days of strife, he wrote: "Occupy yourself in helping those more helpless than yourself." So it was that when the gallant Federal, General Phil. Kearny, fell at Ox Hill, he sent his sword and horse through the lines to his mourning widow; and that when Lincoln was struck down by an assassin's hand, he denounced the deed as "a crime previously unknown to the country, and one that must be deprecated by every American." And so, too, when one day here a man humbly clad sought alms at his door, Lee pointed to his retiring form and said: "That is one of our old soldiers who is in necessitous circumstances. He fought on the other side, but we must not remember that against him now." And this poor soldier said of him afterwards: "He is the noblest man that ever lived. He not only had a kind word for me, but he gave me some money to help me on my way." Better is that praise than any garland of the poet or the rhetorician.

As we glance back through the smoke drifts of his many campaigns and battles, his kind, considerate acts towards his officers and men gleam through them as brightly as their burnished weapons; and they formed a fellowship as noble as that which bound the Knights of the Round Table to Arthur, "the blameless king." His principle of discipline was indicated in his expression that "a true man of honor feels himself humbled when he can not help humbling others," and never exercising stern authority except when absolutely indispensable, his influence was the more potent because it ever appealed to honorable motives and natural affections. In the dark days of the Revolution, two Major-Generals conspired with a faction of the Continental Congress to put Gates in the place of Washington, denominating him a "weak General." Never did Confederate dream a disloyal thought of Lee, and the greater the disaster, the more his army leaned upon him.

When Jackson fell, Lee wrote to him: "You are better off than I am, for while you have lost your left arm, I have lost my right arm." And Jackson said of him: "Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man that I would follow blindfold." Midway between Petersburg and Appomattox, with the ruins of an empire falling on his shoulders, and the gory remnants

of his army staggering under the thick blows of the advancing foe, we see Lee turning aside from the column, and riding up to the home of the widow of the gallant Colonel John Thornton, who had fallen at Sharpsburg. "I have not time to tarry," he says, "but I could not pass by without stopping a moment to pay my respects to the widow of my honored soldier, Colonel Thornton, and tender her my deepest sympathy in the sore bereavement she sustained when the country was deprived of his invaluable services."

Three of his sons were there in the army with him; but they were too noble to seek, and he too noble to bestow honors, because of the tie of blood. One of them, a private in the artillery, served his gun with his fellows. Another he is requested by President Davis to assign to command an army, but he will not be the medium of exalting his own house, though a superior ask that it be done, and though his son deserve it. Yet another is in a hostile prison, and a Federal officer of equal rank begs that General Lee will effect an exchange, the one for the other. The General declined, saying, "that he will ask no favor for his own son that could not be asked for the humblest private in the army." On the cars crowded with passengers a soldier, scarce noticed, struggles to draw his coat over his wounded arm. One from amongst many rises and goes to his aid. It is General Lee. An army surgeon relates that while the battle of the Crater raged, General Lee rode to the rear of the line where the wounded lay, and, dismounting, moved amongst them. "Doctor, why are you not doing something for this man," he said, pointing to one sorely stricken. The doctor raised the gray jacket and pointed to the ghastly wound which made life hopeless. General Lee bent tenderly over the wounded man, and then, in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed: "Alas! poor soldier! may God make soft his dying pillow."

Such were some of the many acts that made the men love Lee. And in the fight he was ever ready to be foremost. Lee the soldier, overrode Lee the General, and when the pinch and struggle came, there was he. "Lee to the rear" became the soldiers' battle cry; and oftentimes, when the long lines came gleaming on, and shot and shell in tempest ripped the

earth, up to the forest, and filled the air with death, these soldiers in their rusty rags paused as they saw his face amongst them; and then with manhood's imperious love, these sovereigns of the field commanded, "General Lee go back," as their condition of advancing. And then forward to the death! Was ever such devotion? Yes, Lee loved his men "as a father pitieth his children," and they loved him with a love that "passeth the love of woman," for they saw in him the iron hero who could lead the brave with front as dauntless as a warrior's crest, and the gentle friend who comforted the stricken with soul as tender as a mother's prayer.

Lee had nothing in common with the little minds that know not how to forgive. His was the land that had been invaded, his the people who were cut down, ravaged, and ruined, his the home that was torn away and spoliated, his was the cause that perished. He was the General dis-crowned of his mighty place, and he the citizen disfranchised. Yet Lee forgave, and counselled all to forgive and forget.

The Greek poet has said:

The firmest mind will fail
Beneath misfortune's stroke, and stunned, depart
From its sage plan of action.

But as the mind of Lee received the rude shock of destiny without a quiver, so the genial currents of his sweet, heroic soul rolled on unruffled, while in their calm, pure depths were reflected the light of heaven.

When a minister once denounced the North and the indictment of General Lee for treason, the General followed him to the door, and said: "Doctor, there is a good old book which I read, and you preach from, which says: 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.' Do you think your remarks this evening were quite in the spirit of that teaching?" And he added: "I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

Soon after the passage of those harsh acts of Congress disfranchising Confederates for participating in the war, and while every Southern breast was filled with indignation, some friends in General Lee's presence expressed themselves with great bitterness. The General turned to the table near him, where lay the manuscript of his father's life, which he was then editing, and read these lines:

Learn from yon Orient shell to love thy foe,
And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe;
Free like yon rock, from base, vindictive pride,
Emblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side,
Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower,
With fruit nectareous or the balmy flower;
All Nature cries aloud: shall man do less
Than love the smiter, and the railer bless?

"These lines," said he, "were written in Arabia, and by a Mohammedan, the Poet of Shiraz, the immortal Hafiz; and ought not we, who profess to be governed by the principles of Christianity, to rise at least to the standard of this Mohammedan poet, and learn to forgive our enemies?"

In the rush of this age a character so simply meek and so proudly, grandly strong, is scarce comprehensible to the eager, restless competitors for wealth and place and power. And the "practical man," as he is called, who ever keeps a keen eye to the main chance, and is esteemed happy just in proportion as fortune favors his schemes of ambition or profit, is apt to attribute weakness to one so void of self-seeking and resentment, and so amiable and gentle in his feelings and conduct towards his fellow-men. But could he have seen with what patient attention to detail this ceaseless worker dispatched business and brought great results from small materials, with what quick, strong, comprehensive grasp he solved difficulties and conquered dangers; what good cheer he gave the toiling; what hope he gave the despondent; what comfort he gave the afflicted; aye! could he have caught the glance of that eagle eye, and looked on that serene, bold brow which overawed the field of battle, and then beheld the swift, stern inspiring energy which propelled its forces to deeds which seemed almost impossible to man, there would have been to him a new revelation. He would have beheld a character which, to one unacquainted with it, would seem to have been idealized by the

genius of the poet rather than to have existed in the flesh, and to have stepped forth from the sanctuary of romance rather than to have belonged to real history. He would have realized, by contact with this simple gentleman, that the true greatness and the true glory of man lies in those elements which are superior to fortune, that he is most practical who is himself above it, and that happiness, if ever on earth happiness is found, has fixed her temple only in the heart that is without guile and is without reproach of man or woman.

Five years rolled by while here "the self-imposed mission" of Lee was being accomplished, and now, in 1870, he had reached the age of sixty-three. A robust constitution, never abused by injurious habits, would doubtless have prolonged his life beyond the three score years and ten which the Psalmist has ascribed as the allotted term of man; but many causes were sapping and undermining it. The exposures of two wars in which he had participated, and the tremendous strain on nerves and heart and brain which his vast responsibilities and his accumulated trials had entailed, had been silently and gradually doing their work; and now his step had lost something of its elasticity, the shoulders began to stoop as if under a growing burden, and the ruddy glow of health upon his countenance had passed into a feverish flush. Into his ears, and into his heart, had been poured the afflictions of his people, and while composed and self-contained and uncomplaining, who could have looked upon that great face, over whose majestic lineaments there stole the shade of sadness, without perceiving that grief for those he loved was gnawing at the heart-strings—without perceiving in the brilliant eye, which now and then had a far-away, abstracted gaze, that the soul within bore a sorrow "that only Heaven could heal?"

What he suffered his lips have never spoken. In the beautiful language of another: "His lips were closed like the gates of some majestic temple, not for concealment, but because that within was holy." Yet let us take consolation to ourselves that there came to him much to give him joy. Around him were those united by the closest ties of blood and relationship in unremitting fidelity. Not a man of those who ever fought under him—aye, not one—ever proved faithless in respect for

him; the great mass of them gave to him every expression in their power of their affection. To the noble mind sweet is the generous and genuine praise of noble men, and for Lee there was full measure. He lived to see deeply laid the foundation, and firmly built the pedestal, of his great glory, and to catch the murmur of those voices which would rear high his image and bear his name and fame to remote ages and distant nations. The brave and true of every land paid him tribute. The first soldiers of foreign climes saluted him with eulogy; the scholar decorated his page with dedication to his name; the artist enshrined his form and features in noblest work of brush and chisel; the poet hymned the heroic pathos of his life in tender, lofty strain. Enmity grew into friendship before his noble bearing, and humanity itself attended him with all human sympathy. And over all, "God made soft his dying pillow."

The particular form of his mortal malady was rheumatism of the heart, originating in the exposure of his campaigns, and aggravated by the circumstances of his many trying situations. He traveled South in the spring of 1870, and in the summer resorted to the Hot Springs of Virginia, and when September came he was here, in better health and spirits, at his accustomed work. On the 28th of September he conducted, as usual, his correspondence, and performed the incidental tasks of his office, and after dinner he attended a meeting of the vestry of Grace Episcopal Church, of which body he was a member. A question as to the minister's salary coming before the board, and there being a deficiency in the amount necessary, General Lee said: "I will give that sum." A sense of weariness came over him before the meeting ended, and at its close he retired with wan, flushed face. Returning home, he found the family circle gathered for tea, and took his place at the board, standing to say grace. The lips failed to voice the blessing prompted by the heart, and without a word he took his seat with an expression of sublime resignation on his face; for well he knew that the Master's call had come, and he was ready to answer.

He was borne to his couch, and skilled physicians and loving hands did all that man could do. For nearly a fortnight

'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge,
Between two worlds love hovered like a star.

And then, on the morning of October 12th, the star of the mortal sank into the sunrise of immortality, and Robert Lee passed hence to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

"Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action," were amongst the last words of "Stonewall" Jackson. "Tell Hill he *must* come up," were the last words of Lee. Their brave lieutenant, who rests under the green turf of Hollywood, seems to have been latest in the minds of his great commanders, while their spirits, yet in martial fancy, roamed again the fields of conflict, and ere they passed to where the soldier dreams of battle fields no more.

And did he live in vain, this brave and gentle Lee? And have his works perished with him? I would blush to ask the question save to give the answer.

A leader of armies, he closed his career in complete disaster. But the military scientist studies his campaigns, and finds in them designs as bold and brilliant, and actions as intense and energetic, as ever illustrated the art of war. The gallant captain beholds in his bearing courage as rare as ever forced a desperate field or restored a lost one. The private soldier looks up at an image as benignant and commanding as ever thrilled the heart with highest impulse of devotion.

The men who wrested victory from his little band stood wonder stricken and abashed when they saw how few were those who dared oppose them, and generous admiration burst into spontaneous tribute to the splendid leader who bore defeat with the quiet resignation of a hero. The men who fought under him never revered or loved him more than on the day he sheathed his sword. Had he but said the word they would have died for honor. It was because he said the word that they resolved to live for duty.

Plato congratulated himself, first, that he was born a man; second, that he had the happiness of being a Greek; and, third, that he was the cotemporary of Sophocles. And in this vast throng to-day, and here and there the wide world over, is many a one who wore the gray, who rejoices that he was born a man to do a man's part for his suffering country; that he had the glory of being a Confederate; and who feels a just, proud, and glowing consciousness in his bosom when

he says unto himself: "I was a follower of Robert Lee. I was a soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia."

Did he wield patronage and power? No. He could not have appointed a friend to the smallest office. He could bestow no emolument upon any of his followers. But an intimation of his wish amongst his own people carried an influence which the command of the autocrat can never possess; and his approval of conduct or character was deemed an honor, and was an honor, which outvied the stars and crosses and titles conferred by kings.

Did he gain wealth? No. He neither sought nor despised it. It thrust itself upon him, but he put it away from him. He refused its companionship because his people could not have its company. He gave what he had to a weak cause, and to those whose necessities were greater than his own. And home itself he sacrificed on the altar of his country. But he refuted the shallow worldling's maxim that "every man has his price," and proved that true manhood has none, however great.

The plunderer of India defended himself by exclaiming that "when he considered his opportunities, he was astonished at his own moderation." Mark Antony appeased the anger of the Roman populace against the fallen tyrant by reading Cæsar's will, wherein he left them his rich and fair possessions—to them and their heirs forever. The captive of St. Helena, aggrandized with the tears and blood of Europe, drew his own long will, dispensing millions to his favorites. Lee had opportunities as great as any conqueror, and took nothing—not even that which others pushed upon him.

But he has left a great, imperishable legacy to us and our heirs forever. The heart of man is his perpetual kingdom. There he reigns transcendent, and we exclaim: "Oh, king, live forever."

Did he possess rank? Not so. Far from it. He was not even a citizen. The country which gave the right of suffrage to the alien ere he could speak its language, and to the African freedman ere he could read or understand its laws, denied to him the privilege of a ballot. He had asked amnesty. He had been refused. He had not been tried, but he had been convicted. He forgave, but he was unforgiven. He died a

paroled prisoner of war, in the calm of peace, five years after war had ended, died the foremost and noblest man in a republic which proclaims itself "the land of the free and the home of the brave," himself and his Commander-in-Chief constituting the most conspicuous of its political slaves. But as the oak stripped of the foliage by the winter blast, then, and then only, stands forth in solemn and mighty majesty against the wintry sky, so Robert Lee, stripped of every rank that man could give him, towered above the earth and those around him, in the pure sublimity and strength of that character which we can only fitly contemplate when we lift our eyes from earth and see it dimmed against the heavens!

Did he save his country from conquest? No. He saw his every foreboding of evil verified. He came to share the miseries of his people. He shared them, drinking every drop of sorrow's cup. His cause was lost, and the land for which he fought lives not amongst the nations. But the voice of history echoes the poet's song:

Ah! realm of tombs! but let it bear
This blazon to the last of times;
No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so pure from crimes.

And he, its type, lived and died, teaching life's greatest lessons, "to suffer and be strong," and that "misfortune nobly borne is good fortune."

There is a rare exotic that blooms but once in a century, and then it fills the light with beauty and the air with fragrance. In each of the two centuries of Virginia's statehood, there has sprung from the loins of her heroic race a son whose name and deeds will bloom throughout the ages. Each fought for liberty and independence; each against a people of his own race; each against the forms of established power. George Washington won against a kingdom whose seat was three thousand miles away, whose soldiers had to sail in ships across the deep, and he found in the boundless areas of his own land its strongest fortifications. August, beyond the reach of detracting, is the glory of his name. Robert Edward Lee made fiercer and bloodier fight against greater odds, and at greater sacrifice, and lost—against the greatest nation of modern history, armed with steam and electricity, and all the appliances

of modern science; a nation which mustered its hosts at the very threshold of his door. But his life teaches the grandest lesson: how manhood can rise transcendent over adversity, and is in itself alone, under God, preëminent; the grander lesson, because, as sorrow and misfortune are sooner or later the common lot, even that of him who is to-day the conqueror, he who bears them best is made of sternest stuff, and is the most useful and universal, as he is the greatest and noblest exemplar.

And now he has vanished from us forever. And is this all that is left of him, this handful of dust beneath the marble stone? No! the ages answer as they rise from the gulfs of time, where lie the wrecks of kingdoms and estates, holding up in their hands, as their only trophies, the names of those who have wrought for man in the love and fear of God, and in love unfearing for their fellow-man.

No! the present answers, bending by his tomb.

No! the future answers, as the breath of the morning fans its radiant brow, and its soul drinks in sweet inspirations from the lovely life of Lee.

No! methinks the very heavens echo, as melt into their depths the words of reverent love that voice the hearts of men to the tingling stars.

Come we, then, to-day in loyal love to sanctify our memories, to purify our hopes, to make strong all good intent by communion with the spirit of him who, being dead, yet speaketh. Come, child, in thy spotless innocence; come, woman, in thy purity; come, youth, in thy prime; come, manhood, in thy strength; come, age, in thy ripe wisdom; come, citizen, come, soldier, let us strew the roses and lilies of June around his tomb, for he, like them, exhaled in his life nature's beneficence, and the grave has consecrated that life and given it to us all; let us crown his tomb with the oak, the emblem of his strength, and with the laurel, the emblem of his glory; and let these guns, whose voices he knew of old, awake the echoes of the mountains, that nature herself may join in his solemn requiem.

Come, for here he rests, and

On this green bank by this fair stream »
 We set to-day a votive stone,
 That memory may his deeds redeem
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Come, for here the genius of loftiest poesy in the artist's dream, and through the sculptor's touch, has restored his form and features, a Valentine has lifted the marble veil and disclosed him to us as we would love to look upon him—lying, the flower of knighthood, in "Joyous Gard." His sword beside him is sheathed forever; but honor's seal is on his brow, and valor's star is on his breast, and the "peace that passeth all understanding" descends upon him. Here, not in the hour of his grandest triumph of earth, as when, 'mid the battle roar, shouting battalions followed his trenchant sword, and bleeding veterans forgot their wounds to leap between him and his enemies—but here, in victory supreme, over earth itself and over death, its conqueror, he rests, his warfare done.

And as we seem to gaze once more on him we loved and hailed as chief, in his sweet, dreamless sleep, the tranquil face is clothed with heaven's light, and the mute lips seem eloquent with the message that in life he spoke:

"There is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle."

WASHINGTON

*Mr. President of the United States, Senators, Representatives,
Judges, Mr. Chairman and My Countrymen:*

Alone in its grandeur stands forth the character of Washington in history; alone, like some peak that has no fellow in the mountain range of greatness.

"Washington," says Guizot, "did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt. He maintained by peace the independence of his country, which he had conquered by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order, and by re-establishing their sway."

Washington did, indeed, do these things. But he did more. Out of disconnected fragments he moulded a whole, and made it a country. He achieved his country's independence by the sword. He maintained that independence by peace, as by war. He finally established both his country and its freedom in an enduring frame of constitutional government, fashioned to make Liberty and Union one and inseparable. These four things together constitute the unexampled achievement of Washington.

The world has ratified the profound remark of Fisher Ames that "he changed mankind's ideas of political greatness." It has approved the opinion of Edward Everett that "he was the greatest of good men, and the best of great men." It has felt for him, with Erskine, "an awful reverence." It has attested the declaration of Brougham that "he was the greatest man of his own or of any age." It is matter of fact to-day as when General Hamilton, announcing his death to the army, said: "The voice of praise would in vain endeavor to exalt a name unrivaled on the lists of true glory." America still proclaims him, as did Colonel Henry Lee on the floor of the House of Representative, the man "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." And from beyond the sea

An oration delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives, on the occasion of the dedication of the Washington Monument, February 21st, 1885.

the voice of Alfieri, breathing the soul of all lands and peoples, still pronounces the blessing: "Happy are you who have for the sublime and permanent basis of your glory the love of country, demonstrated by deeds."

Ye who have unrolled the scrolls that tell the tale of the rise and fall of nations; before whose eyes has moved the panorama of man's struggles, achievements, and progression, find you anywhere the story of one whose life's work is more than a fragment of that which in his life is set before you? Conquerors, who have stretched your scepters over boundless territories; founders of empire, who have held your dominions in the reign of law; reformers, who have cried aloud in the wilderness of oppression; teachers, who have striven with reason to cast down false doctrine, heresy, and schism; statesmen, whose brains have throbbed with mighty plans for the amelioration of human society; sear-crowned Vikings of the sea; illustrious heroes of the land, who have borne the standards of seige and battle, come forth in bright array from your glorious fanes, and would ye be measured by the measure of his stature? Behold you not in him a more illustrious and venerable presence?

Statesman, soldier, patriot, sage, reformer of creeds, teacher of truth and justice, achiever and preserver of liberty—the first of men—founder and savior of his country, father of his people—this is HE, solitary and unapproachable in his grandeur. Oh! felicitous Providence that gave to America *our* Washington.

THE MONUMENT

High soars into the sky to-day, higher than the Pyramids or the dome of St. Paul's or St. Peter's, the loftiest and most imposing structure that man has ever reared, high soars into the sky to where

Earth highest yearns to meet a star,

the monument which "We, the people of the United States," have erected to his memory.

It is a fitting monument, more fitting than any statue; for his image could only display him in some one phase of his varied character—as the commander, the statesman, the planter

of Mt. Vernon, or the Chief Magistrate of his country. So art has fitly typified his exalted life in yon plain, lofty shaft. Such is his greatness that only by a symbol could it be represented. As justice must be blind in order to be whole in contemplation, so history must be silent that by this mighty sign she may unfold the amplitude of her story.

MASSACHUSETTS AND HER ORATOR

It was fitting that the eminent citizen who thirty-seven years ago spoke at the laying of the corner-stone should be the orator at the consummation of the work which he inaugurated. It was Massachusetts that struck the first blow for independence; it was her voice that made the stones of Boston to "rise in mutiny;" it was her blessed blood that sealed the covenant of our salvation. The firmament of our national life she has thickly sown with deeds of glory. John Adams, of Massachusetts, was among the first to urge the name of Washington to the Continental Congress, when it commissioned him as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces; it was upon her soil that he drew the sword which was sheathed at Yorktown; and there that he first gave to the battle breeze the thirteen stripes now floating in new galaxies of stars. And mete it was that here in the Capitol of the Republic, at the distance of more than a century from its birth, the eloquent son of that illustrious state should span the chasm with his bridge of gold and emblazon the final arch of commemoration.

And I fancy, too, that in a land where the factious tongues of the elder nations are being hushed at last, and all rival strains commingled in the blood of brotherhood, the accomplished mission of America finds fitting illustration in the sage descended from the Pilgrims crowning the hero sprung from the Cavaliers.

VIRGINIA

It has seemed fitting to you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the Commission, that a citizen of the state which was the birth-place and the home of Washington; whose House of Burgesses, of which he was a member, made the first burst of opposition against the Stamp Act, although less pecuniarily interested

therein than their New England brethren, and was the first representative body to recommend a General Congress of the Colonies; of the state whose Mason drew that Bill of Rights which has been called the Magna Charta of America; whose Jefferson wrote, whose Richard Henry Lee moved, the Declaration that these Colonies be "free and independent states;" whose Henry condensed the Revolution into the electric sentence, "Liberty or Death;" of the state which cemented union with that vast territorial dowry, out of which five states were carved, having now here some ninety representatives; of that state whose Madison named "the Father of the Constitution," and whose Marshall became its most eminent expounder; of the state which holds within its bosom the sacred ashes of Washington, and cherishes not less the principles which once kindled them with fires of Heaven descended; it has seemed fitting to you, gentlemen, that a citizen of that state should be also invited to deliver an address on this occasion.

Would, with all my heart, that a worthier one had been your choice. Too highly do I esteem the position in which you place me to feel aught but solemn distrustfulness and apprehension. And who, indeed, might not shrink from such a theater when a Winthrop's eloquence still thrilled all hearts, with Washington the theme?

Yet, in Virginia's name, I thank you for the honor done her. She deserved it. Times there are when even hardihood is virtue, and to such virtue alone do I lay claim in venturing to abide your choice to be her spokesman.

None more than her could I offend did I take opportunity to give her undue exaltation. Her foremost son does not belong to her alone, nor does she so claim him. His part and her part in the Revolution would have been as naught but for what was so gloriously done by his brothers in council and in arms, and by her sister colonies, who kept the mutual pledge of "Life, Fortune, and Sacred Honor." New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, your comrade of the old heroic days salutes you once again in honor and affection; no laurel could be plucked too bright for Virginia's hand to lay upon your brows. And

ye, our younger companions, who have sprung forth from the wilderness, the prairie, and the mountain, and now extend your empire to the far slopes where your teeming cities light their lamps by the setting sun, what grander tribute to the past, what happier assurance omens of the present, what more auspicious means of the future could Heaven vouchsafe us than those which live and move and have their being in your presence?

What heart could contemplate the scene to-day, grander than any of old Rome when her Victor's Car "climbed the Capitol," and not leap into exclamation, "I, too, am an American citizen?"

Yet may I not remind you that Washington was a Virginian before he became an American to tell his countrymen that "the name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discrimination," and may I not seek the fountain from which sprang a character so instinct with love of country?

PURITANS AND CAVALIERS

The Puritans of England, who, from the landing at Plymouth in 1620 to the uprising against Charles I. in 1640, "turned to the New World," in the language of Canning, "to redress the balance of the Old," were quickly followed to America by a new stream of immigration that has left as marked an impress upon our civilization between the South Atlantic and the Mississippi as the sons of the Pilgrims have made between the North Atlantic and the Lakes.

When Charles I. was beheaded in 1649, and when his son, the Second Charles, was beaten at Worcester in 1651, multitudes of the king's men turned their faces also to the new land of hope; the very events which checked the immigration of the Puritans to New England, giving impulse to the tide which moved the Cavaliers to the Old Dominion. Between 1650 and 1670 the Virginia Colony increased from 15,000 to 40,000 souls, and nearly one-half of this number thither came within the decade after the execution of the king, and the establishment of Cromwell's commonwealth on the ruins of his throne.

Intense loyalists were these new Virginians, who "would defend the crown if it hung upon a bush;" and when, indeed, its substance vanished with the kingly head that wore it, these "faithful subjects of King and Church" held allegiance to its phantom and to the exiled claimant. But they were not inattentive to their liberties. And if Virginia was the last of all the countries belonging to England to submit to Cromwell, yet she was also "the first state in the world, composed of separate burroughs, diffused over an extensive surface, where representation was organized on the principle of universal suffrage." And in the very terms of surrender to the commonwealth it was stipulated that "the people of Virginia" should have all the liberties of the free-born people of England; should entrust their business, as formerly, to their own Grand Assembly; and should remain unquestioned for past loyalty to the king.

VIRGINIANS OF THE OLDEN TIME

As in New England the Pilgrim Colony grew apace, so in Virginia prospered that of the Cavaliers. With that love of landed estates which is an instinct of their race, they planted their homes in the fertile lowlands, building great houses upon broad acres surrounded by ornamental grounds and gardens.

Mimic empires were these large estates, and a certain baronial air pervaded them. Trade with Europe loaded the tables of their proprietors with luxuries; rich plate adorned them. Household drudgeries were separated from the main dwelling. The family became a considerable government within itself, the mistress a rural queen; the master a local potentate, with his graziers, seedsmen, gardeners, brewers, butchers, and cooks around him. Many of the heads of families were traveled and accomplished men. The parishes were ministered to by the learned clergy of the Established Church. In the old College of William and Mary ere long were found the resources of classic education, and in the old capital town of Williamsburg the winter season shone resplendent with the entertainments of a refined society. Barges imported from England were resources of amusement and means of friendly visitations along the water-courses, and heavy coaches, drawn by four or six horses, became their mode of travel.

"Born almost to the saddle and to the use of firearms, they were keen hunters, and when the chase was over they sat by groaning boards and drank confusion to the Frenchman and Spaniard abroad, and to Roundhead and Prelatist at home. When the lurking and predatory Indian became the object of pursuit, no speed of his could elude their fiery and gallantly mounted cavalry.

This was the Virginia, these the Virginians, of the olden time. If even in retrospect their somewhat aristocratic manners touch the sensitive nerves of a democratic people, it may, at least, be said of them that nothing like despotism, nihilism, or dynamite was ever found amongst them; that they cherished above all things honor and courage, the virtues preservative of all other virtues; and that they nurtured men and leaders of men well fitted to cope with great forces, resolve great problems, and assert great principles. And it is, at least, true that their habits of thought and living never proved more dangerous to "life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness" than those of others who, in later days, corrupt the suffrage in the rank growth of cities; build up palaces and pile up millions amid crowded paupers; monopolize telegraphic and railway lines by corporate machinery; spurn all relations to politics save to debauch its agencies for personal gain; and know no Goddess of Liberty and no Eagle of Country save in the images which Satire itself has stamped on the "almighty dollar."

LINEAGE OF WASHINGTON

In 1657, while yet "a Cromwell filled the Stuart's throne," there came to Virginia, with a party of Carlists who had rebelled against him, John Washington, of Yorkshire, England, who became a magistrate and member of the House of Burgesses, and distinguished himself in Indian warfare as the first Colonel of his family on this side of the water. He was the nephew of that Sir Henry Washington who had led the forlorn hope of Prince Rupert at Bristol in 1643, and who, with a starving and mutinous garrison, had defended Worcester in 1649, answering all calls for surrender that "he awaited His Majesty's commands."

And his progenitors had for centuries running back to the Conquest been men of mark and fair renown. Pride and modesty of individuality alike forbid the seeking from any source of a borrowed luster, and the Washingtons were never studious or pretentious of ancestral dignities. But "we are quotations from our ancestors," says the philosopher of Concord, and who will say that in the loyalty to conscience and to principles, and to the right of self-determination of what is principle, that the Washingtons have ever shown, whether as loyalists or rebels, was not the germ of that deathless devotion to Liberty and Country which soon discarded all ancient forms in the mighty stroke for independence?

ANGLO-SAXON TRAITS

Two traits of the Anglo-Saxon have been equally conspicuous—respect for authority, resistance to its abuse. Exacting service from the one, even the Second Charles learned somewhat of the other. When pressed by James to an extreme measure, he answered: "Brother, I am too old to start again in my travels." James becoming king forgot the hint, was soon on his travels with the Revolutionists of 1688 in full blast, and William of Orange upon his throne. The barons of Runnymede had, indeed, written in the great charter that if the king violated any article thereof they should have the right to levy war against him until full satisfaction was made. And we know not which is most admirable, the wit or the wisdom of the English lawyer, John Selden, who, when asked by what law he justified the right of resistance answered: "By the *custom* of England, which is part of the common law." Mountains and vales are natural consequences. A very Tempe had Virginia been, sheltering the loyal Cavaliers in their reverence for authority. The higher and manlier trait of the Anglo-Saxon was about to receive more memorable illustration, and she uprose, Olympus-like, in her resistance to its abuse.

And the instrument of Providence to lead her people and their brethren, had he lived in the days when mythic lore invested human heroes with God-like grace, would have been shrouded in the glory of Olympian Jove.

MOUNT VERNON

One hundred and fifty-three years ago, on the banks of the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland, on a spot marked now only by a memorial stone; of the blood of the people, whom I have faintly described; fourth in descent from the Colonel John Washington, whom I have named, there was born a son to Augustine and Mary Washington. And not many miles above his birth-place is the dwelling where he lived, and now lies buried.

Borne upon the bosom of that river which here mirrors Capitol dome and monumental shaft, in its seaward flow, the river itself seems to reverse its current, and bear us silently into the past. Scarce has the vista of the city faded from our gaze when we behold on the woodland height that swells above the waters amidst walks, and groves, and gardens, the white porch of that old Colonial plantation home, which has become the shrine of many a pilgrimage.

Contrasting it, as there it stands to-day, with the marble halls which we have left behind us, we realize the truth of Emerson: "The atmosphere of moral sentiment is a region of grandeur which reduces all material magnificence to toys, yet opens to every wretch that has reason the doors of the Universe."

The quaint old wooden mansion, with the stately but simple old-fashioned mahogany furniture, real and ungarnished; the sword and relics of campaigns and scenes familiar to every school boy now; the key of the Bastille hanging in the hall incased in glass, calling to mind Tom Paine's happy expression: "That the principles of the American Revolution opened the Bastille is not to be doubted; therefore the key comes to the right place;" the black velvet coat worn when the farewell address to the Army was made; the rooms in all nicety of preparation as if expectant of the coming host, we move amongst these memorials of days and men long vanished, we stand under the great trees and watch the solemn river, in its never-ceasing flow, we gaze upon the simple tomb, whose silence is unbroken, save by the low murmur of the waters, or the wild bird's note, and we are enveloped in an atmosphere of moral grandeur, which no pageantry of moving men, nor splendid pile can

generate. Nightly, on the plain of Marathon, the Greeks have the tradition that there may yet be heard the neighing of chargers, and the rushing shadows of spectral war. In the spell that broods o'er the sacred groves of "Vernon," Patriotism, Honor, Courage, Justice, Virtue, Truth, seem bodied forth, the only imperishable realities of Man's being.

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

There emerges from the shades the figure of a youth over whose cradle had hovered no star of destiny, nor dandled a royal crown, an ingenuous youth, and one who in his early days gave auguries of great powers; the boy whose strong arm could fling a stone across the Rappahannock; whose strong will could tame the most fiery horse; whose just spirit made him the umpire of his fellows; whose obedient heart bowed to a mother's yearning for her son, and laid down the Midshipman's warrant in the British navy which answered his first ambition's dream, the student transcribing mathematical problems, accounts and business forms, or listening to the soldiers and seamen of vessels in the river as they tell of "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field;" the early moralist in his thirteenth year compiling matured "Rules for Behavior and Conversation;" the surveyor of sixteen, exploring the wilderness for Lord Fairfax, sleeping on the ground, climbing mountains, swimming rivers, killing and cooking his own game, noting in his diary soils, minerals and locations, and making maps which are models of nice and accurate draughtmanship; the incipient soldier, studying tactics under Adjutant Muse, and taking lessons in broadsword fence from the old soldier of fortune, Jacob Van Braam; the Major and Adjutant-General of the Virginia frontier forces at nineteen, we seem to see him yet as here he stood, a model of manly beauty in his youthful prime, a man in all that makes a man, ere manhood's years have been fulfilled, standing on the threshold of a grand career, "hearing his days before him, and the trumpet of his life."

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR

The scene changes. Out into the world of stern adventure he passes, taking as naturally to the field and the frontier as the

eagle to the air. At the age of twenty-one he is riding from Williamsburg to the French post at Venango in western Pennsylvania, on a mission for Governor Dinwiddie, which requires "courage to cope with savages, and sagacity to negotiate with white men," on that mission which Edward Everett recognizes as "the first movement of a military nature which resulted in the establishment of American Independence." At twenty-two he has fleshed his maiden sword, has heard the bullets whistle and found "something charming in the sound," and soon he is Colonel of the Virginia regiment in the unfortunate affair at Fort Necessity, and is compelled to retreat after losing a sixth of his command. He quits the service on a point of military etiquette and honor, but at twenty-three he reappears as Volunteer Aid by the side of Braddock in the ill-starred expedition against Fort DuQuesne, and is the only mounted officer unscathed in the disaster, escaping with four bullets through his garments, and after having two horses shot under him.

The prophetic eye of Samuel Davies has now pointed him out as "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I can but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country;" and soon the prophesy is fulfilled. The same year he is in command of the Virginia frontier forces, arduous conflicts of varied fortunes are ere long ended, and, on the 25th of November, 1759, he marches into the reduced fortress of Fort DuQuesne, where Pittsburg now stands, and the Titans of Industry wage the eternal war of Toil, marches in with the advanced guard of his troops, and plants the British flag over its smoking ruins.

That self-same year Wolfe, another young brilliant soldier of Britain, has scaled and triumphed on the Heights of Abraham, his flame of valor quenched as it lit the blaze of victory; Canada surrenders; the seven years' war is done; the French power in America is broken, and the vast region west of the Alleghanies, from the lakes to the Ohio, embracing its valley and tributary streams, is under the scepter of King George. America has been made whole to the English-speaking race, to become, in time, the greater Britain.

Thus, building wiser than he knew, Washington had taken no small part in cherishing the seed of a nascent nation.

RETIREMENT

"Mount Vernon" welcomes back the soldier of twenty-seven, who has become a name. Domestic felicity spreads its charms around him with the "agreeable partner" whom he has taken to his bosom, and he dreams of "more happiness than he has experienced in the wide and bustling world."

Already, ere his sword had found its scabbard, the people of Frederick county had made him their member of the House of Burgesses. And the quiet years rolled by as the planter, merchant and representative, superintends his plantation, ships his crops, posts his books, keeps his diary, chases the fox for amusement, or rides over to Annapolis and leads the dance at the Maryland capital, alternating between these private pursuits, and serving his people as member of the legislature and Justice of the County Court.

REVOLUTION

But ere long this happy life is broken. The air is electric with the currents of revolution. England has launched forth on the fatal policy of taxing her colonies without their consent. The spirit of liberty and resistance is aroused. He is loth to part from the Mother Land, which he still calls "home." But she turns a deaf ear to reason. The first Colonial Congress is called. He is a delegate and rides to Philadelphia with Henry and Pendleton. The blow at Lexington is struck. The people rush to arms. The sons of the Cavaliers spring to the side of the sons of the Pilgrims. "Unhappy it is," he says, "that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy plains of America are to be either drenched in blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But how can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?" He becomes Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. After seven years' war he is the deliverer of his country. The old confederation passes away. The Constitution is established. He is twice chosen President, and will not consent to longer serve.

PEACE—DEATH

Once again "Mount Vernon's" grateful shades receive him, and there—the world-crowned hero now—becomes again the

simple citizen, wishing for his fellow-men "to see the whole world in peace, and its inhabitants one band of brothers, striving who could contribute most to the happiness of mankind," without a wish for himself, but "to live and die an honest man on his farm." A speck of war spots the sky. John Adams, now President, calls him forth as Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief to lead America once more. But the cloud vanishes. Peace reigns. The lark sings at Heaven's gate in the fair morn of the new nation. Serene, contented, yet in the strength of manhood, though on the verge of three-score years and ten, he looks forth, the quiet farmer from his pleasant fields, the loving patriarch from the bowers of home, looks forth and sees the work of his hands established in a free and happy people. Suddenly comes the mortal stroke, with severe cold. The agony is soon over. He feels his own dying pulse, the hand relaxes, he murmurs, "it is well," and Washington is no more. While yet Time had crumbled neither a stone, nor dimmed the lustrous surface, prone to earth the mighty column fell.

Washington, the friend of Liberty, is no more!

The solemn cry filled the universe. Amidst the tears of his people, the bowed heads of kings, and the lamentations of the nations, they laid him there to rest upon the banks of the river whose murmurs were his boyhood's music, that river which, rising in mountain fastnesses amongst the grandest works of nature, and reflecting in its course the proudest works of man, is a symbol of his history, which, in its ceaseless and ever widening flow, is a symbol of his eternal fame.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

No sum could now be made of Washington's character that did not exhaust language of its tributes, and repeat virtue by all her names. No sum could be made of his achievements that did not unfold the history of his country and its institutions, the history of his age and its progress, the history of man and his destiny to be free. But, whether character or achievement be regarded, the riches before us only expose the poverty of praise. So clear was he in his great office, that no ideal of the leader or ruler can be formed that does not shrink by the side

of the reality. And so has he impressed himself upon the minds of men, that no man can justly aspire to be the chief of a great free people who does not adopt his principle and emulate his example.

We look with amazement on such characters as Alexander, Cæsar, Cromwell, Frederick, and Napoleon, but when the serene face of Washington rises before us, mankind instinctively exclaims: "This is the man for the nations to trust and reverence, and for heroes and rulers to copy."

Drawing his sword from patriotic impulse, without ambition and without malice, he wielded it without vindictiveness and sheathed it without reproach. All that humanity could conceive, he did to suppress the cruelties of war and soothe its sorrows. He never struck a coward's blow. To him age, infancy, and helplessness were ever sacred. He tolerated no extremity unless to curb the excesses of his enemy, and he never poisoned the sting of defeat by the exultation of the conqueror.

Peace he welcomed as the heaven-sent herald of friendship; and no country has given him greater honor than that which he defeated, for England has been glad to claim him as the scion of her blood; and proud, like our sister American states, to divide with Virginia the honor of producing him.

Fascinated by the perfection of the man, we are loth to break the mirror of admiration into fragments of analysis. But, lo! as we attempt it, every fragment becomes the miniature of such sublimity and beauty that the destroying hand can only multiply the forms of immortality.

Grand and manifold as were its phases, there is yet no difficulty in understanding the character of Washington. He was no "Veiled Prophet." He never acted a part. Simple, natural, and unaffected, his life lies before us, fair and open manuscript. He disdained the arts which wrap power in mystery in order to magnify it. He practiced the profound diplomacy of truthful speech, the consummate tact of direct attention. Looking ever to the All-Wise Disposer of events, he relied on that Providence which helps men by giving them high hearts and hopes to help themselves with the means which their Creator has put at their service. There was no infirmity in this conduct over which Charity must fling its veil; no taint of selfishness from

which Purity averts her gaze; no dark recess of intrigue that must be lit up with colored panegyric; no subterranean passage to be trod in trembling lest there be stirred the ghost of a buried crime.

A TRUE SON OF NATURE

A true son of nature was George Washington, of nature in her brightest intelligence and noblest mould; and difficulty, if such there be in comprehending him, is only that of reviewing from a single standpoint the vast procession of those civil and military achievements which filled nearly half a century of his life, and in realizing the magnitude of those qualities which were requisite to their performance, the difficulty of fashioning in our own minds a pedestal broad enough to bear the towering figure, whose greatness is diminished by nothing but the perfection of its proportions. If his exterior, in calm, grave and resolute repose, ever impressed the casual observer as austere and cold, it was only because he did not reflect that no great heart like his could have lived unbroken unless bound by iron nerves in an iron frame. The Commander of Armies, the Chief of a People, the Hope of Nations, could not wear his heart upon his sleeve; and yet his sternest will could not conceal its high and warm pulsations. Under the enemy's guns at Boston he did not forget to instruct his agent to administer generously of charity to his needy neighbors at home. The sufferings of women and children, thrown adrift by war, and of his bleeding comrades, pierced his soul. And the moist eye and trembling voice with which he bade farewell to his veterans, bespoke the underlying tenderness of his nature, even as the storm-wind makes music in its undertones.

HIS PATRIOTISM

Disinterested patriot, he would receive no pay for his military services. Refusing gifts, he was glad to guide the benefaction of a grateful state to educate the children of his fallen braves in the institution at Lexington, which yet bears his name. Without any of the blemishes that mark the tyrant, he appealed so loftily to the virtuous element in man that he almost created the qualities of which his country needed the exercise; and yet

he was so magnanimous and forbearing to the weaknesses of others that he often obliterated the vice of which he feared the consequence. But his virtue was more than this. It was of that daring, intrepid kind, that, seizing principle with a giant's grasp, assumes responsibility at any hazard, suffers sacrifice without pretence of martyrdom, bears calumny without reply, imposes superior will and understanding on all around it, capitulates to no unworthy triumph, but must carry all things at the point of clear and blameless conscience. Scorning all manner of meanness and cowardice, his bursts of wrath at their exhibition heighten our admiration for those noble passions which were kindled by the inspirations and exigencies of virtue.

Invested with the powers of a dictator, the country bestowing them felt no distrust of his integrity; he, receiving them, gave assurance that, as the sword was the last resort of liberty, so it should be the first thing laid aside when liberty was won. And keeping the faith in all things, he left mankind bewildered with the splendid problem whether to admire him most for what he was, or what he would not be. Over and above all his virtues was the matchless manhood of personal honor, to which confidence gave in safety the key of every treasure, on which temptation dared not smile; on which suspicion never cast a frown. And why prolong the catalogue? "If you are presented with medals of Caesar, of Trajan, or Alexander, on examining their features you are still led to ask what was their stature and the forms of their persons. But if you discover in a heap of ruins the head or the limb of an antique Apollo, be not curious about the other parts, but rest assured that they were all conformable to those of a god."

WASHINGTON AS A GENERAL

Great as a commander, it may not be said of him as of Marlborough, that "he never formed the plan of a campaign that he did not execute; never besieged a city that he did not take; never fought a battle that he did not gain." But it can be said of him that, at the head of raw volunteers, hungry to the edge of famine, ragged almost to nakedness, whose muniments of war were a burlesque of its necessities, he defeated the trained bands and veteran Generals of Europe; and that, when he had al-

ready earned the name of the American Fabius, destined to save a nation by delay, he suddenly displayed the daring of a Marcellus. It may be said that he was the first General to employ large bodies of light infantry as skirmishers, catching the idea from his Indian warfare, and so developing it that it was copied by the Great Frederick of Prussia and ere long perfected into the system now almost universal. It can be said of him, as testified by John Adams, that "it required more serenity of temper, a deeper understanding and more courage than fell to the lot of Marlborough, to ride on the whirlwind" of such tempestuous times as Washington dealt with, and that he did "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." It can be said that he was tried in a crucible to which Marlborough was never subjected: adversity, defeat, depression of fortune bordering on despair. The first battle of his youth ended in capitulation. The first general engagement of the Revolution at Long Island opened a succession of disasters and retreats. But with the energy that remoulds broken opportunities into greater ones, with the firmness of mind that can not be unlocked by trifles, but which when unlocked displays a cabinet of fortitude, he wrenched victory from stubborn fortune, compelling the reluctant oracle to exclaim as to Alexander: "My son, thou art invincible." So did he weave the net of war by land and sea that at the very moment when an elated adversary was about to strike the final blow for his country's fall, he surrounded him by swift and far-reaching combinations, and twined the lilies of France with the Stars and Stripes of America over the ramparts of Yorktown. And if success be made the test of merit, let it be remembered that he conducted the greatest military and civil enterprises of his age, and left no room for fancy to divine greater perfection of accomplishment.

IN ACTION

Great in action as by the council board, the finest horseman, and knightliest figure of his time, he seemed designed by nature to lead in those bold strokes which needs must come when the battle lies with a single man, those critical moments of the campaign or the strife when, if the mind hesitates, or a nerve flinches, all is lost. We can never forget the passage of the

Delaware that black December night, amidst shrieking winds, and great upheaving blocks of ice, which would have petrified a leader of less hardy mould, and then the fell swoop at Trenton. We behold him as when at Monmouth he turns back the retreating lines, and galloping his white charger along the ranks until he falls, leaps on his Arabian bay, and shouts to his men: "Stand fast, my boys, the Southern troops are coming to support you!" And we hear Lafayette exclaim "Never did I behold so superb a man." We see him again at Princeton dashing through a storm of shot to rally the wavering troops: he reins his horse between the contending lines, and cries: "Will you leave your General to the foe?" then bolts into the thickest of the fray. Colonel Fitzgerald, his aid, drops his reins and pulls his hat down over his eyes that he may not see his chieftain fall, when, through the smoke he reappears waving his hat, cheering on his men, and shouting: "Away, dear Colonel, and bring up the troops: the day is ours." Cœur de Leon might have doffed his plume to such a chief, for a great knight was he, who met his foes full tilt in the shock of battle, and hurled them down with an arm whose sword flamed with righteous indignation.

THE STATESMAN

As children pore over their pictures in their books ere they can read the words annexed to them, so we linger with tingling blood by such inspiring scenes, while little do we reck of those dark hours when the aching head pondered the problems of a country's fate. And yet there is a greater theater in which Washington appears, although not so often has its curtain been uplifted.

For it was as a statesman that Washington was greatest. Not in the sense that Hamilton and Jefferson, Adams and Madison were statesmen; but in a larger sense. Men may marshal armies who can not drill divisions. Men may marshal nations in storm and travail who have not the accomplishments of their Cabinet Ministers. Not so versed as they was he in the details of political science. And yet as he studied tactics when he anticipated war, so he studied politics when he foresaw his civil rôle approaching, reading the history and examining the principles of ancient and modern confederacies, and making notes of their

virtues, defects and methods of operation. His pen did not possess the facile play and classic grace of their pens, but his vigorous eloquence had the clear ring of our mother tongue. I will not say that he was so astute, so quick, so inventive as the one or another of them, that his mind was characterized by the vivacity of wit, the rich colorings of fancy, or daring flights of imagination. But with him, thought and action, like well-trained coursers kept abreast in the chariot race, guided by an eye that never quailed, reined by hand that never trembled. He had a more infallible discrimination of circumstances and men than any of his contemporaries. He weighed facts in a juster scale, with larger equity, and firmer equanimity. He best applied to them the lessons of experience. With greater ascendancy of character he held men to their appointed tasks; with more inspiring virtue he commanded more implicit confidence. He bore a truer divining-rod, and through a wilderness of contention he alone was the unerring pathfinder of the people.

HIS GENIUS

There can indeed be no right conception of Washington that does not accord him a great and extraordinary genius. I will not say he could have produced a play of Shakespeare, or a poem of Milton, handled with Kant the tangled skein of metaphysics, probed the secrecies of mind and matter with Bacon, constructed a railroad or an engine like Stephenson, wooed the electric spark from Heaven to earth with Franklin, or walked with Newton the pathways of the spheres. But if his genius were of a different order, it was of as rare and high an order. It dealt with man in the concrete, with his vast concerns of business, stretching over a continent, and projected into the ages, with his seething passions, with his marvellous exertions of mind, body, and spirit to be free. He knew the materials he dealt with by intuitive perception of the heart of man, by experience and observation of his aspirations and his powers, by reflection upon his complex relations, rights, and duties as a social being. He knew just where, between men and states, to erect the monumental mark to divide just reverence for authority from just resistance to its abuse. A poet of social facts, he interpreted by his deeds the harmonies of justice.

Practical, yet exalted, not stumbling in the pit as he gazed upon the stars, he would "put no man in any office of consequence, whose political tenets were opposed to the measures which the General Government were pursuing." Yet, he, himself, by the kingliness of his nature could act independently of party, return the confidence and affections, use the brains, and have thrust upon him the unanimous suffrage of all parties, walking the dizzy heights of power, in the perfect balance of every faculty, and surviving in that rarified atmosphere, which lesser frames could only breathe to perish.

Brilliant, I will not call him, if the brightness of the rippling river exceed the solemn glory of Old Ocean. Brilliant, I will not call him, if darkness must be visible to display the light; for he had none of that rocket-like brilliancy which flames in instant corruseation across the black brow of night—and then is not. But if a steady, unflickering flame, slow rising to its lofty sphere, high hung in the Heavens of Contemplation, dispensing far and wide its rays, revealing all things on which it shines, in due proportions and in large relations, making Right, Duty, and Destiny so plain that, in the vision, we are scarce conscious of the light—if this be brilliancy—then the genius of Washington was as full-orbed and luminous as the god of day in his zenith.

This is genius in rarest manifestation; and, as life is greater than any theory of living, in so much does he who points the path of Destiny and brings great things to pass, exceed the mere dreamer of great dreams.

THE WORK OF WASHINGTON

The work of Washington filled the rounded measure of his splendid faculties. Grandly did he illustrate the Anglo-Saxon trait of just resistance to the abuse of power. Standing in front of his soldier-husbandmen on the fields of Boston, and telling the General of earth's greatest Empire, who stigmatized them as "rebels" and threatened them "with the punishment of the cord," that: "He could conceive of no rank more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the original and purest fountain of all power," and that

“far from making it a plea for cruelty, a mind of true magnanimity and enlarged ideas would comprehend and respect it.” Victoriously did he vindicate the principle of the Declaration of Independence, that to secure the inalienable rights of man, “governments are instituted amongst men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation in such principle, and organizing the power in such forms as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.” By these signs he conquered. And had his career ended here, none other would have surpassed—whose could have equalled it? But where the fame of so many successful warriors has found conclusion, or gone beyond only to be tarnished, his took new flight upward.

If I might venture to discriminate, I would say that it was in the conflicts of opinion that succeeded the Revolution that the greatness of Washington most displayed itself; for it was then that peril thickened in most subtle forms; that rival passions burned in intestine flames; that crises came, demanding wider reaching and more constructive faculties than may be exhibited in war, and higher heroism than may be avouched in battle.

And it was then that the soldier uplifted the visor of his helmet and disclosed the countenance of the sage, and passing from the fields of martial fame to the heights of civil achievement, still more resplendent, became the world-wide statesman, like Venus in her transit, sinking the light of his past exploits only in the sun of a new-found glory.

HE POINTS OUT DEFECTS OF THE CONFEDERATION

First to conceive, and swift to point out, the defects in the Articles of Confederation, they became manifest to all long before victory crowned the warfare conducted under them. Charged by them with the public defence, Congress could not put a soldier in the field, and charged with defraying expenses, it could not levy a dollar of imposts or taxes. It could, indeed, borrow money with the assent of nine states of the thirteen, but what mockery of finance was that when the borrower could not command any resource of payment.

The states had indeed put but a scepter of straw in the legislative hand of the Confederation; what wonder that it soon wore a crown of thorns! The paper currency ere long dissolved to nothingness, for four days the army was without food, and whole regiments drifted from the ranks of our hard-pressed defenders. "I see," said Washington, "one head gradually changing into thirteen; I see one army gradually branching into thirteen, which, instead of looking up to Congress as the supreme controlling power, are considering themselves as dependent upon their respective states." While yet his sword could not slumber, his busy pen was warning the statesmen of the country that unless Congress were invested with adequate powers, or should assume them as matter of right, we should become but thirteen states, pursuing local interests, until annihilated in a general crash, the cause would be lost, and the fable of the bundle of sticks applied to us.

In rapid succession his notes of alarm and invocations for aid to Union followed each other to the leading men of the states, North and South. Turning to his own state, and appealing to George Mason: "Where," he exclaimed, "are our men of abilities? Why do they not come forth and save the country?" He compared the affairs of this great continent to the mechanism of a clock, of which each state was putting its own small part in order, but neglecting the great wheel, or spring, which was to put the whole in motion. He summoned Jefferson, Wythe and Pendleton to his assistance, telling them that the present temper of the states was friendly to lasting union, that the moment should be improved, and might never return, and that "after gloriously and successfully contending against the usurpation of Britain, we may fall a prey to our own folly and disputes."

How keen the prophet's ken that, through the smoke of war, discerned the coming evil; how diligent the patriot's hand that, amidst awful responsibilities, reached futureward to avert it!

By almost a miracle, the weak Confederation, "a barrel without a hoop," was held together perforce of outside pressure, and soon America was free!

WASHINGTON AVERTS CIVIL WAR

But not yet had beaten Britain concluded peace, not yet had dried the blood of victory's field ere "follies and disputes" confounded all things with their Babel tongues, and intoxicated liberty gave loose to license. An unpaid army, with unsheathed swords, clamored around a poverty-stricken and helpless Congress. And grown at last impatient, even with their Chief, officers high in rank, plotted insurrection, and circulated an anonymous address, urging it "to appeal from the justice to the fears of government, and suspect the man who would advise to longer forbearance." Anarchy was about to wreck the Arch of Triumph; poor exhausted, bleeding, weeping America, lay in agony upon her bed of laurels.

Not a moment did Washington hesitate. He convened his officers, and going before them he read them an address which, for home-thrust argument, magnanimous temper, and the eloquence of persuasion, which leaves nothing to be added, is not exceeded by the noblest utterance of Greek or Roman. A nobler than Corolanus was before them, who needed no mother's or wife's reproachful tears to turn the threatening steel from the gates of Rome. Pausing, as he read his speech, he put on his spectacles and said: "I have grown gray in your service, and now find myself growing blind." This unaffected touch of nature completed the master's spell. The late fomenters of insurrection gathered to their Chief with words of veneration—the storm went by—and, says Curtis, in his "History of the Constitution:" "Had the Commander-in-Chief been other than Washington, the land would have been deluged with the blood of civil war."

PLEAS FOR UNION

But not yet was Washington's work accomplished. Peace dawned upon the weary land, and, parting with his soldiers, he pleaded with them for union. "Happy, thrice happy, shall they be pronounced," he said, "who have contributed anything in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and

religions." But still the foundations of the stupendous fabric trembled, and no cement held its stones together. It was then, with that thickening peril, Washington rose to his highest stature. Without civil station to call forth his utterance, impelled by the intrepid impulse of a soul that could not see the hope of a nation perish without leaping into the stream to save it, he addressed the whole people of America, in a circular to the governors of the states: "Convinced of the importance of the crisis, silence in me," he said, "would be a crime. I will, therefore, speak the language of freedom and sincerity." He set forth the need of union in a strain that touched the quick of sensibility; he held up the citizens of America as sole lords of a vast tract of continent; he portrayed the fair opportunity for political happiness with which Heaven had crowned them; he pointed out the blessings that would attend their collective wisdom; that in their fate was involved that of unborn millions; that mutual concessions and sacrifice must be made, and that supreme power must be lodged somewhere to regulate and govern the general concern of the Confederate Republic, without which the union would not be of long duration. And he urged that happiness would be ours if we seized the occasion and made it our own.

In this, one of the very greatest acts of Washington, was revealed the heart of the man, the spirit of the hero, the wisdom of the sage; I might almost say, the sacred inspiration of the prophet.

REBELLION

But still the wing of the eagle drooped; the gathering storms baffled his sunward flight. Even with Washington in the van, the column wavered and halted, states straggling to the rear that had hitherto been foremost for permanent union, under an efficacious Constitution. And while three years rolled by amidst the jargon of sectional and local contentions, "the half-starved government," as Washington depicted it, "limped along on crutches, tottering at every step." And while monarchical Europe with saturnine face declared that the American hope of Union was the wild and visionary notion of romance, and predicted that we would be to the end of time a disunited people, suspicious and distrustful of

each other, divided and sub-divided into petty commonwealths and principalities, lo! the very earth yawned under the feet of America, and in that very region whence had come forth a glorious band of orators, statesmen and soldiers, to plead the cause, and fight the battles of Independence, lo! the volcanic fires of rebellion burst forth upon the heads of the faithful, and the militia were leveling the guns of the Revolution against the breasts of their brethren. "What, Gracious God! is man?" Washington exclaimed: "It was but the other day that we were shedding our blood to obtain the Constitutions under which we live, and now we are unsheathing our swords to overturn them."

THE RAY OF HOPE

But see! there is a ray of hope. Maryland and Virginia had already entered into a commercial treaty for regulating the navigation of the rivers and great bay in which they had common interests, and Washington had been one of the commissioners in its negotiation. And now, at the suggestion of Maryland, Virginia had called on all the states to meet in convention at Annapolis, to adopt commercial regulations for the whole country. Could this foundation be laid, the eyes of the nation-builders foresaw that the permanent structure would ere long rise upon it. But when the day of meeting came, no state north of New York or south of Virginia was represented; and in their helplessness those assembled could only recommend a Constitutional Convention, to meet in Philadelphia, in May, 1787, to provide for the exigencies of the situation.

THE DARK HOUR AND THE DAWN

And still thick clouds and darkness rested on the land, and there lowered upon its hopes a night as black as that upon the freezing Delaware; but through its gloom the dauntless leader was still marching on to the consummation of his colossal work, with a hope that never died; with a courage that never faltered; with a wisdom that never yielded that "all is vanity."

It was not permitted the Roman to despair of the Republic, nor did he, our Chieftain. "It will all come right at last," he

said. It did. And now let the historian, Bancroft, speak: "From this state of despair the country was lifted by Madison and Virginia." Again, he says: "We come now to a week more glorious for Virginia beyond any in her annals, or in the history of any republic that had ever before existed." It was that week in which Madison, "giving effect to his own long cherished wishes, and still earlier wishes of Washington," addressing, as it were, the whole country, and marshalling all the states, warned them "that the crisis had arrived at which the people of America are to decide the solemn question, whether they would, by wise and magnanimous efforts, reap the fruits of Independence and of Union, or whether by giving way to unmanly jealousies and prejudices, or to partial and transitory interests, they would renounce the blessings prepared for them by the Revolution," and conjuring them "to concur in such further concessions and provisions as may be necessary to secure the objects for which the government was instituted, and made the United States as happy in peace as they had been glorious in war."

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION

In such manner, my countrymen, Virginia, adopting the words of Madison, and moved by the constant spirit of Washington, joined in convoking that Constitutional Convention in which he headed her delegation, and over which he presided, and whose deliberations resulted in the formation and adoption of that instrument which the Premier of Great Britain pronounces the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.

In such manner the state which gave birth to the Father of his Country, following his guiding genius to the Union, as it had followed his sword through the battles of Independence, placed herself at the head of the wavering column.

In such manner America heard and hearkened to the voice of her Chief; and now closing ranks, and now moving with animated step, the Thirteen Commonwealths wheeled and faced to the front, on the line of the Union, under the sacred sign of the Constitution.

THE REPUBLIC

Thus, at last, was the crowning work of Washington accomplished. Out of the tempests of war, and the tumults of civil commotion, the ages bore their fruit, the long yearning of humanity was answered. "*Rome to America*" is the eloquent inscription on one stone of your colossal shaft, taken from the ancient Temple of Peace that once stood hard by the Palace of the Cæsars. Uprisen from the sea of revolution, fabricated from the ruins of battered bastiles and dismantled palaces of unhallowed powers, stood forth now the Republic of Republics, the Nation of Nations, the Constitution of Constitutions, to which all lands and times and tongues had contributed their wisdom. And the Priestess of Liberty was in her Holy Temple.

THE FIRST CITIZEN IN THE GREAT REPUBLIC OF HUMANITY

When Salamis had been fought, and Greece again kept free, each of the victorious Generals voted himself to be first in honor; but all agreed that Themistocles was second. When the most memorable struggle for the rights of human nature, of which time holds record, was thus happily concluded in the muniment of their preservation, whoever else was second, unanimous acclaim declared that Washington was first. Nor in that struggle alone does he stand foremost. In the name of the people of the United States—their President, their Senators, their Representatives, and their Judges, do crown to-day, with the grandest crown that veneration has ever lifted to the brow of glory, him whom Virginia gave to America, whom America has given to the world and to the ages, and whom mankind with universal suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of empire in the first degree of greatness, whom Liberty herself has anointed as the first citizen in the great republic of Humanity.

LONG LIVE OUR COUNTRY

Encompassed by the inviolate seas stands to-day the American Republic, which he founded—a freer, greater Britain—uplifted above the powers and principalities of the earth, even as his monument is uplifted over roof and dome and spire of the multitudinous city.

Long live the Republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved of all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and religions, long may it be the citadel of that Liberty which writes beneath the Eagle's folded wings: "We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, Right and Justice."

Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free, magnanimous spirit, crowned by the wisdom, blessed by the moderation, hovered over by the guardian angel of Washington's example, may they be ever worthy in all things to be defended by the blood of the brave who know the rights of man, and shrink not from their assertion; may they be each a column, and all together, under the Constitution, a perpetual Temple of Peace, unshadowed by Cæsar's palace; at whose altar may freely commune all who seek the union of Liberty and Brotherhood.

Long live our Country! Oh, long through the undying ages may it stand, far removed in fact as in space from the Old World's feuds and follies, solitary and alone in its grandeur and its glory, itself the immortal monument of Him whom Providence commissioned to teach man the power of Truth, and to prove to the nations that their Redeemer liveth.

NOMINATION OF THURMAN

Mr. Chairman:

The old and the young Democracy of the Old Dominion speak here and now, and will join the great acclaim of the American people when they shall speak again in November next, for Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio. Fifty years ago and more there went beyond the Alleghanies, from the good old town of Lynchburg, from which I hail, a preacher of the Gospel who carried with him his wife, his boy, his Bible, and his household goods. He settled in the splendid young Commonwealth of Ohio. The boy became the father of the man. The man by his force of character rose to the high places of the people's confidence and love. They made him their representative in Congress. They clothed him with the ermine of the Chief Justiceship of their Court. They made him Governor of their state. They sent him as a Senator of the United States; and then he was a statesman of country-wide and world-wide renown;—a judge in Israel, teacher and leader of men. And whenever there were difficult conditions to be confronted, and difficult theories to be expounded, he measured the breadth of every great occasion until he became the beacon of the people's hope, and the center of the state's desire. Unconscious eulogy has flowed from the lips of every speaker in this Convention who has traced the history of Democratic achievement, or enunciated the platform of its principles. Do you rejoice that the public lands have been rescued from the plunderers, and that corporate obligations are being enforced? Remember that he was ever diligent to avert the wrong and to suggest the remedy. Do you rejoice that the wave of Chinese invasion has been averted from the Pacific coast? Remember that he was amongst the first to sound the note of warning. Do you denounce that crowning infamy of 1876 by which Tilden and Hendricks were stripped of their great office? You are but repeating the mighty protest which came from him, and which

Speech seconding the nomination of Allen G. Thurman for the office of Vice-President of the United States, before the National Democratic Convention held in St. Louis, Missouri, June 5th, 6th, 7th, 1888.

will live as long as history. Did the eloquent young Democrat of Colorado send to the Chairman of this Convention a silver gavel to enunciate his ruling? Then I propose that when he shall become the presiding officer of the Senate that California shall send him a golden gavel, and that Colorado shall send him a silver one, for did he not always maintain the two metals of the Constitution at their par; and did you not always hear from him the ring of the right metal? Have you bethought yourselves of the dark days of Democracy and how thoughtful hearts rejoiced when the beautiful picture was drawn by the wonderful orator of New York when he portrayed sixty millions of prosperous and happy freemen? Yes, and from the years gone by I listened and heard the voice of one crying in the wilderness, who said: "Make the way straight that this good deed may be accomplished;" one who met Truth leaning on her crutch; one who assisted Truth in her utmost need; his kingly intellect all alert; and now, when she is strong and uprisen, let her look upon him as her favorite son. In an age of corruption he was an exemplification of purity; in an age of extravagance he was the sentinel of economy; in an age of sectionalism he knew only his country; in an age of hate he knew only fraternity; in an age of scandal the salt of his good name never lost its savour. They say, indeed, that the grand old man is old. There is no hair that glistens on the patriarch's brow that did not grow white in Democratic service. The revolving years that have circled around his head have each of them left in its track a new ring of glory. Can I not say of him in the language of the poet:

Age may o'er his brow be flung,
But his heart, his heart is ever young.

Old, indeed, but not too old to receive the tardy honor of a people to whom he has been faithful, or to requite them with renewed and faithful service. Why not nominate him now, my countrymen, and by acclamation? He stands before you the living embodiment of Democratic virtue. He stands before you the illustrated epitome of Democratic history. He stands before you the faithful champion of Democratic principles. He stands before you the rightful heir of Democratic honors. He exhibits the grandeur of the American patriot. He is the

highest type of the American citizen. He is the fitting companion of Grover Cleveland, to receive by his side the mantle of Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana. And the people of this whole country will be as glad at heart when they shall see the grand old Roman take in hand the gavel of the Senate as they are to-day to see that other, that fair companion of Grover Cleveland, wielding the scepter of that happy home, the White House, and that dauntless, brave patriot himself guiding, with firm and untrembling hand the destinies of this great nation. In the name of the people of Virginia, upon whose soil he was born, and in the name of the people of Ohio, his adopted home—in the name of the Democracy of this great nation, incorruptible, and unterrified and unconquerable—I fling this banner to the battle and the breeze (waving a bandanna handkerchief), the symbol of his name. It is an emblem which, like the cap of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, needs only to be seen to carry its message. It goes to the field to-day with the benedictions of the wise and good, side by side with the flag of a never-dying star. Like it, it will be the emblem of Democracy triumphant, of a land redeemed, of a nation reunited, and of the people reconciled. The strong arms of the Democratic party will be carried high in the contest, and the warm hearts of the American people will receive them; and on the 4th of March next, Grover Cleveland will be again your President, and old Allen G. Thurman will be standing by his side.



MARIETTA

Lieutenant-Governor Lyon of Ohio, Ladies and Gentlemen—My Countrymen:

Amid the glad harvest of peace, it is with reverence that I stand in the footsteps of the pioneers. "God," saith the Koran, "hath given to every people a prophet in their own tongue." Happy are the people whose prophets and pathfinders were their fathers, and who, in turning over a hundred years of the pages of their history, can look upon the prophecies of the fathers, and upon the prosperous futures of their children and find them corresponding, the one unto the other, like perfect music unto perfect words.

The founders of Marietta did not come to the great Northwest, as the Spaniard went to the Mississippi, in search for gold. They taught a lesson of history in the character of their laws. They taught a lesson of courage in the very nature of their bold adventure. They taught a lesson of prudence in the sedate and organic way in which they went about their business. But they came here as home seekers and home builders. They remembered that the most sacred altar of the living God is the mother's knee, and that the brightest torch that liberty lights when she goes to the head of brave battalions is kindled by the fireside of home. They came here bringing with them their household goods, their wives and their children. And when they faced the savage towards the West, they could look over their shoulders and see behind them the sweet face of woman and hear the prattle of little children around the cabin door. It was this, as much as anything else, that made them great. For the home is the corner-stone of earth's greatest temples. And it was an American poet who sung

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

The mustard seed which fell here in this beautiful soil a hundred years ago, has now expanded into a great tree, whose

An address delivered July 28th, 1888, at the National Centennial Celebration of the early settlement of the territory northwest of the River Ohio, and of the establishment of civil government therein, held at Marietta, Ohio.

branches spread over a continent, and the birds of the air from all the nations of the earth do lodge therein and join in the chorus of liberty and independence.

You will pardon me now, my friends, I hope, if, in accepting the kind suggestion of your honored Lieutenant-Governor, I may be permitted for a while—not searching, indeed, in quaint and curious volumes of long-forgotten lore, but turning over some of the rather faded and neglected pages of our past history—to follow up some of the successive stages of civilization and progress, which finally culminated in the landing of the new *Mayflower* on the banks of the Muskingum.

On May 13th, 1606, in the reign of James I., of England—fourteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock—there was planted at Jamestown, on the James River, under the leadership of John Smith, the first colony of the English-speaking race that ever trod upon American soil. Here, on the 7th day of April, 1788, there was planted by your fathers, from the pilgrim land, the first colony of the same race that moved after the Revolution into the Northwest Territory; and here, one hundred years ago, Arthur St. Clair, the first governor, was inaugurated, and civil government, under the auspices of the United States, was established. That picture of the first governor of the Northwest, as he stood in the rustic bower, and with the Ordinance of 1787 as a Constitution, and that group of the new pilgrims of the West around him, is a picture which deserves to be framed in diamonds and in gold. It is a scene grander than any over which was spread the roof of a Greek or Roman temple. When that scene transpired the comers by way of Jamestown were pressing over the mountains, and were along your frontier. Plymouth Rock and Jamestown had met together upon the Ohio bank.

The old Commonwealth of Virginia had been the first colony in America to frame a written Constitution embodying the principles of liberty. She was the first colony, too, of all the colonies, to declare that these united colonies should be free and independent states. It was Virginia, alone and single-handed, without a soldier of the Union by her side in that struggle, or a soldier of any other state, that made war against the British settlements in the Northwest, and wrested that precious legacy

from the British crown. She was entitled to it by her charter; she grasped it with her arms. It was by her that military authority of Americans was there first exercised, and by her that civil government was there first established. Your forefathers of New England were the first, however, to strike the battle blow of liberty at Concord and at Lexington, and to follow it up with a succession of blows than which braver or better ones never were delivered. They were the first, too, to rear beyond old state lines of settlement and tide-water jurisdiction, the standards of an absolutely free civilization.

Their community (it was well said this morning, by the honorable speaker, General Ewing, who anticipated the words from my lips) might truly be described as the first-born of the nation; their settlement, as a second landing of the pilgrims. Marietta is the Plymouth Rock of the great West, and what the pilgrims did for New England, your people have done for the land which they have inhabited.

When Marietta was started here a century ago, George Washington delivered a eulogy upon its colonists, before which all other eulogies must pale. Said he, "No other colony in America was ever settled under such favorable circumstances as that which has just commenced at the Muskingum. Information, property and strength, will be its characteristics; I know many of the settlers personally; and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community." Washington's motto was a very practical one, "*Exitus acta probat*"—"The event proves the deed." The history of the Marietta colony has proven the worth of its founders, and verified the opinion which the Father of his Country expressed. That your people are filled with information, is attested by the fact that here in Ohio are nearly a million of school children, with nearly one thousand newspapers, and there is a line of many colleges commencing here, and stretching across the continent. But, need I look beyond the bright eyes and sparkling faces of this audience to know that information and intelligence are here? Is wealth here? Let the face of your country, an open manuscript, give its answer. Is strength here? "The glory of man," says Solomon, "is strength," and strength is here. Strength of character, strength of intelligence, strength

of patriotism, strength of heart and will. Strength, too, that most beautiful of all things that are strong, strength in the sweet graces and generous hospitalities of life which make life worth the living.

Your neighbor of Old Virginia salutes you to-day across the beautiful river. Your brethren of the whole Union congratulate you that the rounded century of your social life has more than fulfilled the promise of its dawn. They contemplate with sympathetic pride your glad reunion of kinship and your splendid memorials of progress. They rejoice with you that peace and happiness dwell among us all, "amid the united and married calm of states."

The settlers of Marietta were different from any other of their predecessors, or of those who followed them in settling up the American country. Their Constitution was ready made, and it fitted them. They were not its authors, but they were its promoters, and it was made to suit them. They came here because it suited them, and they embodied in it the highest thought of that time or of any time. It took the country three-quarters of a century to catch up with the banner that was given to the breeze at Marietta. I am speaking, of course, of the celebrated Ordinance of 1787 for the establishment of civil government in the Northwest Territory. It was enacted the same year of the Constitution, and while the Constitutional Convention was in session. It came before our perpetual Union in point of time, and it went beyond the Constitution of that Union in its free principles. It was second in importance to no act that ever emanated from any parliamentary body in the world.

In the Revised Statutes of the United States there stand together four state papers. (*First*), is the Declaration of Independence. (*Second*), are the Articles of Confederation. (*Third*), is the Northwest Ordinance of 1787; and then, (*Fourth*), the Federal Constitution, which is our heritage yet. These are the four steps by which the American people climbed to nationality. And if I were to name the fifth one, I would say it was the cession of Virginia to the Union of the Northwest Territory. A magnificent dowry, that of the mother state to the young Union. The most splendid necklace with which a fond mother ever adorned her daughter bride.

I shall not go minutely into the discussion of the details of the Ordinance of 1787, for you have heard them so often discussed that it would be as weary, perhaps, to you, as a thrice-told tale. But I have been curious to ponder what might have been the fate of those Americans who settled here, if the jurisdiction of the Old Dominion had continued to extend beyond the Ohio River; and to consider wherein the two civilizations which were bordered upon each other, were differentiated from each other. The gentleman—General Ewing—who spoke this morning in a most eloquent and able speech, to which I listened with great pleasure, spoke of the land monopolies which existed in the Old Dominion and congratulated his countrymen of Ohio that here there was to be free land, broken up in small parcels for the people; and that the law of primogeniture, which passed the great estate to the oldest son, had never taken root upon Ohio soil. I sympathize entirely in the sentiments he uttered; but will that gentleman allow me to remind him, and to remind you, my countrymen, that land monopoly had been broken in Old Virginia before the pilgrims of New England trod upon Ohio soil, by the pen and by the genius of Thomas Jefferson; and primogeniture had passed away from that land two years before the Ordinance of 1787. Congratulations can not be too frequent, nor can the fact be too often repeated, that the pilgrims of Marietta, brought here absolutely religious liberty. But, may I be pardoned, as a son of the great old commonwealth beyond the river, if I remind you that on the tombstone of Thomas Jefferson is told the story. Though he had been governor of Virginia, twice President of the United States of America, Minister to France, a leader in our legislature and in Congress—there is 'graved upon that stone this simple record, written by himself: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." That statute of religious freedom had been carved by the pen of Jefferson upon the rock ere the flag of the pilgrim floated on the Muskingum shore.

But I come now to the point wherein we did differentiate. The Constitution of the United States, framed by your fathers, and by the fathers of us all, had recognized in it the institution

of slavery, and it provided that if into any free state there should go a fugitive slave he should be restored to his owners under the laws.

The Ordinance of 1787, as you were reminded this morning, contains that same provision. But here was the difference: that in the Ordinance of 1787 there were written those words, which will be, and are, immortal—that hereafter (I need not repeat them in their length) slavery should nowhere exist in the Northwest Territory of the United States. And it was in this simple and single feature that the two communities were differentiated from each other. And, yet, I fancy—for I know the prejudice that has existed in the United States against slavery, and perhaps amongst some towards those who were born in slave communities—I fancy it is not irrelevant to remind you that if the men of the early generations of this country found slavery in their midst as an institution, which had taken root deep down in the soil, and did not at once cut it up and throw it away, that they had that broad and genuine patriotism, that unselfish love of country, that regard for others, which taught them to do unto others even as they would have others do unto them. Slavery was upon them, but they refused to thrust it upon others. The committee which reported the Ordinance of 1787, was Southern in caste. Three members were from the Southern states, and but two were from the North. In the Congress which passed that ordinance, and dedicated this land to freedom, there were represented five Southern states, and but three of the North, and eleven Southern representatives to but nine of the North. And so, if you trace to-day the footprints of your progress, the magnanimous mind that is glad to give credit wheresoever it may belong, will not deny to the early statesmen of this country, whether they came from the North, South, East or West, the tribute due to broad, unselfish patriotism. You, I am sure, will not decline to recognize merit where it is due, and to crown it with its crown.

And, let me say further, my countrymen, that the language of the Ordinance of 1787, the Sixth Article, was the language almost *verbatim et literatim* of Thomas Jefferson. In March, 1784, when Jefferson and Monroe and Harding and Lee presented to the Federal Government the deed of cession of the

Northwest Territory, on the same day, three years before the Ordinance of 1787, Jefferson drew his ordinance which provided that after 1800, slavery should nowhere exist, not only prohibiting it in the Northwest Territory of the United States, but prohibiting it everywhere in the territory of the United States. So it will be seen that that great man, and far-reaching patriot, who had a genius for political affairs, such as Francis Bacon had for science and Shakespeare for poesy, held the map of the century in his mental vision as plainly then as you and I can read it now.

I take from Mr. Bancroft a synopsis of the history of the Ordinance of 1787, and he can not certainly be suspected of partiality in making it. In summing up the credit that is due in various directions for the clause interdicting slavery, he says: "Thomas Jefferson first summoned Congress to prohibit slavery in all the territories of the United States. Rufus King lifted up the measure from where it lay, almost lifeless, and suggested the immediate instead of the prospective prohibition; a Congress, composed of five Southern to one from New England and two from the Middle States, headed by William Grayson, supported by Richard Henry Lee, and using Nathan Dane as scribe, carried the measure to the goal in the amended form in which King had caused it to be referred to a committee, and as Jefferson had proposed, placed it under the sanction of an irrevocable compact."

When we explore the sources of our American history, glory shines in our faces and lights our pathway, and there is a plenty for Nathan Dane and Manasseh Cutler, and for Thomas Jefferson, and for all the rest, leaving a pretty large surplus to be disbursed among all their descendants.

When we read now, fellow-citizens, the legend which history has carved in the stone at Marietta, we see what deep significance it possessed. It is more than probable that had slavery entered here, slavery would still exist in the United States, or that the United States would be split up into free and slave confederacies.

We must then contemplate the event which you celebrate to-day as the birthday of a new civilization. More than the forty centuries that looked down from the pyramids upon

Napoleon, when he fought the Mamelukes in their shadow, looked down upon your fathers, and prepared the way for their coming. And more than forty centuries will have passed away ere the waves of their influence have ceased to be felt upon the shores of time.

The establishment of civil government here, then, is not to be regarded as merely the formation of a community of pioneers upon the borders of a wilderness. The legend of Marietta was the title-page of a new volume in the affairs of men. It was the bugle-call of an advanced guard of the human race, starting forth upon a new march of progress, upon new principles of action. It was a new translation of the Revolution of 1776, for a new land and a new people. It was an amendment to the Declaration of Independence. It was a supplementary Federal Constitution.

The inauguration of Arthur St. Clair as Governor of the Northwest, was not only the beginning of a new government—it was the inauguration of a new era. It made the man, regardless of anything else except the fact that he was a man, the unit of power in the forces of civilization.

The lessons, my countrymen, which we read here, are twofold. The first is the lesson of liberty which we gather from the books; the second is beyond the books, for it made them; it is the triumph of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Roman counted time *ab urbe condita*, from the building of the Seven-Hilled City. You may reckon the stages of that splendid march of progress which began at Marietta and that now pauses at the Golden Gate, *ab urbe condita*, from the building of the cabin upon the bank of the Muskingum.

There is no more attractive page in all our history, and I congratulate the children of the pioneers that it is to them a constant application. But now, if you will allow me, I will probe a little further into the antiquities of our history. The land upon which your beautiful homes are builded was inhabited successively by the mound-builder, by the Indian, by the French, by the English, by the Virginian and the American. Two races of barbarians and two of civilization have dominated here. The mound-builder, in some period too remote to name, dwelt throughout this region. The Indian was—and lo! he is

not. And you can hear only the music of a voice which has passed away in the names of your rivers, and your mountains, and your stately cities, when he who gave them is forgotten.

Three of the great nations of the earth competed for mastery here: Spain, France and England, and two of them possessed it. The Italian, Christopher Columbus, discovered America under the auspices of Spain. Ponce de Leon, the Spaniard, planted the standard of his monarch in Florida. De Soto, the Spaniard, penetrated to the Mississippi in search of gold; there died, and was buried in its waters. When the war of the Revolution was fought, Spain had acquired from France all of her possessions in North America that did not pass to England, and beyond the Mississippi was stretched her eager and grasping hand, even over towards where you now are. Spain, in 1799, making it the condition of her friendship to the United States, demanded that we should cede away and help her to obtain this Northwest Territory.

The Spaniard has disappeared. The splendor of his career is only a tradition. The French were the discoverers and were the first masters of the Northwest. Before John Smith landed at Jamestown, Champlain was the father of Canada. A year after Smith settled at Jamestown Champlain founded Quebec. The soldier, and the priest, and the fur trader of France penetrated through all this region. A hundred years before the Revolution, the French went down the Ohio and the Mississippi. They colonized Louisiana. The valley of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence Basin constituted New France. They spread over the Northwest and into Pennsylvania. They founded Detroit in 1701, New Orleans in 1717, Vincennes in 1735, and St. Louis in 1764. The village of Sault Sainte Marie, of which the representative from Michigan spoke the other day, is fourteen years older than Philadelphia, and one hundred and twenty years older than Marietta. They built Fort DuQuesne, where Pittsburg now stands, in 1754. They defeated Braddock, with Washington at his side, at the battle of Monongahela, and threatened Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia with ruin. Ah! the lilies of France were blooming then. They were blooming and blossoming all over the Northwest Territory, from the snows of Canada, where they started, down to the canebrakes

of Louisiana. But the drum-beat of England was ere long heard and was not easily silenced. The red coat was hard to put down. The wars of Europe projected themselves across the ocean and ran into the wilderness. "French-America had two heads," says Parkman, "one among the snows of Canada and one among the canebrakes of Louisiana. One communicating with the world through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the other through the Gulf of Mexico."

The English failed at the battle of Monongahela, when Braddock was defeated, to break the communication between these two heads, and the door of the Northwest was shut in their faces. But, on the night of the 13th of September, 1759, Wolfe climbed the Heights of Abraham, and struck the head that lay pillowed amidst the snows of Canada. Quebec fell. The beginning of the end of French domination in the Northwest had come.

"The triumph of Wolfe marks the greatest turning point as yet discoverable in modern history," says John Fiske; and Green, the author of the *History of the English People*, declares that "With the triumph of Wolfe, on the Heights of Abraham, began the history of the United States."

An American writer, Mr. Hinsdale, the historian of the Northwest, has added his own judgment in the matter. Says he: "James Wolfe's highlanders and grenadiers at Quebec, and not the embattled farmers at Lexington, won the first great victory of the American Revolution."

Canada was now lost to France; and in 1763 the French King ceded it to the British, and all of his possessions east of the Mississippi except the town of New Orleans and the island on which it was situated.

The path from the Heights of Abraham led to Independence Hall. Independence Hall led finally to Yorktown, and Yorktown guided the footsteps of your fathers to Marietta. This, my countrymen, then, is the lesson which I read here.

The Latin and the Anglo-Saxon race had come in contact, and the Anglo-Saxon won. That race won again when Jefferson acquired Louisiana from the French, and opened a new sky in which the star of empire might glitter. That act made the Father of Waters the free possession of the American

people. Every inch of ground that the Anglo-Saxon has ever won, he has held and he holds. He has never fallen in the strife for empire, save when he was himself his dearest foe. He has always won his freedom with his own right arm. He has given it to others, but he has never received it from any one but himself. He has always bequeathed freedom to his children, and wherever he is, he rules—"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

Here, then, I read again between the lines of your legends, which history carved here when she alighted at Marietta upon eagle's wings and built her nest, and the reading is that the Anglo-Saxon race is already America's conqueror, and will be, in the Providence of God and in His own good time, the world's conqueror.

Going forth, conquering and to conquer, with the language of Shakespeare and Milton, with the code of Blackstone, with the Declaration of Independence, with the American Constitution and the Creed of Christ.

The man who conquered here was the Anglo-Saxon; and the destiny of the Northwest had thrown its shadow before when the first pale face peered over the Alleghanies, coming from Old Virginia, and when the first white arm was bared to take the plunge into the Ohio.

The idea that conquered here was liberty. The people who conquered here were your own flesh and blood, bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. And, though I am rather a distant kinsman, as I come, too, with my people from the great source of our race, from where the yellow-haired, the blue-eyed Saxon came, I feel that I may claim kinship here, and have that claim allowed.

Now, fellow-citizens, I am going a little more into detail about your Northwest Territory. To the greatness of the early settlers of Virginia, to the courage of her arms, to the unanimity of her heart, the people of the United States are chiefly indebted for the Northwest Territory. But not alone to Virginia by any means, nor so understand me. Virginia herself could not have made good her own title to the Northwest, or even had an opportunity to contest it, had not the full dozen of the thirteen colonies stood by her side and helped together

to work out a common salvation. And the fact that her great debt to her sister colonies antedates their debt to her, has led some to disparage the claim which she made. The late Chief Justice Chase, that eminent jurist of Ohio, in his preliminary sketch of your early history, which is given as a preface to the statutes of your state, declared that it was a vacant Territory, wrested from the common enemy of the United States and at the joint expense of all the states, and ought, of right, to belong to Congress in trust for the common use and benefit of the whole nation. I, too, would applaud the sentiment, for it would have been a broad and equitable, and just one, but for one little circumstance: and that is, that it is not quite consistent with the fact. It isn't so, and, if you will allow me, I will give you the language of one whose pen is fresh from the dictation of a fair and impartial history. Professor Hinsdale, Professor of Hiram College, the biographer and editor of the works of Garfield, after sifting the matter, declares that "Congress never maintained a national claim on this ground or on any other ground." I will also quote a few words from the speech of General Garfield, delivered at Burton, in this state, in 1873: "The cession of that great Territory under the treaty of 1783, between Great Britain and the United States, was due mainly to the foresight, to the courage and the endurance of one man who never received from his country any adequate recognition for his great service. That man was George Rogers Clark;" and the eulogy that I have pronounced upon him, came from the lips of James A. Garfield. This man was not acting in the conquest of the Northwest under the Centennial Congress. He was not in the service of the United States. He conducted his own expeditions under a commission from Patrick Henry, the first American governor of the Old Dominion. His soldiers were Virginians, enlisted and paid by the State of Virginia—the only one of all the states that conducted war upon her own hook, at the same time that she joined her sister colonies in paying due attention to her British brethren. And her title to the Northwest Territory rests upon separate and distinct grounds. (*First*), upon the charter which she received from the crown of England, which has been too often quoted for me to cite now. (*Second*), upon your own Ordinance of 1787, for

in that Ordinance is a distinct recognition of the hands from whom the gift was received in this language: "There shall be formed in the said Territtory not less than three, nor more than five states, and the boundaries of the states, as soon as Virginia shall alter her act of cession, and consent to the same, shall become fixed and established as follows:" It then defines those boundaries to be confirmed by her consent, and the Virginia title to the Northwest Territory is exactly the same as that which any man in Marietta owns to the house he lives in. Upon that title your history and your houses are builded, and I may fitly say: "thereby hangs all the law and the prophets."

Now, then, let me turn your attention a little further to another heroic page of our Revolutionary history. Long before the Revolution, the people of the East had turned their faces toward the West. Their progress in that direction was gradual, though continuous. It was more than a hundred years after the settlement at Jamestown, before any of the colonies, who clung closely to the seaboard, passed beyond the Alleghanies. But, in 1710, Alexander Spotswood became governor of Virginia. His father was one of Marlborough's men, who fought at Blenheim, and of whom it was related that he had been shot with a four-pound cannon ball, and only wounded. The son of such a sire must be expected, indeed, to become a sturdy soldier; and sturdy soldier and writer he was, too. Three things he brought with him to Virginia: a spirit of adventure, the contents of a pretty good cellar, and the writ of *habeas corpus*. Three things that have had a good deal to do with each other in this adventurous world of ours.

In 1716, he led an expedition to see, for curiosity was excited, and like the little boy who wanted to open the watch to see the wheels go round, Spotswood and his men longed to get to the top of the Alleghanies in order that they might discover what was going on on the other side. The Governor started out from Williamsburg, the ancient capital of the Old Dominion, with his coach and staff. Now, a coach and staff was a very fine thing for invading the Northwest with, wasn't it? And he was joined by a company of Virginians, and a company of Rangers, and a few Indian guides. On the 36th day of their outing they reached the top of the Alleghanies, and there the mighty

spectacle, the vision of a thousand years arose before them. Spotswood created his men Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, in consideration of their part in this expedition, and gave them each a little golden charm, in the form of a horseshoe, corruscated with diamonds. But, I must tell you exactly how they celebrated the discovery of what was beyond the Alleghanies. This account is taken from the local reporter, of whom it was not said that he took it down stenographically, but he took it down just as it was. "After-wit is everybody's wit;" and how witty I would have been if I had only known it. I am a little late in getting into the Northwestern Territory of humor, for I didn't design the *double entendre* against the stenographers; though I come along slowly in a white-topped wagon, I will get there all the same. I hope that the reporters will not cherish that against me. I will only say that I did not mean to do it, and if he will let me off this time, I won't do so any more. But this is the way the reporter of those days described the discovery of the Alleghanies:

"We got all the men together and loaded their arms, and we drank the king's health and fired a volley; the princess' health in Burgundy and fired a volley; and all the rest of the royal family in claret and a volley. We drank the Governor's health and fired another volley. We had several sorts of liquors, viz.: Virginia red wine and white wine, Irish usquebaugh, brandy, shrub, two sorts of rum, champagne, canary, cherry punch, cider, etc., etc." What sort of vintage the "et ceteras" stand for I am not expert enough to tell. The most remarkable fact in this history is that, after all these volleys, the party got safely back to Williamsburg without losing a man.

There is one thing, however, that we ought to congratulate ourselves about. If the king's health, and princess' health, and royal governor's health were at all proportioned to the intensity with which their loyal subjects drank them, I think we would all be under monarchs still. I might have felt a little delicacy in reading this story of the early and convivial Virginians, but turning over one of General Garfield's speeches, I discovered their kinship to our sober and sedate friends of New England.

So let me read you from General Cleveland's journal, of how the people from the land of steady habits celebrated their landing in the New Connecticut of the Western Reserve:

"On this creek (Conneaught) in New Connecticut land, under General Moses Cleveland, the surveyors and men sent by the Connecticut Land Company to survey and settle the Connecticut Reserve, and were the first English people who took possession of it. And after many difficulties, perplexities and hardships were surmounted, and we were on the good and promised land, felt that a just tribute of respect to the day ought to be paid. There were in all, including women and children, fifty in number. The men, under Captain Tinker, ranged themselves on the beach and fired a Federal salute of fifteen rounds, and then the sixteenth in honor of New Connecticut. We gave three cheers, and christened the place Port Independence, drank several toasts, closed with three cheers, drank several pails of grog, supped and retired in good order."

Pardon this little digression, my countrymen. We are all so much better now, in these days, than our ancestors used to be, that we can afford to look with some forbearance on their frailties and their ancient amusements.

We know not who were the first white men to penetrate the region beyond the Alleghanies. Neither do we know who was the first one who crossed the Ohio River; but we do know that when the first white man paddled the canoe or splashed its waters, the forerunner of a new régime had come before.

Christopher Gist made the first exploration into Ohio in 1750. In 1753 Major George Washington came out as the representative of Robert Dinwiddie, Colonial Governor of Virginia, vainly entering his protest against French occupation to the French commandant, the Chevalier de St. Pierre, at Logstown.

In 1754, on July 3d, came the defeat of Washington and the capitulation of his command at Fort Necessity, in the Great Meadows, a bad beginning for the young soldier who afterwards accomplished so much. And it elicited this sneer from Horace Walpole: "The French have tied up the hands of an

excellent *Fanfaron*, a Major Washington, whom they took and engaged not to serve one year."

In 1755, Braddock's disastrous expedition followed. A few more years rolled around, and on the 25th of November, 1759, under the leadership of General Forbes, and with George Washington leading his Virginians, at the head of the column, the Anglo-Americans marched into the reduced fortress of Fort DuQuesne, where Pittsburg now stands. Its name was changed to Fort Pitt three months before Wolfe had triumphed on the Heights of Abraham. The English had won the Northwest.

Events now rush forward to the great Revolution. In these movements Massachusetts and Virginia led the van. After the Boston massacre of 1770, Revolution was in the air. In December, 1773, the Boston men, resisting the unrepealed tax on tea, disguised themselves as Mohawk Indians, and threw the tea-chests into the harbor. The Boston Port Bill was passed by parliament as a retaliatory measure, and on and after June 4th, the harbor of Boston was to be closed. Swift came the news to the Old Dominion, and just as swift was the Old Dominion's response to Boston. A general Congress was called May 27th, 1774. Virginia delegates were chosen in August, and George Washington, one of them, addressing his constituents in Fairfax, declared that "he was ready to raise a thousand men, sub-sist them at his own expense, and march at their head to the relief of Boston."

The first Congress assembled at Philadelphia, September 5th, 1774. At its opening, Patrick Henry exclaimed, "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies. The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

Now, my countrymen, an incident well known as a brilliant military exploit occurred, the significance of which is often overlooked.

Lord Dunmore was the Colonial Governor of Virginia. At this time, as you may imagine from the speech which has just been quoted, he was getting in pretty hot water in the old capital at Williamsburg. Just about that time, too, moving

from Chillicothe, the Shawnee town, across the Ohio, came Cornstalk, the Indian chief, with his braves, incensed by British emissaries and British Generals, to make an attack upon your frontier. Dunmore was between the nether millstones. He wanted to defend the colony of Virginia, but the colony of Virginia was rising in rebellion behind him. He started with two divisions from the valley, but when Andrew Lewis, commanding one of them, arrived upon the banks of the Ohio, the noble lord failed to put in an appearance. In October, 1774, when Cornstalk crossed the Ohio and attacked at Point Pleasant, there Andrew Lewis, with but one of his divisions of Virginia, met and beat him back, and the noble lord did not turn up until a week or two afterward. It was believed that he was in conspiracy with the Indians, and that he hoped that Lewis would be overcome, in order that he might break rebellion's back by striking it in the rear.

Among the gallant young captains who fought at Point Pleasant under Andrew Lewis in that battle, was George Rogers Clark. And with him, I turn now from the splendid scenes of the Revolution, that were transpiring along the seaboard states, from Concord and Lexington, from King's Mountain and Yorktown, to others that were transpiring in the dark woods of the Northwest, which scarce less aided the cause of independence, and without which, in all probability, independence would have proven a "pent up Utica," contracted between the boundaries of the Atlantic and the Ohio. With the events of war along the Atlantic, nearly every schoolboy is familiar. But those in the flank and rear of the struggling Continentals have seldom been fully appreciated. Let us enter the wilderness with George Rogers Clark, the most neglected of American heroes, but scarce second to any in martial prowess and achievement.

George Rogers Clark was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, November 19th, 1752, almost within the shades of Monticello. In 1775 he first visited Kentucky, then a part of Fincastle county, Virginia, and he again visited it the following year.

One day after the Declaration of Independence, on the 5th day of July, 1776, Patrick Henry took the oath of office as

Governor of Virginia; and just one month before George Rogers Clark had been chosen at Harrodsburg in popular meeting, to be a member of the Virginia General Assembly. This was irregular, but he repaired at once to Virginia, and waited on Governor Henry. "A country," said he, "not worth defending, is not worth claiming." And he urged assistance for the defense of Kentucky and the Northwest.

Clark, in floating down the beautiful river, had noticed the western banks, and he was a dreamer of great dreams. He came to the old Colonial capital at Williamsburg, and laid at once before Patrick Henry a comprehensive scheme for the conquest of the Northwest. He had driven the Indians out of Kentucky; and he won the name of "Hanibal of the West," from the courage and mastery of his generalship. He might better have been called the Scipio Africanus; because, with the broad scope in which both generalship and statesmanship were commingled, he saw that the Indian was set on like a hound by the British General, and he said to Patrick Henry, "You must penetrate the Northwest, strike the British post, capture the British garrison, and establish your garrison there."

Patrick Henry and the Virginia Legislature supplied him with some £1,200 in money, and with less than 200 men he went down the Ohio. He made his headquarters at its falls, then, without firing a gun, he sprang upon the British at Kaskaskia and captured them, and then he turned his attention to the British governor, Hamilton, who was intrenched at Vincennes, in what is now Indiana. With these two hundred men, wading through the swamps and the river up to their elbows, he appeared suddenly before the British garrison.

And a correspondence ensued there between George Rogers Clark and the British commander, which, if it does not savor of the courtesy of Chesterfield, or the diplomacy of Talleyrand, has a touch of vigor that might have been imparted by the hand of Cæsar. Clark, at the head of his two hundred men in front of the intrenchment, writes to Governor Hamilton as follows:

"SIR: In order to save yourself from the impending storm that now threatens you, I order you immediately to surrender yourself with all your garrison, stores, etc., for if I am obliged to storm, you may depend on such treatment as is justly due to a murderer. Beware of destroying stores of any kind, or any papers or letters that are in your possession, or hurting one house in town; for, by heavens, if you do, there shall be no mercy shown you."

Pretty strong language for a Virginia lad of twenty-four, to be used to the representative of the British empire.

Governor Hamilton responds:

"Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton begs to present his compliments to Colonel Clark, and to acquaint him with the fact that his garrison is not disposed to be awed into any action unworthy a British subject."

Colonel Clark opens fire upon Governor Hamilton, and presently receives from Governor Hamilton the following:

"Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton presents his compliments to Colonel Clark, and asks for a truce for three days."

Clark answers:

"Colonel Clark's compliments to Governor Hamilton, and begs leave to inform him that he will not agree to any terms other than Mr. Hamilton's surrendering himself and garrison prisoners at discretion. If Mr. Hamilton is desirous of a conference with Colonel Clark, he will meet him at the church with Captain Helm."

Hamilton came. The surrender took place. The British garrison marched out and was carried with Governor Hamilton, as prisoners of war, to Williamsburg. The victory had been won under the command of a young Virginia Colonel, with less than two hundred men; and there at Vincennes, on the 24th of February, 1779, the British empire in the Northwest gave up the ghost, and the stars and stripes floated over the battlements where they have floated for a hundred years, and will, I hope, float in peace forever.

There is a postscript to this story, which rounds up the claim of the Virginia title. Clark had made reports of his proceedings to the Virginia authorities, and in December, 1778, Virginia had organized the Northwest Territory as the county of Illinois. [Laughter.] I do not know whether my friend laughed because he is glad to hear it, or whether he laughs because he hopes it is not so; but laugh as you will, the Northwest Territory was not only organized on paper as the county of Illinois, but men went there and made good by their strong arms the words that they had written. The French all over the territory took the oath of allegiance to the State of Virginia, and when the Revolutionary War was ended, and the cessions of territory began from New York and Massachusetts, and Connecticut and the other states, it was universally and justly recognized that Virginia had substantiated her claim.

It was, indeed, through the Virginia claim that the United States made good her own, for upon the conclusion of peace between the United States and Great Britain, in 1783, the representatives of the two countries agreed that "the tree should lie as it had fallen;" that is, that each should remain in possession of all the territory it held at the close of the war. Under this provision of the treaty the American Commissioners claimed the Northwest Territory on the ground of its capture by Clark, and "the possession of it by the Americans at the date of the conference" for peace.

George Rogers Clark was made a Brigadier-General of the United States Army for his services, and when Arnold in the war invaded Virginia, took temporary command under Steuben, and helped to resist him. He again campaigned in the West against the Indians; but time forbids that I should follow his footsteps.

No monument to him has been erected; no biography of him has yet been written, but his merit is universally acknowledged by those who have studied his achievements.

At Locust Grove, near Louisville, Kentucky, he lies buried in a neglected grave beneath a stone which bears the initials "G. R. C." But soon will a monument rise over his ashes, for a few days ago Senator Sherman, of Ohio, successfully urged in the Senate a bill to erect it, and I was glad to unite, as indeed were all, in its passage.

That you may not think I am either partial or excessive in my claims for Virginia and for George Rogers Clark, let me read you what Professor Hinsdale, of your own state, a ripe scholar, imbued with a true historic spirit, has written in his volume entitled "The Old Northwest:"

"The Northwest has been won by a Virginia army, commanded by a Virginia officer, put in the field at Virginia's expense.

"Governor Henry had promptly announced the conquest to the Virginia delegates in Congress." . . .

But before Patrick Henry wrote this letter Virginia had welded the last link in her chain of title to the country beyond the Ohio.

In October, 1778, her legislature declared "all the citizens of the Commonwealth who are actual settlers there, or who shall hereafter be settled on the west side of the Ohio, shall be included in the district of Kentucky which shall be called Illinois county."

Nor was this all; soon after Governor Henry appointed a Lieutenant-Commandant for the new country, with full instructions for carrying on the government.

The French settlements remained under Virginia jurisdiction until March, 1784.

John Ladd was the recipient of Governor Henry's appointment as Lieutenant-Commandant of Illinois county, and in Edwards' History of Illinois, I find a literal copy of his letter of appointment, with instructions, dated at Williamsburg, Virginia, December 12th, 1778. In that letter Governor Henry says:

"By virtue of the act of the General Assembly which establishes the county of Illinois, you are appointed County-Lieutenant there, and for the general tenor of your conduct I refer you to the law."

He then proceeds to give him many suggestions as to the policy to be pursued. He is to take care to conciliate the French and the Indians, to pay particular attention to Colonel Clark and his corps, and give the military every aid which circumstances permit. He is to take pains to overawe the Indians from warring on the settlers; to respect Indian property; restrain the soldiers from license, and tender friendship to the Spanish commander near Kaskaskia. "You are on all occasion," says the governor, "to inculcate in the people the value of liberty and the difference between the state of free citizens of this Commonwealth and that slavery of which Illinois was delivered."

The Virginia government in Illinois county was in no wise confined to paper proclamations.

Colonel Ladd, the County-Lieutenant, in the spring of 1795, visited the settlements at Vincennes and Kaskaskia, and organized temporary civil governments in nearly all the settlements west of the Ohio.

He issued a proclamation, dated 15th June, 1779, regulating the settlement of unoccupied lands, and in the same month he organized at Vincennes a magisterial court of criminal and civil jurisdiction, presided over by Colonel J. M. Legras, who had been appointed commandant at Vincennes.

Following the precedents of the French commandants in the Northwest, the court granted land to settlers, and up to 1783 had granted some 26,000 acres. From that time forward, and until forbidden by General Harmar in 1787, this practice continued, and 22,000 more acres were granted.

President Hinsdale, who has profoundly investigated the question, cites many acts of sovereignty exercised by Virginia in the Northwest; and to those who may wish to see them enumerated I refer to his pages. I refer also to the litigated cases of *Virginia v. Garner*, 3 Grattan's Virginia Reports, page 655, where the whole matter was debated and expounded by the judges of the General Court in 1846.

You will also find that the title of Virginia to the Northwest is recognized by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Handly v. Anthony*, reported in 5 Wheaton, 376, its unanimous opinion being given by Chief Justice Marshall.

The conclusion of Professor Hinsdale can not be questioned, that while the treaty of Paris of 1763 limited the colony on the west of the Mississippi, "Virginia continued to fill up and occupy, both geographically and politically, the territory to the Mississippi, until that signal act of her sovereignty over the Western territories was exercised in the cession she made of them in March, 1784, and which was consummated by the acceptance of it by the United States in Congress assembled on the same day."

If I have paused here to go into these old stories, it was only because I hoped that I might show to you, and that all of us might realize, that in winning the independence of this government, in achieving the great territory that is now its possession, in framing the wise and just and conservative laws which are the inheritance of each and all of us, your fathers and mine, and the fathers of all the colonists did their part, and left us a benefit to be received and enjoyed in common.

There is one other thing that should not be forgotten; that is, that there has never been but one question before the American people that divided it in sections, and that was the question of slavery. Every other question of difference between us was one that grew out of it.

And now, in contemplating that subject, the rise, the fall, and the obliteration of slavery, and the permanent establishment of the Union, it comes before my mind like the figure of some slender sapling into whose side is driven a wedge. When the war ended that wedge had been withdrawn. The sides of the young tree sprang together, the sap formed new bark around it, and now it rises over us and for us all, a stately oak which extends its roots deep down into the earth and waves its leaves among the stars of heaven.

I despise gush of every kind; I hate the language of rhetoric that has not behind it the soul of honor; but I feel that the day is near at hand when the citizens of our common country, whether born on the banks of the Ohio, or the James, and whether they trace their lineage by way of Plymouth Rock, or to the land that was ever true to "Charley over the water," can look each other in the face without sense that aught has ever parted them, and talk the plain language of truth.

And feeling as I do, thinking as I think, representing a constituency that thinks and feels likewise, I am happy in the realization that to-day, as one hundred years ago, the Virginian crossing the Ohio can salute his brother here with the hailing sign, "I, too, am an American."

I have been glad to come into your midst, to shake your hand, to look upon the revered faces of the conscript fathers that hang upon your walls, and to feel that in the pursuit of the common happiness and in defense of the common liberty, Americans everywhere are one, ready to give our country every pledge of our affections, and if need be to take our flag in our hands, carry it high and die under its folds.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

*Mr. Speaker, Gentlemen of the General Assembly of Virginia,
Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Noble are the words of Cicero when he tells us that "it is the first and fundamental law of history that it should neither dare to say anything that is false or fear to say anything that is true, nor give any just suspicion of favor or disaffection."

No less a high standard must be invoked in considering the life, character, and services of Jefferson Davis, a great man of a great epoch, whose name is blended with the renown of American arms and with the civic glories of the Cabinet and the Congress hall, a son of the South who became the head of a confederacy more populous and extensive than that for which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and the Commander-in-Chief of armies many times greater than those of which Washington was the General.

He swayed Senates and led the soldiers of the Union—and he stood accused of treason in a court of justice.

He saw victory sweep illustrious battle fields—and he became a captive.

He ruled millions—and he was put in chains.

He created a nation; he followed its bier; he wrote its epitaph—and he died a disfranchised citizen.

But though great in all vicissitudes and trials, he was greatest in that fortune which, lifting him first to the loftiest heights and casting him thence into the depths of disappointment, found him everywhere the erect and constant friend of truth. He conquered himself and forgave his enemies, but bent to none but God.

SEVERE SCRUTINY OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER

No public man was ever subjected to sterner ordeals of character or closer scrutiny of conduct. He was in the public gaze

Delivered under the auspices of the General Assembly of Virginia at Mozart Academy of Music, January 25th, 1890, Richmond, Va.

for nearly half a century; and in the fate which at last overwhelmed the Southern Confederacy and its President, its official records and private papers fell into the hands of his enemies.

Wary eyes now searched to see if he had overstepped the bounds which the laws of war have set to action, and could such evidence be found, wrathful hearts would have cried for vengeance. But though every hiding-place was opened, and reward was ready for any who would betray the secrets of the captive chief, whose armies were scattered and whose hands were chained—though the sea gave up its dead in the convulsion of his country—there could be found no guilty fact, and accusing tongues were silenced.

Whatever record leaped to light,
His name could not be shamed.

I could not, indeed, nor would I divest myself of those identities and partialities which make me one with the people of whom he was the chief in their supreme conflict. But surely if records were stainless and enemies were dumb, and if the principals now pronounce favorable judgment upon the agent, notwithstanding that he failed to conduct their affairs to a successful issue, there can be no suspicion of undue favor on the part of those who do him honor; and the contrary inclination could only spring from disaffection.

THE SOUTH KNEW HIM, AND THEREFORE HONORS HIM

The people of the South knew Jefferson Davis. He mingled his daily life with theirs under the eager ken of those who had bound up with him all that life can cherish.

To his hands they consigned their destinies, and under his guidance they committed the land they loved, with husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, to the God of Battles.

Ruin, wounds, and death became their portion. And yet this people do declare that Jefferson Davis was an unselfish patriot and a noble gentleman; that as the trustee of the highest trusts that man can place in man he was clear and faithful; and that in his high office he exhibited those grand heroic attributes which were worthy of its dignity and of their struggle for independence.

Thus it was that when the news came that he was no more there was no Southern home that did not pass under the shadow of affliction. Thus it was that the governors of commonwealths bore his body to the tomb and that multitudes gathered from afar to bow in reverence. Thus it was that throughout the South the scarred soldiers, the widowed wives, the kindred of those who had died in the battle which he delivered, met to give utterance to their respect and sorrow. Thus it is that the General Assembly of Virginia is now convened to pay their tribute. Completer testimony to human worth was never given, and thus it will be that the South will build a monument to record their verdict that he was true to his people, his conscience, and his God; and no stone that covers the dead will be worthier of the Roman legend: "*Clarus et vir fortissimus.*"

SOME PERSONAL TRAITS OF CHARACTER

The life now closed was one of conflict from youth to manhood, and from manhood to the grave. Before he was a man in years he was an officer in the army of his country, and intermissions of military and civil services were but spent in burnishing the weapons which were to shine in the clash of opposing interests.

The scenes of the hearthstone and of the cloisters of friendship and religion have no place on that large canvas which portrays the great events of national existence; and those who come forth from them equipped and strong to wrestle and contend leave often behind them the portions of their life work which, could others know them, would reverse all conceptions of character and turn aversion to affection.

Those who knew Jefferson Davis in intimate relations honored him most and loved him. Genial and gentle, approachable to all, especially regardful of the humble and the lowly, affable in conversation, and enriching it from the amplest stores of a refined and cultured mind, he fascinated those who came within the circle of his society and endeared them to him. Reserved as to himself, he bore the afflictions of a diseased body with scant allusion even when it became needful to plead them in self-defense. With bandaged eyes, and weak from suffering, he would come from a couch of pain to vote on public

issues, and for over twenty years, with the sight of one eye gone, he dedicated his labors to the vindication of the South from the aspersions which misconceptions and passions had engendered.

At over four score years he died, with his harness on, his pen yet bright and trenchant, his mental eye undimmed, his soul athirst for peace, truth, justice, and fraternity, breathing his latest breath in clearing the memories of the Lost Confederacy.

Clear and strong in intellect; proud, high-minded, sensitive, self-willed, but not self-centered; self-assertive for his cause, but never for his own advancement; aggressive and imperious as are nearly all men fit for leadership; with the sturdy virtues that command respect, but without the small diplomacies that conciliate hostility, he was one of those characters that naturally make warm friends and bitter enemies; a veritable man, "terribly in earnest," such as Carlyle loved to count among the heroes.

NEITHER SELFISH, COLD, NOR CRUEL

Such a man can never be understood while strife lasts; and little did they understand him who thought him selfish, cold, or cruel. When he came to Richmond as your President your generous people gave him a home, and he declined it. After the war, when dependent on his labor for the bread of his family, kind friends tendered him a purse. Gracefully refusing, "Send it," he said, "to the poor and suffering soldiers and their families." His heart was full of melting charity, and in the Confederate days the complaint was that his many pardons relaxed discipline, and that he would not let the sentences of military courts be executed. Not a human being ever believed for an instant the base imputation that he appropriated Confederate gold. He distributed the last to the soldiers, and "the fact is," he wrote to a friend, "that I staked all my property and reputation on the defense of states' rights and constitutional liberty as I understand them. The first I spent in the cause, except what was saved and appropriated or destroyed by the enemy; the last has been persistently assailed by all which falsehood could invent and malignity employ."

HUMANITY TO PRISONERS OF WAR

He would have turned with loathing from misuse of a prisoner, for there was no characteristic of Jefferson Davis more marked than his regard for the weak, the helpless, and the captive. By act of the Confederate Congress and by general orders the same rations served to the Confederates were issued to the prisoners, though taken from a starving army and people.

Brutal and base was the effort to stigmatize him as a conspirator to maltreat prisoners, but better for him that it was made, for while he was himself yet in prison the evidences of his humanity were so overwhelming that finally slander stood abashed and malignity recoiled.

Even at Andersonville, where the hot summer sun was, of course, disastrous to men of the Northern clime, well-nigh as many of their guard died as of them.

With sixty thousand more Federal prisoners in the South than there were Confederate prisoners in the North, four thousand more Confederates than Federals died in prison. A cyclone of rhetoric can not shake this mountain of fact, and these facts are alike immovable:

(*First*). He tried to get the prisoners exchanged by the cartel agreed on, but as soon as an excess of prisoners was in Federal hands this was refused.

(*Second*). A delegation of the prisoners themselves was sent to Washington to represent the situation and the plea of humanity for exchange.

(*Third*). Vice-President Stephens was sent to see President Lincoln by President Davis, and urge exchange, in order "to restrict the calamities of war," but he was denied audience.

(*Fourth*). Twice—in January, 1864, and in January, 1865—President Davis proposed through Commissioner Ould that each side should send surgeons and allow money, food, clothing, and medicine to be sent to prisoners, but no answer came.

(*Fifth*). Unable to get medicines in the Confederacy, offer was made to buy them from the United States for the sole use of Federal prisoners. No answer was made.

(SOUTH). Then who was made to deliver the sick and wounded without any equivalent in exchange. There was no reply for months.

(SOUTH). Finally and as even so the United States would receive from thousands of both sick and well were delivered without exchange.

The second letter he wrote to the responsibility for refusal to exchange. General Grant returned it, saying in his letter of August 1862, 1864. "It is hard on our men to exchange prisoners on no exchange plan, but it is necessary to them, both in the north to fight our battles. If we constructed a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners whom we will have to fight as well as the other South is constructed. If we held these might they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all such prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our own safety here."

Alexander H. Stephens declared that the effort to fix blame on President Davis constituted "one of the heaviest and basest attempted slanders upon the truth of history which has ever been attempted."

Charles E. Smith of the New York Sun, formerly Assistant Secretary of War under President Davis while he had declared him "deserving reprobation" of the charge, and not of the word, "A traitor and his peers."

When General Lee relinquished the army in the hands of Richmond, he said to them: "Your loyalty to the President and the Government was the most precious glory of your valor." And with that word were sealed the days would lift their hands from their weapons and throw them upon the grave of the Confederate President.

THE CONFEDERATE WARREN, AND HOW MARYANN HANCOCK WAS
KILLED

Maryann would not tell you how the three weeks were fully known, and while, indeed, people carried a dead cat to him, and if he would have, when you can see him but that a woman at the time called the time as an occasion, shared with reflecting presence, instead the women and

imprisoned for two years and denied trial; handcuffed like a common ruffian; put in solitary confinement; a silent sentinel and a blazing light at watch on his every motion—where is there a creature who can call himself a man who could condemn—aye, who does not sympathize with the goaded innocence and the righteous indignation with which he spurned the accusations and denounced the accusers?

But whatever he suffered, the grandeur of his soul lifted him above the feelings of hatred and malice.

When Grant lay stricken on Mt. McGregor he was requested to write a criticism of his military career. He declined for two reasons: "*First*, General Grant is dying. *Second*, though he invaded our country with a ruthless, it was with an open hand, and, as far as I know, he abetted neither arson nor pillage, and has since the war, I believe, shown no malignity to the Confederates either of the military or civil service; therefore, instead of seeking to disturb the quiet of his closing hours, I would, if it were in my power, contribute to the peace of his mind and the comfort of his body." This was no newborn feeling. At Fortress Monroe, when suffering the tortures of bodily pain in an unwholesome prison, and the worse tortures of a humiliating and cruel confinement which make man blush for his kind to recall them, he yet, in the solitude of his cell, shared only by his faithful pastor, took the Holy Communion which commemorates the blood and the broken body of Jesus Christ, and, bowing to God, declared his heart at peace with Him and man.

As free from envy as he was from malice, he was foremost in recognizing, applauding, and eulogizing the great character and achievements of General R. E. Lee, and with his almost dying hand he wove a chaplet of evergreen beauty to lay upon his honored brow.

RIGID ADHERENCE TO PRINCIPLE

Sternly did he stand for principle. He was no courtier, no flatterer, no word magician, no time server, no demagogue, unless that word shake from it the contaminations of its abuse and return to its pristine meaning—a leader of the people. Like King David's was his command, "There shall no deceit-

ful man dwell in my house." A pure and lofty spirit breathed through his every utterance, which, like the Parian stone, revealed in its polish the fineness of the grain. I can recall no public man who in the midst of such shifting and perplexing scenes of strife maintained so firmly the consistency of his principles, and who, despite the shower of darts that hurtled around his head, triumphed so completely over every dishonoring imputation. It was because those who knew his faith knew always where to find him, and wherever found he proclaimed that faith as the standard bearer unfurls his colors.

He was always ready to follow his principles to their logical conclusion; to become at any sacrifice their champion; to face defeat in their defense, and to die, if need be, rather than disguise or recant them.

Advocating the Mexican war while a member of the House of Representatives from Mississippi, he resigned his seat there to take command of a Mississippi regiment and share the hardships and dangers of the field.

When later his party in Mississippi seemed to be losing ground, and General Quitman, its candidate for governor, retired, a popular election giving forecast of 7,500 majority against him, Jefferson Davis resigned his seat in the United States Senate to accept its leadership and become its nominee, and with such effect did he rally its ranks that he came within one thousand votes of election.

When he turned homeward from Mexico the laureled hero of Buena Vista, he was everywhere hailed with acclamation, and a commission as Brigadier-General of volunteers in the United States Army was tendered him by President Polk. We may well conceive with what pride the young soldier, not yet forty years of age, would welcome so rare an honor in the cherished profession which had kindled his youthful ardor, and in which he had become now so signally distinguished.

But he had taught the doctrine that the State and not the Federal Government was the true constitutional fountain of such an honor, and from another hand he would not bend his knightly brow to receive it. And yet later on, when summoned from the privacy of home to a place in the Cabinet of President Pierce, he declined because he believed it to be his duty to

remain in Mississippi and wrestle for the cause with which he was identified. Thus did he abandon or decline the highest dignities of civil and military life, always putting principle in the lead, and himself anywhere that would best support it.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN INTERPRET THE GENIUS OF PEOPLES

Personal virtues and public services are so different in essence and effect that nations often glorify those whose private characters are detestable, and condemn others who possess the most admirable traits. The notorious vices of Marlborough stood not in the way of the titles, honors, and estates which England heaped on the hero of Blenheim, and the nobleness of Robert Emmet did not shield the champion of Irish independence from the scaffold.

But the men of history can not be thus dismissed from the bar of public judgment with verdicts wrung from the passion of an hour. There is a court of appeals in the calmer life and clearer intelligence of nations, and whenever the inherent rights or the moral ideas underlying the movements of society are brought in question the personal qualities, the honor, the comprehension, the constancy of its leading spirits must contribute largely to the final judgment. In this forum personal and public character are blended, for in great conjunctures it is largely through their representative men that we must interpret the genius of peoples.

A TRUE REPRESENTATIVE MAN OF THE SOUTH

It was fortunate for the South, for America, and for humanity that at the head of the South in war was a true type of its honor, character, and history—a man whose clear rectitude preserved every complication from impeachment of bad faith; a patriot whose love of law and liberty were paramount to all expediences; a commander whose moderation and firmness could restrain, and whose lofty passion and courage could inspire; a publicist whose intellectual powers and attainments made him the peer of any statesman who has championed the rights of commonwealths in debate, or stood at the helm when the ship of state encountered the tempest of civil commotion.

HE TRULY REPRESENTED THE SOUTH AS A CONSTITUTIONAL
PRESIDENT

In the tremendous storm which has scarce yet subsided Jefferson Davis never once forgot that he was a constitutional President under the limits of the fundamental laws of the Confederate republic. Some thought that he might have imparted a fiercer energy to his sore pressed battalions had he grasped the purse and the sword, seized the reins of a dictator, and pushed the enterprise of war to its most exigent endeavor. But never once did ambition tempt or stress of circumstances drive him to admit the thought, at war as it was with the principles of the revolution which he led and with the genius of the Southern people. He stood for constitutional right. To him it was the Rock of Ages. Who does not now rejoice that he was inflexible?

HE TRULY REPRESENTED THE SOUTH IN NOT NEGOTIATING
FOR PEACE ON OTHER TERMS THAN INDEPENDENCE

Had a man less sober minded and less strong than he been in his place the Confederacy would not only have gone down in material ruin, it would have been buried in disgrace. Excesses, sure to bring retribution in the end, would have blotted its career, and weakness would have stripped its fate of dignity. I dismiss, therefore, the unworthy criticism that he should have negotiated peace in February, 1865, when Hon. Francis Blair came informally to Richmond, and when, as the result of his mission, Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell met President Lincoln and Secretary Seward in conference at Hampton Roads. Reports have been circulated that at that time peace could have been secured upon a basis of a return to the Union, with payment of some sort to Southern owners for their emancipated slaves. There is no foundation for such belief. The idea which led to the conference was that of Mr. Blair, that the Confederate cause being hopeless, the Confederate leaders could be induced to wheel their columns into line with those of the Union army now thundering at their gates, and then march off to Mexico to assert the Monroe doctrine and expel Maximilian, the usurping emperor, from his home. But when President Lincoln and

Secretary Seward appeared no proposal of any kind was made but unconditional surrender. This was reported, and of course declined. Even had compensation for slaves been proposed the Confederate soldiers would have repudiated such terms as conditions of surrender. True, they were in dire distress. With scarce a handful Johnston could only harass Sherman in the South, and the men of Lee could see from their trenches the mighty swarms marshalling in their front. The starvation that clutched at their throats plunged its dagger to their hearts as they thought of loved ones famishing at home. But the brave men who still clung to their tattered standards knew naught of the art or practice of surrender. They thought of Valley Forge and saw beyond it Yorktown. Had not Washington thought of the mountains of West Augusta when driven from his strongholds? Why not they? Had not Jackson left the legacy, "What is life without honor? Dishonor is worse than death." They could not comprehend the idea of surrender, for were they not their fathers' sons?

REVOLUTIONS CAN ONLY DIE IN THE LAST DITCH

They would rather have died than surrender then, and they were right. Revolutions imply the impossibility of compromise. They never begin until overtures are ended. Once begun there is no half-way house between victory and death, and they can only die with honor in the last ditch.

Had surrender come before its necessity was manifest to all mankind, reproach, derision, and contempt, feud, faction, and recrimination would have brought an aftermath of disorder and terror; and had it been based on such terms as those which critics have suggested a glorious revolution would have been snuffed out like a farthing candle in a miserable barter about the ransom of slaves.

It was well for all that it was fought to the finish without compromise either tendered or entertained. The fact that it was so fought out gave finality to its result and well-nigh extinguished its embers with its flames. No drop of blood between Petersburg and Appomattox, not one in the last charge, was shed in vain. Peace with honor must pay its price, even if that price be life itself, and it is because the South paid that

price with no miser's hand that her surviving soldiers carried home with them the "consciousness of duty faithfully performed." We should rejoice that if weak men wavered before the end neither Jefferson Davis, nor Robert Lee, nor Joseph Johnston wavered. Though they and their compeers could not achieve the independence of the Confederacy, they did preserve the independent and unshamed spirit of their people. And it is in that spirit now that men of the South find their shield against calumny, their title to respect, their welcome to the brotherhood of noble men, and their incentive to noble and unselfish deeds.

"If you would know why Rome was great," says a student of her history, "consider that Roman soldier whose armed skeleton was found in a recess near the gate of Pompeii. When burst the sulphurous storm the undaunted hero dropped the visor of his helmet and stood there to die."

Would you know why the South is great? Look on the new-made grave in Louisiana, and consider the ragged soldier of Bentonville and Appomattox.

EARLY DAYS—DAVIS AND LINCOLN

After the Revolutionary War Samuel Davis, who had served in it as one of the mounted men of Georgia, settled in Kentucky. Pending the war, in 1782, the very year that George Rogers Clark captured Kaskaskia, Thomas Lincoln, of Rockingham county, Virginia, removed to the same state. Jefferson Davis, the son of the first-named settler, was born on June 3d, 1808, and on February 12th, 1809, was born the son of the other—Abraham Lincoln. Samuel Davis moved to Mississippi. His son became a cadet at West Point under appointment from President Monroe, and soon commissioned as a lieutenant in the United States Army, appeared in the service fighting the Indians on the frontier in the Black Hawk War. In early manhood Abraham Lincoln removed to Illinois, and now becoming a captain of volunteers he and Jefferson Davis were under the same flag engaged in the same warfare.

John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell had once engaged passage for America, and George Washington was about to become a midshipman in the British navy. Had not circumstances

changed these plans Hampden and Cromwell might have become great names in American history. And suppose Admiral George Washington, under the colors of King George III., had been pursuing the Count D'Estaing, whose French fleet hemmed Cornwallis in at Yorktown, who knows how the story of the great Revolution might have been written? Had Jefferson Davis gone to Illinois and Lincoln to Mississippi, what different histories would be around those names; and yet I fancy that the great struggle with which they were identified would have been changed only in incidents and not in its great currents.

A PLANTER'S LIFE—1835 TO 1843

In 1835 Lieutenant Davis resigned his commission in the army, intermarried Miss Taylor, a daughter of Zackary Taylor, and retired to his Mississippi estate, where for eight years he spent his time in literary studies and agricultural pursuits, a country gentleman with a full library and broad acres.

Such life as his was that of John Hampden before the country squire suddenly emerged from obscurity as a debater, a leader of Parliament, and a soldier, to plead and fight and die in the people's cause against a tyrant's and a tax gatherer's exactions. Such life as his was that of many of the fathers of this republic; and when Jefferson Davis entered public life, in 1843, he came—as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Henry, Mason, Clay, Calhoun, and Andrew Jackson had come before him—from a Southern plantation, where he had been the head of a family and the master of slaves.

HIS VARIOUS EMPLOYMENTS FROM 1843 TO 1861

From 1843 to 1861 the life of Jefferson Davis was spent for the most part in public services, and they were as distinguished as the occasions which called them into requisition were numerous and important. A presidential elector, a member of the House of Representatives, a United States Senator (once by appointment and twice by election), a Colonel of the Mississippi volunteers in Mexico, twice a candidate for governor of his state before the people, these designations give suggestion of the number and dignity of his employments.

MILITARY SERVICES IN MEXICO

How he led the Mississippi riflemen in storming Monterey without bayonets; how he threw them into the famous "V" to receive and repulse the Mexican lancers at the crisis of the battle of Buena Vista; how, though wounded and bleeding from a musket shot, he sat his horse, and would not quit the field till victory had crowned it, is a picture that hangs conspicuously in the galleries of our history. The movement, prompt, original, and decisive, disclosed the General of rare ability; the personal conduct avouched the hero.

"Colonel Davis," said General Taylor in his report, "though severely wounded, remained in the saddle until the close of the action. His distinguished coolness and gallantry at the head of his regiment on this day entitle him to the particular notice of the government."

Colonel Davis won the battle of Buena Vista, and Buena Vista made General Taylor President.

IN THE CABINET OF PRESIDENT PIERCE

As Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce, a position which he only accepted after repeated solicitation, he was an officer second to none who has ever administered that department in executive faculty and in benefits bestowed on the military service.

It was under his direction that George B. McClellan (then a captain, after General-in-Chief and Commander of the Army of the Potomac) was sent with a commission to the Crimea to observe military operations and to study the tactics and conditions of the European armies there engaged, the result of which introduced many improvements.

There was nothing that came within his jurisdiction that he did not methodize and seek to extend to the widest range of utility. Material changes were made in the model of arms. Iron gun carriages were introduced and experiments made which led to the casting of heavy guns hollow, instead of boring them after the casting. The army was increased by two regiments of cavalry and two of infantry. Amongst his earnest recommendations were the revision of army regulations; the increase of the medical corps; the introduction of light-

infantry tactics; rifled muskets and balls; the exploration of the Western frontiers, and the maintenance of large garrisons for the defence of settlers against the Indians. And there was no direction in which was not felt his comprehensive understanding and his diligent hand.

His efforts to obtain increased pay for officers and men and pensions to their widows betokened those liberal sentiments to the defenders of their country which he never lost opportunity to evince or express.

He refused to carry politics into the matter of clerical appointments, and in selecting a clerk was indifferent whether he was a Democrat or a Whig. To get the best clerk was his sole thought, and while I am not prepared to condemn as spoilsmen those who seek agents in unison with their principles, I can readily recognize the simplicity and loftiness of a nature which pays no heed to considerations of partisan advantage.

The confidence which he inspired was indicated by the trust reposed in him by Congress to take charge of the appropriations made for the construction of the new Senate Chamber and Hall of Representatives, and of those also to locate the most eligible route for the railway to connect the Mississippi Valley with the Pacific coast.

The administration of Franklin Pierce closed in 1857, and it had presented the only instance in our history of a cabinet unchanged for four years in the individuals which composed it. None have filled the executive chair with more fidelity to public interests than Franklin Pierce, and words with which his Secretary of War eulogized him were worthily spoken by one to whom they were equally applicable: "Chivalrous, generous, amiable, true to his friends and his faith, frank and bold in his opinions, he never deceived any one. And if treachery had ever come near him it would have stood abashed in the presence of his truth, his manliness, and his confiding simplicity."

FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE IN POLITICS—IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN 1845

In his first public appearance, in 1843, Mr. Davis had uttered the keynote of his political faith by moving to instruct the delegates from Mississippi to vote for John C. Calhoun as a presidential nominee in a national Democratic convention.

Calhoun was, as he regarded, "the most trusted leader of the South and the greatest and purest statesman of the Senate," and while he did not concur in his doctrines of nullification, he adopted otherwise his constitutional views, and in the most part the politics which he advocated. Taking his seat in the House of Representatives, in December, 1845, he at once launched into the work and debates of that body, and with his first address made that impression of eloquence and power which he maintained throughout his parliamentary career. John Quincy Adams is said to have predicted on hearing it that he would make his mark, and his prophecy was very soon fulfilled. He advocated, in a resolution offered by himself the very first month of his service, the conversion of some of the military posts into schools of instruction, and the substitution of detachments furnished proportionately by the states for the garrisons of enlisted men: and on the 29th of the same month made a forcible speech against Know-Nothingism, which was then becoming popular. He had barely risen into distinguished view by his positions and speeches on these and other subjects, such as the Mexican War and the Oregon question, ere he resigned to take the field in Mexico, and when he returned to public life after the Mexican War it was as a member of the United States Senate.

IN THE SENATE

It was in that body that his rich learning, his ready information on current topics, and his shining abilities as an orator and debater were displayed to most striking advantage. The great triumvirate, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, were in the Senate then, as were also Cass, Douglass, Bright, Dickinson, King and others of renown, and when Calhoun ere long departed this life the leadership of the States' Rights party fell upon Jefferson Davis.

The compromise measures of Mr. Clay of 1850 he opposed, and insisted on adhering to the line of the Missouri compromise of 1820, on the ground that "pacification had been the fruit borne by that tree, and it should not have been ruthlessly hewn down and cast into the fire." Meeting Mr. Clay and Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, together in the Capitol grounds one day,

Mr. Clay urged him in a friendly way to support his bill, saying he thought it would give peace to the country for thirty years, and then he added to Mr. Berrien, "You and I will be under ground before that time, but our young friend here may have trouble to meet."

Mr. Davis replied: "I can not consent to transfer to posterity an issue that is as much ours as theirs, when it is evident that the sectional inequality will be greater than now, and render hopeless the attainment of justice."

This was his disposition—never to evade or shift responsibility; and that he did meet it is the reason why the issue is now settled, and that ourselves, not our children, were involved in civil war.

When Clay on one occasion bantered him to future discussion, "Now is the moment," was his prompt rejoinder. But these collisions of debate did not chill the personal relations of these two great leaders. Henry Clay was full of that generosity which recognized the foeman worthy of his steel, and frequently evinced his admiration and friendship for Jefferson Davis. Besides, there was a tie between them that breathed peace over all political antagonism. Lieutenant-Colonel Clay, the son of the Whig leader, had been slain in the battle of Buena Vista. "My poor boy," said he to Senator Davis, "usually occupied about one-half of his letters home in praising you," and his eyes filled with tears. When turning to him once in debate, he said: "My friend from Mississippi—and I trust that he will permit me to call him my friend, for between us there is a tie the nature of which we both understand."

Without following, as indeed I could not in this brief hour, the bearings of questions that came before the Senate during his service, or portraying the scenes of digladiation in which they were dealt with, I but pronounce the general verdict when I say that his great parliamentary gifts ranked him easily with the foremost men of that body. He was measured by the side of the giants of his time, and in nothing found unequal.

TWO SPEECHES IN CONGRESS ABOUT THE MEXICAN WAR—
DAVIS AND LINCOLN, AGAIN

In connection with the Mexican War two speeches were made in the House of Representatives which were filled with the doctrines which all Americans have inherited from the fathers of the Republic.

The one of them was made by a man who with a mind as broad as the continent advocated the railroad to connect the Mississippi Valley with the West, and who poured out from a heart thrilling with the great traditions of his country inspiring appeals for fraternity and union.

"We turn," said he, "from present hostility to former friendship, from recent defection to the time when Massachusetts and Virginia, the stronger brothers of our family, stood foremost and united to defend our common rights. From sire to son has descended the love of our Union in our hearts, as in our history are mingled the names of Concord and Camden, of Yorktown and Saratoga, of Menetrio and Plattsburgh, of Chippewa and Erie, of Bowyer and Guilford, and New Orleans and Bunker Hill. Grouped together they form a monument to the common glory of our common country; and where is the Southern man who would wish that monument even less by one of the Northern names that constitute the mass? Who, standing on the ground made sacred by the blood of Warren, could allow sectional feeling to curb his enthusiasm as he looked upon that obelisk which rises a monument to freedom's and his country's triumph, and stands a type of the time, the men, and event it commemorates; built of material that mocks the waves of time, without niche or moulding for parasite or creeping thing to rest on, and pointing like a finger to the sky, to raise man's thoughts to philanthropic and noble deeds?"

Scarcely had these words died upon the air when there arose another in the House of Representatives, on February 12th, 1848, one who had just voted that the war with Mexico was unnecessary and unconstitutional, and who now based his views of the rights attaching by the conquest on the rights of revolution. He said:

"Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better.

"This is a most valuable and most sacred right, a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world.

"Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it.

"Any portion of such people that can may revolutionize, putting down a minority intermingled with or near about them who oppose their movements.

"Such a minority was precisely the case of the Tories of the Revolution. It is a quality of revolutions not to go by old lines or old laws, but to break up both and make new ones."

Who, think you, my countrymen, were these spokesmen?

The one who thus glorified the Union was the Kentucky boy who had moved to Mississippi, and was about to lead her soldiers under the Stars and Bars in battle, and who now fills the grave of a disfranchised citizen. The other who thus held up revolution as the right which was "to liberate the world" was Abraham Lincoln, the Kentucky boy who moved to Illinois, and who is now hailed "as the defender and preserver of the nation."

BOTH DAVIS AND LINCOLN REVOLUTIONISTS

Success has elevated the one to a high niche in Fame's proud temple. But can failure deny to the other entrance there when we remember that the Temple of Virtue is the gateway of the Temple of Fame? Both of them in their speeches then stood for American principles; both of them in their lives afterwards were the foremost champions of American principles; both of them were revolutionists, and as such must be judged; and Jefferson Davis never advocated an idea that did not have its foundation in the Declaration of Independence; that was not deducible from the Constitution of the United States as the fathers who made it interpreted its meaning; that had not been rung into his ears and stamped upon his heart from the hour when his father baptized him in the name of Jefferson and he first saw the light in a Commonwealth that was yet vocal with the States' Right Resolutions of 1798.

A GREAT REPRESENTATIVE OF AMERICAN PRINCIPLES AND OF
ANGLO-SAXON CHARACTER

We can not see the hand on the dial as it moves, but it does move nevertheless, and so surely as it keeps pace with the circling sun, so surely will the hour come when the misunderstandings of the past will be reconciled and its clamors die away; and then it will be recognized by all that Jefferson Davis was more than the representative of a section, more than the intelligent guide of a revolution, more than the champion of secession. He will stand revealed as a political philosopher, to be numbered amongst the great expounders of American principles and the great heroes and champions of the Anglo-Saxon race. When the turbid streams of war have cleared and flow evenly in their channels it will be also seen that underneath the hostile currents which impelled two great peoples in collision there was a unity of sentiment which, operating from different poles of circumstances and interest, threw into separate masses those who by natural instinct would have cohered together.

It is easier to note the differences that float upon the surface of social organizations than to detect the congruities and identities that lie beneath them: and critics, in their analyses of character, are more prone to exhibit the striking antitheses of contrast than to linger upon the neutral colors which are common and undistinguishing.

GERMS OF CONTROVERSY NOT IN DIFFERENCES OF RACE,
MORALS, OR CREED OF EARLY SETTLERS

Some fancy that they discern the germs of the controversy of 1861 in differences between the groups of colonists which settled in Virginia and in Massachusetts, and which they think impressed upon the incipient civilization of the North and South opposing characteristics. The one, they say, brought the notions of the Cavaliers, the other of the Puritans, to America, and that an irrepressible conflict existed between them. To so believe is to be deceived by the merest surface indications. The Puritans and the Cavaliers of England have long since settled

their differences in the Old World, and become so assimilated that the traces of old-time quarrel, and, indeed, of political identity, have been completely obliterated; and it would be strange indeed if in little England they of the same race and language were thus blended, that in America, where social adaptation is so much easier and more rapid, they should have remained separate and hostile. Many Cavaliers went to New England, and many Puritans came to Virginia and the South, and their differences disappeared as quickly as they now disappear between disciples of different parties from different sections when thrown into new surroundings with common interests.

NORTH AND SOUTH CONTROLLED BY PREDOMINANT TRAITS OF RACE

To understand the causes of conflict we must consider the unities of our race, and note the interventions of local causes which differentiated its Northern and Southern segments.

When this is done it will be realized that each section has been guided by the predominant traits which it possessed in common, and which inhered in the very blood of its people, and that differences of physical surrounding, not the differences of moral and intellectual character, led to their crystallization in masses separated by diversities of interest and opinion and their resulting passions. These diverse interests and opinions sprung out of the very soil on which they made their homes even as the pine rises to towering heights in the granite hills of the North, and the palmetto spreads its luxuriant foliage on the Southland. The bear of the Polar region takes his whiteness from the cold sky, and the bear of the tropics turns dark under the blazing heavens. The same breeze upon the high seas impels one ship north, another south, one east, and another west, according to the angle in which it strikes the sail. Natural causes operating under fixed laws changed the civilization of the North and South; but though their people were moved in opposite directions, he who searches for impelling forces will find them nearly, if not quite, identical.

THE UNITIES OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE

What are the unities of our race? They are—(*First*), aversion to human bondage; (*Second*), race integrity; (*Third*), thirst for power and broad empire; (*Fourth*), love of confederated union; (*Fifth*), assertion of local liberty, if possible, within the bounds of geographical and governmental union; (*Sixth*), but assertion of local liberty and individual right under all circumstances, at all times, and at any cost. These traits are so strong as to be the natural laws of the race. One or another of them has lost its balance in the conflict between interest and instinct, but only to reappear with renewed vigor when the suppressing circumstances were removed, and he who follows their operation will hold the key to the ascendancy of Anglo-Saxon character, and to its wonderful success in grasping imperial domains and crowning freedom as their sovereign.

It will not do to dispute the existence of these natural laws of race because they have been time and again overruled by greed, by ambition, or by the overwhelming influence of alien or hostile forces. As well dispute the courage of the race because now and then a division of its troops have become demoralized and broken in battle. Through the force of these laws this race has gone around the globe with bugles and swords, and banners and hymn-books, and school-books and constitutions, and codes and courts, striking down old-time dynasties to ordain free principles; sweeping away barbaric and savage races that their own seed might be planted in fruitful lands; disdaining miscegenation with inferior races, which corrupts the blood and degenerates the physical, mental, and moral nature; widening the boundaries of their landed possessions, parcelling them out in municipal subdivisions, and then establishing the maximum of local and individual privilege consistent with the common defence and general warfare of their grand aggregations; and then, again, rising in the supreme sovereignty of unfearing manhood against the oppressions of the tax-gatherer and the sword, recasting their institutions, flinging rulers from their high places, wrenching government by the mailed hand into consistency with their happiness and safety, and proclaiming above all the faith of Jefferson that "Liberty is the gift of God."

JEFFERSON DAVIS ENTITLED TO STAND IN THE PANTHEON OF
THE WORLD'S GREAT MEN

I shall maintain that the Southern people have been as true to these instincts as any portion of their race, and have made for them as great sacrifices; that the Southern Confederacy grew out of them, and only in a subsidiary degree in antagonism to any one of them; and I shall also maintain that Jefferson Davis is entitled to stand in the Pantheon of the world's great men on a pedestal not less high than those erected for the images of Hampden, Sidney, Cromwell, Burke, and Chatham, of the Fatherland, and Washington and Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams, Madison and Franklin, of the New World, who, however varying in circumstances or in personality, were liberty-leaders and representatives of great people, great ideas, and great deeds.

UNITY OF THE SOUTHERN COLONIES AGAINST SLAVERY

On what ground will he be challenged? Did not the Southern folk show originally an aversion to slavery more manifestly even than those of the North? South Carolina protested against it as early as 1727 and as late as 1760. Georgia prohibited it by law. Virginia sternly set her face against it, and levied a tax of ten dollars per head on every negro to prevent it. They were all overridden by the avarice of English merchants and the despotism of English ministers. "Do as you would be done by" is not yet the maxim of our race, which will push off on its weaker brethren that it will not itself accept; and thus slavery was thrust on the South, an uninvited, aye, a forbidden, guest. Quickly did the South stop the slave trade. Though the Constitution forbade the Congress to prohibit it prior to 1808, when that year came every Southern state had itself prohibited it, Virginia leading the list. When Jefferson Davis was born it was gone altogether save in one state (South Carolina), where it had been revived under combination between large planters of the South and ship-owners and slave-traders of the North.

Fine exhibition, too, was that of unselfish Southern patriotism when, in 1787, by Southern votes and Virginia's generosity, and under Jefferson's lead, the great Northwestern territory was given to the Union and to freedom.

UNITY OF AMERICAN COLONIES IN YIELDING TO SLAVERY

But the South yielded to slavery, we are told. Yes; but did not all America do likewise? Do we not know that the Pilgrim Fathers enslaved both the Indian and African race, swapping young Indians for the more docile blacks lest the red slave might escape to his native forest?

Listen to his appeal to Governor Winthrop: "Mr. Endicott and myself salute you on the Lord Jesus. We have heard of a division of women and children, and would be glad of a share; viz.: a young woman or a girl and boy, if you think good."

Do we not hear Winthrop himself recount how the Pequods were taken "through the Lord's great mercy, of whom the males were sent to Bermuda and the females distributed through the bay towns, to be employed as domestic servants?" Did not the prisoners of King Philip's war suffer a similar fate? Is it not written that when one hundred and fifty Indians came voluntarily into the Plymouth garrison they were all sold into captivity beyond the seas? Did not Downing declare to Winthrop, "if upon a just war the Lord should deliver them (the Narragansetts), we might easily have men, women, and children enough to exchange for Moors, which will be more gainful pillage to us than we can conceive, for I do not see how we can thrive until we get in a stock of slaves sufficient to do all our business?" Were not choice parcels of negro boys and girls consigned to Boston from the Indies, and advertised and sold at auction until after independence was declared? Was not the first slave-ship in America fitted out by the Pilgrim Colony? Was not the first statute establishing slavery enacted in Massachusetts in 1641, with a certain comic comprehensiveness providing that there should "never be any bond slavery unless it be of captives taken in just war, or of such as willingly sold themselves or were sold to them?" Did not the United Colonies of New England constitute the first American Confederacy that recognized slavery? And was not the first fugitive-slave law originated at their bidding? All this is true. Speak slowly, then, O! man of the North, against the Southern slave-owners, or the Southern Chief, lest you cast down the images of your ancestors, and their spirits rise to rebuke you for treading harshly on their graves. On days of public festival,

when you hold them up as patterns of patriotism, take care lest you be accused of passing the counterfeit coin of praise. Disturb not too rudely the memories of the men who defended slavery; say naught of moral obliquity, lest the venerable images of Winthrop and Endicott be torn from the historic pages of the Pilgrim Land, and the fathers of Plymouth Rock be cast into utter darkness.

UNITY OF AMERICA IN SLAVERY WHEN INDEPENDENCE WAS DECLARED AND THE CONSTITUTION ORDAINED

When independence was declared at Philadelphia, in 1776, America was yet a unit in the possession of slaves, and when the Constitution of 1787 was ordained the institution still existed in every one of the thirteen states save Massachusetts only. True, its decay had begun where it was no longer profitable, but every state united in its recognition in the Federal compact, and the very fabric of our representative government was built upon it, as three-fifths of the slaves were counted in the basis of representation in the Congress of the United States, and property in it was protected by rigid provisions regarding the rendition of fugitive slaves escaping from one state to another.

Thus embodied in the Constitution; thus interwoven with the very integuments of our political system; thus sustained by the oath to support the Constitution, executed by every public servant and by the decisions of the supreme tribunals, slavery was ratified by the unanimous voice of the nation, and was consecrated as an American institution and as a vested right by the most solemn pledge and sanction that man can give.

Deny to Jefferson Davis entry to the Temple of Fame because he defended it? Cast out of it first the fathers of the republic. Brand with the mark of condemnation the whole people from whom he inherited the obligation, and by whom was imposed upon him the oath to support their deed. America must prostrate herself in sackcloth and ashes, repent her history, and revile her creators and her being ere she can call recreant the man of 1861 who defended the heritage and promise of a nation.

LINCOLN AND SLAVERY—"CHARITY TO ALL"

There is a statue in Washington city of him who uttered the words, "Charity to all, malice to none," and he is represented in the act of breaking the manacles of a slave.

Suppose there were carved on its pedestal the words: "Do the Southern people really entertain fears that a Republican administration would directly or indirectly interfere with the slaves or with them about their slaves?"

"The South would be in no more danger in this respect than it was in the days of Washington."

This was his utterance December 22d, 1860, after South Carolina had seceded.

Carve again:

"I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it now exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." These are the words of his inaugural address March 4th, 1861.

Carve yet again:

"*Resolved*, That this war is not waged upon our part with any purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of these states, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union." This resolution Congress passed and he signed it after the first battle of Manassas.

And yet once more:

"I did not at any time say I was in favor of negro suffrage. I declared against it. I am not in favor of negro citizenship."

This opinion he never changed.

These things show in the light of events—the emancipation proclamation, the reconstruction acts, the black suffrage, the anarchy that reigned—that the South read truly the signs of the irrepressible conflict.

They show further that by the right of revolution alone can Abraham Lincoln be defended in overthrowing the institution which he pledged himself to guard like Washington, and with it the Constitution which he had sworn "to defend and maintain." And if Jefferson Davis appealed to the sword and need

the mantle of charity to cover him, where would Lincoln stand unless the right of revolution stretched that mantle wide, and a great people wrapped him in its mighty folds?

DECAY OF SLAVERY IN THE NORTH AND GROWTH IN THE SOUTH
DUE TO NATURAL AND NOT MORAL CAUSES

As the time wore on the homogeneous order of the American people changed. It was not conscience but climate and soil which effected this change, or rather the instinct of aversion to bondage rose up in the North just in proportion as the temptation of interest subsided.

The inhospitable soil of New England repelled the pursuits of agriculture and compelled to those of commerce and the mechanic arts. In these the rude labor of the untutored African was unprofitable, and the harsh climate was uncongenial to the children of the Dark Continent translated from its burning suns to these frigid shores. Slavery there was an exotic; it did not pay, and its roots soon decayed, like the roots of a tropic plant in the Arctic zone.

In the fertile plantations of the sunny South there was employment for the unskilled labor of the African, and under its genial skies he found a fitting home. Hence natural causes ejected him from the North and propelled him southward; and as the institution of slavery decayed in the northern latitudes it thrived and prospered in the southern clime.

The demand for labor in the North was rapidly supplied by new accessions of Europeans, and as the population increased their opinions were moulded by the body of the society which absorbed and assimilated them as they came; while on the other hand the presence of masses of black men in the South, and the reliance upon them for labor, repelled in both social and economical aspects the European immigrants who eagerly sought for homes and employment in the New World. More than this, Northern manufacturers wanted high tariffs to secure high prices for their products in Southern markets, and Southern farmers wanted low tariffs that they might buy cheaply. Ere long it appeared that two opposing civilizations lay alongside of each other in the United States; and while the roof of a common government was over both of them, it covered a house-

hold divided against itself in the very structure of its domestic life, in the nature of its avocations, in the economies of its labor, and in the very tone of its thought and aspiration.

Revolution was in the air. An irrepressible conflict had arisen.

TWO REVOLUTIONS RISING ON PARALLEL LINES—THE REVOLUTION OF THE NORTH AGAINST THE CONSTITUTION

There were indeed two revolutions forming in the American republic. The one was a Northern revolution against a Constitution which had become distasteful to its sentiments and unsuited to its needs. As the population of the East moved westward across the continent, the Southern emigrant to the new Territories wished to carry with him his household servants, while the Northern saw in the negro a rival in the field of labor, which cheapened its fruits and degraded, as he conceived, its social status.

Thus broke out the strife which raged in the territories of northern latitudes, and as it widened it assailed slavery in every form, and denounced as "a covenant with death and with hell" the Constitution which had guaranteed its existence.

The formula of the Northern revolution was made by such men as Charles Sumner, who took the ground of the higher law, that the Constitution was itself unconstitutional, and that it was not in the power of man to create by oath or mandate property in a slave; a revolutionary idea striking to the root and to the subversion of the fundamental law which Washington, Adams, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, and their compeers had joined in making, and under which the United States had fought its battle and attained its wonderful growth for three-quarters of a century.

THE NORTHERN GIANT—FREE WHITE LABOR

"The Impending Crisis," Helper's book, appeared, and, endorsed by sixty-eight Abolition members of Congress, went far and wide. The spirit of the times is indicated in its doctrines. "Never another vote for a slavery advocate; no coöperation with slavery in politics; no fellowship in religion; no affiliation in society; no patronage to pro-slavery merchants;

no guestship in a slave-waiting hotel; no fee to a pro-slavery lawyer; none to a pro-slavery physician; no audience to a pro-slavery parson; no subscription to a pro-slavery newspaper; no hiring of a slave; but the utmost encouragement of *Free White Labor*." "FREE WHITE LABOR!" This was the Northern giant that stalked into the field.

THE SOUTHERN REVOLUTION

Meantime the Northern revolution against the Constitution was being combatted by the rise of the Southern revolution looking to withdrawal from a union whose Constitution was unacceptable to the Northern people.

But it was not hatred to union or love of slavery that inspired the South, nor love of the negro that inspired the North. Profounder thoughts and interests lay beneath these currents. The rivalry of cheap negro labor, aversion to the negro and to slavery alike, were the spurs of Northern action: that of the South was race integrity. FREE WHITE DOMINION! The Southern giant rose and faced its foe.

THE SOUTH STANDS FOR RACE INTEGRITY

The instinct of race integrity is the most glorious, as it is the predominant characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the sections have it in common. Fiercely did it sweep the red men before it; swiftly did it brush away the Chinese in the West and North, burning their homes, cutting their throats when they pressed too hard in rivalry, and then breaking treaties to hurl them back across the Pacific Ocean to their native shores. Four million of black men lived in the South side by side with the white race; and race integrity now incensed the South to action.

Look further southward beyond the confines of our country and behold how the Latin races have commingled their blood with the aborigines and negroes, creating mongrel republics and empires where society is debased and where governments, resting on no clear principles, swing like pendulums between the extremes of tyranny and license.

On the contrary, the American element at the South (and I quote a profound Northern writer in saying it) "guarded itself with the strictest jealousy from any such baleful contaminations." But what a picture of horror rose before its eyes as it contemplated the freeing of the slaves. John C. Calhoun had drawn that picture in vivid colors which now, recalling the days of carpet-bag and negro ascendancy, seems like a prophet's vision. "If I owned the four million slaves in the South," said Robert Lee, "I would sacrifice all for the Union." And so, indeed, would the Southern people. But Lee never indicated how such sacrifice could obtain its object, nor was it possible that it could. It was not the property invested in the slave that stood in the way, for emancipation with compensation for them was then practicable, and was again practicable in early stages of the war, and was indeed offered. But free the slaves, they would become voters; becoming voters, they would predominate in numbers, and so predominating, what would become of white civilization?

This was the question which prevented emancipation in Virginia in 1832. Kill slavery, what will you do with the corpse? Only silent mystery and awful dread answered that question in 1861, while the clamors of abolition grew louder, and the forces were accumulating strength to force the issue. In fourteen Northern states the fugitive slave-law had been nullified. In new territories armed mobs denied access to Southern masters with their slaves. Negro equality became a text of the hustings, and incendiary appeals to the slaves themselves to murder and burn filled the mails.

The insurrection of Nat. Turner had given forecast of scenes as horrible as those of the French Revolution, and the bloody butcheries of San Domingo seemed like an appalling warning of the drama to be enacted on Southern soil.

The crisis was now hastened by two events: In 1854 the Supreme Court, in the Dred-Scott decision, declared the Missouri compromise of 1820, which limited the extension of slavery to a certain line of latitude, unconstitutional. This was welcome to the South, but it fired the Northern heart. In 1859 John Brown, fresh from the border warfare of Kansas, suddenly appeared at Harper's Ferry with a band of misguided

men, and, murdering innocent citizens, invoked the insurrection of the slaves. This solidified and almost frenzied the South, and in turn the fate he suffered threw oil upon the Northern flames. Thus fell out of the gathering clouds the first big drops of the bloody storm. In 1860 Abraham Lincoln was elected President, and in his inaugural address he proclaimed his party's creed that the Dred-Scott decision might be reversed. The Southern states were already in procession of secession. The high tides of revolution were in their flow.

THE SOUTH AND THE UNION—ITS BATTLES

Pause, now, upon the threshold, and geography and history will alike tell you that neither in its people nor its leader was there lack of love for the Union, and that it was with sad hearts that they saw its ligaments torn asunder. Look at the Southern map. There may be read the name of Alamance, where in 1771 the first drop of American blood was shed against arbitrary taxation, and at Mecklenburg, where was sounded the first note of Independence. Before the Declaration at Philadelphia there had risen in the Southern sky what Bancroft termed "the bright morning star of American Independence," where on the 28th of June, 1776, the guns of Moultrie at the Palmetto fort in front of Charleston announced the first victory of American arms. At King's Mountain is the spot where the rough-and-ready men of the Carolinas and the swift riders of Virginia and Tennessee had turned the tide of victory in our favor, and there at Yorktown is the true birth-spot of the free nation. Right here I stand to-night on the soil of that state which first of all America stood alone free and independent! Beyond the confines of the South her sons had rendered yeomen service; and would not the step of the British conqueror have been scarce less than omnipotent had not Morgan's riflemen from the Valley of Virginia and the peerless commander of Mt. Vernon appeared on the plains of Boston? You may follow the tracks of the Continentals at Long Island, Saratoga, Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, Valley Forge, Monmouth, and Morristown by the blood and the graves of the Southern men who died on Northern soil, far away from their homes, answering the question with their lives: Did the South love the Union?

THE LOVE OF THE SOUTH FOR AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS

Did not the South love American institutions? What school boy can not tell? Who wrote the great Declaration? Who threw down the gage, "Liberty or Death?" Who was chief framer of the Constitution? Who became its great expounder? Who wrote the Bill of Rights which is copied far and wide by free commonwealths? Who presided over the convention that made the Constitution and became in field and council its all-in-all defender? Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Marshall, Mason, Washington, speak from your graves and give the answer.

THE SOUTH LEADS IN ACQUIRING THE NATIONAL DOMAIN

Did not the South do its part in acquiring the imperial domain of the nation? When the Revolution ended the thirteen states that lay on the Atlantic seaboard rested westward in a wilderness, and the Mississippi marked the extreme limits of their claims as the Appalachian range marked the bounds of civilization. The northwestern territory north of the Ohio river, which now embraces Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, was conquered by George Rogers Clark, a soldier of Virginia, under commissions from Patrick Henry as governor. But for this conquest the Ohio would have been our northern boundary, and by Virginia's gift and Southern votes this mighty land was made the dowry of the Union.

Kentucky, the first-born state that sprung from the Union, was a Southern gift to the new confederation. The great territory stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Rocky Mountains' gate and to far-off Oregon was acquired by Jefferson, as President, from Napoleon, then First Consul of France, and the greatest area ever won by diplomacy in history added to the Union. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, offered the bill in 1812 which proclaimed the second war of independence. President Madison, of Virginia, led the country through it, and at New Orleans Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, achieved its culminating victory.

It is a Northern scholar (Theodore Roosevelt) who says: "Throughout all the fighting in the Northwest, where Ohio was the state most threatened, the troops of Kentucky formed

the bulk of the American army, and it was a charge of their mounted riflemen which at a blow won the battle of the Thames.

"Again, on the famous January morning, when it seemed as if the fair Creole city was already in Packenham's grasp, it was the wild soldiery of Tennessee who, as they lay behind their mud breastworks, peered out through the lifting fog at the scarlet array of the English veterans as the latter, fresh from their victories over the best troops of Europe, advanced for the first time to meet defeat."

In 1836 Samuel Houston, sprung from the soil of that very county which now holds the ashes of Lee and Jackson, won the battle of San Jacinto, and achieved Texan independence. In 1845, under James K. Polk, of Tennessee, a Southern President, it was admitted into the Union, and a little later the American armies, led by two Southern Generals, Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott, and composed of more than half of Southern soldiers, made good the cause of the "Lone Star State," enlarged its boundaries, and acquired New Mexico and California. Thus was stretched the canopy of the wide heavens that now spread over the American republic; and counting the constellation of forty-two stars that glitter in it, forget not ye who have sentiment of justice that over thirty of them were sewed there by measures and by deeds in which Southern states and Southern soldiers took a leading part, and in which the patriotism and love of Union of the South never faltered.

SECESSION

If the people with such a history could have adopted secession, mighty indeed must have been the propulsion to it. I shall not discuss its policy, for it would be as vain a thing to do as to discuss that of the Revolution of 1776. Each revolution concluded the question that induced it. Slavery was the cause of our civil war, and with the war its cause perished. But it should be the desire of all to understand each other and to think well of each other, and the mind capable of just and intelligent reflection should not fail, in judging the past, to remember the conditions and views that controlled the Southern people and their leader.

Remember that their forefathers, with scarce less attachment to the British government, and with less conflict of interest, had set the precedent, seceding themselves from the British empire, tearing down ancient institutions, revolutionizing the very structure of society, and giving proud answers to all accusers in the new evangel of the West that the people have a right to alter or abolish government whenever it becomes destructive to their happiness or safety.

I have found nowhere evidence that Jefferson Davis urged secession, though he believed in the right, approved the act of Mississippi after it had been taken, felt himself bound by his state allegiance whether he approved or no, and then, like all his Southern countrymen, did his best to make it good. Remember that the Federal Constitution was silent as to secession; that the question was one of inference only, and that implications radiated from its various provisions in all directions.

If one argued that the very institute of government implied perpetuity, as Lincoln did in his first inaugural address, another answered that reservation to the states of powers not delegated rebutted the implication; another that the Government and Constitution had come into being in that free atmosphere which breathed the declaration that they must rest upon the consent of the Government; and yet another answered, in Lincoln's own language, that any people anywhere had the right to shake off government, and that this was the right that "would liberate the world."

RIGHT OF SECESSION NOT DENIED UNTIL RECENTLY

Remember that this right of secession had never been denied until recent years; that it had been preached upon the hustings, enunciated in political platforms, proclaimed in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, embodied in our literature, taught in schools and colleges, interwoven with the texts of jurisprudence, and maintained by scholars, statesmen, and constituencies of all states and sections of the country.

SECESSION AN OPEN QUESTION IN 1861

Remember, furthermore, that secession was an open question in 1861. No statute had ever declared, no executive had ever

proclaimed, no court had held, it to be unconstitutional. The states had declared themselves to be free and independent. American sovereignty was hydra-headed, and each state had its own statute, defining and punishing treason against itself. No man could have an independent citizenship of the United States, but could only acquire citizenship of the Federation by virtue of citizenship of one of the states. The eminent domain of the soil remained in the state, and to it escheated the property of the intestate and heirless dead. Was not this the sovereign that "had the right to command in the last resort?"

Tucker had so taught in his commentaries on Blackstone, writing from old Williamsburg; so Francis Rawle, the eminent lawyer who Washington had asked to be Attorney-General, writing on the Constitution, in Philadelphia; and so DeTrocqueville, the most acute and profound foreign writers on American institutions.

NO ARBITER TO DECIDE THE QUESTION OF SECESSION

Where could an arbiter be found? There was no method of invoking the Supreme Court; it had no jurisdiction to coerce a state or summon it to its bar. Nor could its decree be final. For it is a maxim of our jurisprudence uttered by Jefferson, and reiterated by Lincoln in his first inaugural address, that its decisions may be reconsidered and reversed and bind only the clients.

SECESSION PREACHED AND THREATENED IN ALL SECTIONS— THE NORTHERN RECORD FOR IT AND AGAINST EXTENSION OF THE UNION

Recall the history of the doctrine; forget not that the first mutterings of secession had come from the North as early as 1793, in opposition to the threatened war with England, when the sentiments uttered by Theodore Dwight in his letter to Wolcott were widespread. "Sooner would ninety-nine out of a hundred of our inhabitants separate from the Union than plunge themselves into an abyss of misery."

Nullification broke out in the South in 1798, led by Jefferson, and again in 1830, led by Calhoun; but in turn secession

or nullification was preached in and out of Congress, in state legislatures, in mass meetings and conventions in 1803, 1812, and in 1844 to 1850, and in each case in opposition made by the North to wars or measures conducted to win the empire and solidify the structure of the Union.

While Jefferson was annexing Louisiana, Massachusetts legislators were declaring against it as "forming a new confederacy, to which the states united by the former compact were not bound to adhere."

While new states were being admitted into the Union out of its territory, and the war of 1812 was being conducted, Josiah Quincy was maintaining the right of secession in Congress; the Eastern States were threatening to exercise that right, and the Hartford convention was promulgating the doctrine.

When Texas was annexed, and Jefferson Davis was in Congress advocating it, Massachusetts was declaring it unconstitutional, and that any such "act or admission would have no binding obligation on its people."

While the Mexican War was being fought and the soldier-statesman of Mississippi was carrying the Stars and Stripes in glory over the heights of Monterey, and bleeding under them in the battle shock of Buena Vista, Abraham Lincoln was denouncing the war as unconstitutional, and Northern multitudes were yet applauding the eloquence of the Ohio orator who had said in Congress that the Mexicans should welcome our soldiers "with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

CANDID VIEW FROM THE NORTH

Consider these grave words, which are but freshly written in the life of Webster by Henry Cabot Lodge, who is at this time a Republican representative in Congress from the city of Boston, Massachusetts:

"When the constitution was adopted by the votes of states at Philadelphia and accepted by votes of states in popular conventions it was safe to say there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side, to George Clinton and George Mason, on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the

states, and from which each and every state had the right to peaceably withdraw—a right which was very likely to be exercised.”

CONTEMPORARY NORTHERN OPINIONS OF SECESSION

Recall the contemporary opinions of Northern publicists and leading journals. The New York *Herald* considered coercion out of the question. On the 9th of November, 1860, the New York *Tribune*, Horace Greeley being the editor, said:

“If the cotton states shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless, and we do not see how one party can have a right to do what another party has a right to prevent. We must ever resist the asserted right of any state to remain in the Union and nullify or defy the laws thereof; to withdraw from the Union is quite another matter.”

This was precisely the creed of Jefferson Davis.

Again, on the 17th day of December, after the secession of South Carolina, that journal said:

“If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British empire of three millions of colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Federal Union in 1861. If we are mistaken on the point, why does not some one attempt to show wherein and why?”

And yet again, on the 23d of February, after Mr. Davis had been inaugurated as President at Montgomery, it said:

“We have repeatedly said, and we once more insist, that the great principle embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of American Independence, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, is sound and just, and that if the slave states, the cotton states, or the Gulf states only choose to form an independent nation they have a clear moral right to do so.

THE BALANCE OF POWER THE POLITICAL QUESTION UNDERLYING SECESSION

The controlling truth was that two incompatible and hostile civilizations were in ceaseless conflict, and the balance of power between them, like the balance of power in Europe, dominated the politics of the country. There was equilibrium between these rival powers and sections when their race began, and each in turn threatened secession as the equilibrium trembled to the one side or the other.

This was the cause of Northern hostility to the Louisiana, the Texas, and Mexican annexations, and this the cause of Southern contention for territorial rights in Kansas and Nebraska.

Having given the North generous advantages in the North-western territory in 1787, and foreseeing the doom of her institutions and the upheaval of her society, with the balance of power lost to her, and unable to maintain herself in the Union on an issue which involved not only two thousand millions of property, but far more than that, the peace of society, the integrity, purity, and liberty of the white race, the South adopted in 1861 the measure which the Northern states had often threatened but never attempted against the Union, the measure which all Americans had not only attempted, but had consecrated as just in principle and vindicated by deed in 1776.

THE UNITED STATES TREATED SECESSION AS A POLITICAL QUESTION AND MET IT BY REVOLUTION

The historian will note that while the United States declared war on the ground that secession was treason, they practically treated it as a political question of territorial integrity. They accorded belligerent rights to the Confederacy, exchanged prisoners, and gave paroles of war, and revolutionized all theories and constitutional mandates to carry their main point, the preservation of the Union. General Grant says of their legislation in his Memoirs: "Much of it was no doubt unconstitutional, but it was hoped that the laws enacted would subserve their purpose before their constitutionality could be submitted to the judiciary and a decision obtained." Of the war

he says: "The Constitution was not framed with a view to any such rebellion as that of 1861-'65. While it did not authorize rebellion, it made no provision against it. Yet," he adds, "the right to resist or suppress rebellion is as inherent as the right of an individual to preserve his life when it is in jeopardy. The Constitution was, therefore, in abeyance for the time being, so far as it in any way affected the progress and termination of the war."

This is revolution.

Indicted for treason, Jefferson Davis faced his accusers with the uplifted brow and dauntless heart of innocence, and eagerly asked a trial. If magnanimity had let him pass it would have been appreciated; but they who punished him without a hearing, before they set him free, now proceeded to amend the Constitution to disfranchise him and his associates, finding, like Grant, nothing in it as it stood against such movement as he led.

It may be that but for the assassination of President Lincoln, most infamous and unhappy deed, which

Uproared the universal peace
And poured the milk of Concord into hell,

the country could have been spared the shame of President Davis' cruel incarceration and the maiming of the Constitution.

For I can scarcely believe that he who three times overruled emancipation; who appealed to "indispensable necessity" as justification for "laying strong hands on the colored element;" who candidly avowed Northern "complicity" in the wrongs of his time; who said, "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me;" who had preached revolution in 1848, and revolutionized all things to save the Union in 1862—I can scarce believe it possible that one of his broad mind and generous heart would have persecuted an honorable foe. It has been a wonder to me that those who justly applaud his virtues have not copied his example; wonder, indeed, that all men have not seen that the events which controlled him controlled also his antagonist.

THE COUNTRY UNIFIED BY NATURAL LAWS

The United States have been unified by natural laws, kindred to those which unified the South in secession, but greater be-

cause wider spread. Its physical constitution, in 1861, answered to the Northern mind the written Constitution and the traditions of our origin to which the South appealed. The Mississippi river, the natural outlet of a new-born empire to the sea, was a greater interpreter to it than the opinions of statesmen who lived when the great new commonwealths were yet in the wilderness, and before the great republic spanned the Father of Waters.

The river seeking its bed as it rolls oceanward pauses not to consider whose are the boundaries of the estates through which it flows. If a mountain barrier stands in the way it forms a lake until the accumulated waters break through the impeding wall or dash over it in impetuous torrents. So nations in their great movements seem to be swept out of the grooves defined by the laws of man, and are oftentimes propelled to destinies greater than those conjured in their dreams.

THE CONSTITUTION OF NATURE AND THE JURY OF THE SWORD

The rivalry, not the harmony of sections, won the empire of the Union; its physical constitution proved more powerful than its written one; in the absence of a judge all appealed to the jury of the sword. We belong to a high-handed race and understand the law of the sword, for the men of Independence in 1776 and 1861 were of the same blood as those who in each case cried, "Disperse, ye rebels." And were I of the North I would prefer to avow that it made conquest by the high hand than coin the great strife that marshalled over three millions of soldiers into police-court technicalities and belittle a revolution continent wide into the quelling of an insurrection and the vicarious punishment of its leader. The greatest conqueror proclaims his naked deed.

THE SOUTH IN THE UNION AT HOME

As we are not of the North, but of the South, and are now like all Americans both of and for the Union, bound up in its destinies, contributing to its support, and seeking its welfare, I feel that as he was the hero in war who fought the bravest, so he is the hero now who puts the past in its truest light, does

justice to all, and knows no foe but him who revives the hates of a bygone generation.

If we lost by war a Southern union of thirteen states, we have yet a common part in a continental union of forty-two, to which our fathers gave their blood, and upon which they shed their blessings, and a people who could survive four years of such experience as we had in 1861-'65 can work out their own salvation on any spot of earth that God intended for man's habitation. We are, in fact, in our Father's home, and it should be, as it is, our highest aim to develop its magnificent possibilities and make it the happiest dwelling-place of the children of men.

JEFFERSON DAVIS A LOVER OF THE UNION

The Southern leader was no Secessionist *per se*. His antecedents, his history, his services, his own earnest words often uttered, attest his love of the Union and his hope that it might endure. In 1853, in a letter to Hon. William J. Brown, of Indiana, he repudiated the imputation that he was a disunionist.

"Pardon," he said, "the egotism, in consideration of the occasion, when I say to you that my father and uncles fought in the Revolution of 1776, giving their youth, their blood, and their little patrimony to the constitutional freedom which I claim as my inheritance. Three of my brothers fought in the war of 1812; two of them were comrades of the 'Hero of the Hermitage,' and received his commendation for gallantry at New Orleans. At sixteen years of age I was given to the service of my country. For twelve years of my life I have borne its arms and served it zealously, if not well. As I feel the infirmities which suffering more than age has brought upon me, it would be a bitter reflection indeed if I was forced to conclude that my countrymen would hold all this light when weighed against the empty panegyric which a time-serving politician can bestow upon the Union, for which he never made a sacrifice.

"In the Senate I announced if any respectable man would call me a disunionist I would answer him in monosyllables. But I have often asserted the right for which the battles of the Revolution were fought, the right of a people to change their government whenever it was found to be oppressive and subversive of the objects for which governments are instituted,

and have contended for the independence and sovereignty of the states; a part of the creed of which Jefferson was the apostle, Madison the expounder, and Jackson the consistent defender."

REPUDIATION OF DISUNIONISM AND EFFORTS TO SAVE THE UNION

Four years later, when Senator Fessenden, of Maine, said, turning to him, "I have avowed no disunion sentiments on this floor; can the honorable gentlemen from Mississippi say as much?" Mr. Davis answered: "Yes, I have long sought for a respectable man to allege the contrary." And the imputation ended with the unanswered challenge to produce the evidence. Even when secession seemed a foregone conclusion, Mr. Davis strove to avert it, being ready at any time to adopt the Crittenden measures of compromise if they were accepted by the opposition; and when the Representatives and Senators from Mississippi were called in conference with the governor of that state, in December, 1860, he still advised forbearance "as long as any hope of a peaceful remedy remained," declaring that he felt certain from his knowledge of the people North and South that "if once there was a clash of arms the contest would be one of the most sanguinary the world had ever witnessed." But a single member of the conference agreed with him; several of its members were so dissatisfied with his position that they believed him entirely opposed to secession, and as seeking delay with the hope that it might be averted; and the majority overruling his counsels, he then announced that he would stand by any action which might be taken by the convention representing the sovereignty of the State of Mississippi. Thus he stood on the brink of war, conservative, collected, appreciating the solemn magnitude of the crisis, and although the pencil of hostile passion has otherwise portrayed him, I do not believe there was a man living in 1861 who could have uttered more sincerely than he the words of Addison, "Is there not some chosen curse, some hidden thunder in the stars of Heaven, red with uncommon wrath to blast the man who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?"

PLEADING FOR CONCILIATION

Pleading still for conciliation, on January 10th, 1861, it was the heart of a patriot and not that of the ambitious aspirant from which flowed these words:

“What, Senators, to-day is the condition of the country? From every corner of it comes the wailing cry of patriotism pleading for the preservation of the great inheritance we derived from our fathers. Is there a Senator who does not daily receive letters appealing to him to use even the small power which one man here possesses to save the rich inheritance our fathers gave us? Tears are trickling down the faces of men who have bled for the flag of their country and are willing now to die for it; but patriotism stands powerless before the plea that the party about to come to power adopted a platform, and that come what will, though ruin stare us in the face, consistency must be adhered to, even though the government be lost.”

Even as he spoke, though perhaps as yet unknown to him, Mississippi the day before had passed the ordinance of secession.

FAREWELL TO THE SENATE

On the 20th of January he rose in the Senate to announce that fact, and that “of course his functions there were terminated.”

In language characterized by dignity and moderation, in terms as decorous and in sentiments as noble as became a solemn crisis and a high presence, he bade farewell to the Senate.

“In the course of my service here,” he said, “associated at different times with a great variety of Senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long. There may have been points of collision, but whatever of offence there has been to me I leave here. I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offence I have given which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which in the heat of discussion I have inflicted. I go hence unincumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and I have discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered.”

In clear statement he summarized his political principles.

"It is known to you, Senators, who have served with me here, that I have for many years advocated, as an essential attribute of state sovereignty, the right of a state to secede from the Union;" but he hoped none would "confound this expression with the advocacy of the right of a state to remain in the Union, and to disregard the constitutional obligation by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory." "Secession belongs to a different class of remedies. It is to be justified upon the basis of state sovereignty. There was a time when none denied it."

He pointed out that the position he then assumed was the same that he had occupied when Massachusetts had been arraigned at the bar of the Senate, and when the doctrine of coercion was ripe, and to be applied against her because of the rescue of a fugitive slave in Boston. "My opinion then was the same as it is now. I then said that if Massachusetts chose to take the last step which separates her from the Union, it is her right to go, and I will neither vote one dollar nor one man to force her back, but will say to her God-speed, in memory of the kind associations which once existed between her and the other states."

In concluding, he said: "I find in myself, perhaps, a type of the general feeling of my constituents towards yours. I am sure I feel no hostility toward you Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussions there have been between us, to whom I can not now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well, and such I am sure is the feeling of the people whom I represent towards those whom you represent.

"I therefore feel that I but express their desire when I say I hope, and they hope, for peaceable relations with you, though we must part.

"They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it.

"The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of our country; and if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers who delivered them from the power of the Lion to protect us from the ravages of the Bear, and thus putting our trust in God, and in our firm hearts and strong arms we will vindicate the right as best we may."

SECESSION AND VIRGINIA

Well was that pledge redeemed. South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, and North Carolina, Arkansas and Tennessee, all seceded, while Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland were divided in sentiment. Jefferson Davis became by unanimous selection President of the Confederate States of America; the capital, first planted at Montgomery, was removed here to Richmond, and for four years the new republic waged for its life the mightiest warfare of modern times. "There was something melancholy and gaud," says a Northern historian, "in the motives that caused Virginia at last to make common cause" with the South. Having made it, she has borne her part with a sublimity of heroism such as was never surpassed, and has uttered no cry in the majesty of her sorrows.

No state has done more for peace than Virginia, as none had done more originally for Union; no state more reluctantly or more unselfishly drew the sword; no state wielded a brighter or sterner blade after it was drawn; no state suffered so much by it; no state used triumph with more generosity or faced defeat with greater dignity; no state has abided the fate of war with greater magnanimity or greater wisdom; and no state turns her face with fairer hope or steadier courage to the future. It seemed the very sarcasm of destiny that the "Mother of States" should have been the only one of all the American commonwealths that was cut in twain by the sword. But it is the greatness of spirit, not the size of the body, that makes the character and glory of the state, as of the man; and old Virginia was never worthier the love of her sons and the respect of all mankind than to-day as she uncovers her head by the bier of the dead chieftain whose fortunes she followed in storm and trial, and to whose good fame she will be true, come weal, come woe.

THE ODDS AGAINST THE CONFEDERACY EXPLAIN ITS FALL

I shall make no *post mortem* examination of the Confederacy in search of causes for its fall. When an officer during the war was figuring on prospects of success, General Lee said to him: "Put up your pencil, Colonel; if we follow the calculations of figures we are whipped already."

Twenty millions of people on the one side, nine millions (and half of them slaves) on the other; a great navy, arsenals, armies, factories, railroads, boundless wealth and science, and an open world to draw upon for resources and reinforcements upon the one side, and little more than a thin line of poorly armed and half-fed soldiery upon the other, pitted one man against two, a glance of the eye tells the story of the unequal contest. As my noble commander (General Early) said: "I will not speculate on the causes of failure, as I have seen abundant causes for it in the tremendous odds brought against us."

That President Davis made mistakes I do not doubt; but the percentage of mistakes was so small in the sum of his administration, and its achievements so transcended all proportions of means and opportunities that mankind will never cease to wonder at their magnitude and their splendor.

Finances went wrong, some say. Finances always go wrong in failures; but not worse in this case than in the Revolution of 1776, when Washington was at the head. So far did they go wrong then that not even success could rescue the worthless paper money of our fathers from repudiation and oblivion, and even to this day the very worst fling that can be made at the Confederate note reaches a climax in the expression, "It is not worth a Continental."

JEFFERSON DAVIS CREATED AND MAINTAINED A NATION

Blame Jefferson Davis for this or that; discount all that critics say, and then behold the mighty feat which created and for four years maintained a nation; behold how armies without a nucleus were marshalled and armed—how a navy, small indeed, but one that revolutionized the naval warfare of all nations and became the terror of the seas, was fashioned out of old hulks or picked up in foreign places; see how a world in arms was held at bay by a people and a soldiery whom he held together with an iron will and hurled like a flaming thunderbolt at their foes.

In his Cabinet he gathered the foremost civilians of the land—Toombs, Hunter, Benjamin, Bragg, Watts, Davis, Memminger, Trenholm, Walker, Randolph, Seddon, Breckenridge,

Mallory, Reagan. Good men and true were these, regardful of every duty.

To the leadership of his soldiers whom did he delegate? If some Messonier could throw upon the canvas Jefferson Davis in the midst of those chiefs whom he created, what grander knighthood could history assemble?

Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, G. T. Beauregard, Samuel Cooper, and Braxton Bragg were Generals of the full rank.

"Stonewall" Jackson, Forrest, Polk, Hardee, Ewell, D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill, Hood, Richard Taylor, Holmes, R. H. Anderson, Pemberton, Early, Kirby Smith, Longstreet, Hampton, S. D. Lee, A. P. Stewart, Buckner, Wheeler, and Gordon were their lieutenants.

Major-Generals, brigadiers and field officers, cavalry leaders, artillerists, and infantry commanders who became world-renowned throng upon the memory. The names of Stuart, Ashby, Morgan, Cleburne, and their compeers spring from the full heart to the lip. Would that time permitted me to call that brilliant roll of the living and the dead; but why need the voice pronounce what all would speak?

Men judge Napoleon by his marshals; judge Jefferson Davis and his chosen chieftains, and the plea of words seems weak indeed by the side of Men and Deeds.

Troop behind them those armies of "tattered uniforms and bright musket"—but not, it is beyond the reach of either brush or chisel to redeem to the imagination such men, such scenes, as shine in their twenty-two hundred combats and battles. Not until some new-born Homer shall touch the harp can mankind be penetrated by a sense of their heroic deeds, and then alone in the grand majestic minstrelsy of epic song.

WAR

And now that war is flagrant, far and wide on land and sea and river, over the mountain and the plain, rolls the red battle tide and rises the lofty cheer. The son falls, the old father steps in his place. The father falls, the stripling of the playground rushes to the front; the boy becomes a man. Lead fails, old battle fields are raked over, children gather up bullets

as they would pluck berries, household ornaments and utensils are broken, and all are moulded into missiles of war. Cannon fail, the very church bells whose mellow chimes have summoned to the altar, are melted and now resound with the grim detonations of artillery. Clothes fail, old garments are turned over; rags and exercise are raiment. The battle-horse is killed, the ship goes down; the unhorsed trooper and the unshipped tar trudge along with the infantry. The border states are swept away from the Confederacy; the remaining ones gird their loins the tighter. Virginia is divided; there is enough of her left for her heroic heart to beat in. New Orleans is gone; Vicksburg falls; Gettysburg is lost; armies wither; exiles make their homes in battle; slender battalions do the duty of divisions. Generals die in the thick fight; captains become Generals; a private is a company. Luxuries disappear; necessities become luxuries. Fields are wasted; crops and barns are burned; flocks and herds are consumed, and naught is left but "man and steel—the soldier and his sword."

The desolate winter lays white and bleak upon the land; its chill winds are resisted by warm and true affections.

Atlanta, Mobile, Charleston, Savannah fall, the Confederacy is cut to pieces. Its fragments become countries with frontiers on skirmish lines and capitals on horseback.

Ports are sealed, the world and the South are parted. All the dearer seems the scant sky that hangs over her bleeding children.

On and on and on come the thickening masses of the North, brave men, bravely led, and ably commanded; and as those of the South grow thinner, theirs grow stronger. Hope sinks; despair stiffens courage.

Everything fails but manhood and womanhood. The woman cooks and weaves and works, nurses the stricken and buries her dead and cheers her living. The man stands to his gun behind Johnston, behind Lee. Petersburg and Richmond starve and bleed, and yet stand dauntless. And here amongst you, while the thunders shake the capitol and the window-panes of his home, and the earth trembles, here stands Jefferson Davis, unshaken, untrembling, toiling to give bread to his armies and their kindred, toiling to hold up the failing arms of his veterans, unbelieving that Heaven could decree the fall of such a people.

At last the very fountains of nature fail. The exhausted South falls prone upon its shield.

LET HIM REST IN RICHMOND

It is gone. All gone. Forever gone. The Confederacy and its sons in gray have vanished; and now at last, hoary with years, the Chieftain rests, his body mingling with the ashes of the brave which once quickened with a country's holy passion.

Hither let that body be borne by the old soldiers of the Confederacy. Here in Richmond, by the James, where was his war home, where his child is buried, where his armies were marshalled, where the Congress sat, where was the capitol, the arsenal, the citadel, the field of glory, and at last the tomb of the Confederacy, here let him be buried, and the land of Washington and Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson will hold in sacred trust his memory and his ashes.

THE FUTURE WILL HONOR HIM

The restless tides of humanity will rush hither and thither over the land of battles. The ages will sweep on, and

Rift the hills, roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun.

The white sails of commerce will thicken on your river and the smoke of increasing factories will blacken the skies. Mountains will pour forth their precious metals, and fields will glow in the garniture of richer harvests. The remnants of lives spared from the battle will be interwoven with the texture of the Union; new stars will cluster upon the flag, and the sons of the South will bear it as their fathers bore it to make the bounds of freedom wider yet. Our great race will meet and solve every problem, however dark, that it now faces, and a people reconciled and mighty will stretch forth their arms to stay those of the oppressor. But no greater souls will rise than those who find rest under the Southern sod from Sumter's battered wall to the trailing vines and ivy leaves of Hollywood, and none will come forth of truer heart or cleaner hands or higher crest to lead them.

To the dust we give his body now; the ages receive his memory. They have never failed to do justice, however tardy, to him who stood by his people and made their cause his own.

The world does not to-day think the loss of Warren because he fell at Bunker Hill, a red-handed Colonial rebel, fighting the old flag of his sovereign even before his people became secessionists from the crown, nor because his yeomen were beaten in the battle.

The great character and work of John Hampden were no stigma, though he rode out of the battle at Chalgrove stricken to death by a loyal bullet and soon filled a rebel's grave.

Oliver Cromwell is a proud name in English history, though the English republic which he founded was almost as short-lived as the Confederacy and was soon buried under the re-established throne of the Stuarts.

And we but forecast the judgment of the years to come when we pronounce that Jefferson Davis was great and pure as statesman, man, and patriot.

In the eyes of Him to whom a thousand years are as a watch in the night, the war and the century in which it came are but as a single heart-throb in the breast of time, and when the myriads of this great land shall look back through unclouded skies to the old heroic days the smoke and stain of the battle will have vanished from the hero's name. The tall chieftain of the men who wore the gray will stand before them "with a countenance like the lightning and in raiment as white as snow."

SENATORS FROM MONTANA

The Senate having under consideration the resolutions reported by the Committee on Privileges and Elections relative to the election of Senators by the Legislature of Montana—

MR. DANIEL said:

Mr. President: The subject under discussion has been very diffusively debated. By that I mean that there have been brought into the discussion many matters which are irrelevant to its discussion.

In the first place, I will point out the fact that in the report of the majority of the committee, which has declared that Messrs. Power and Sanders were duly elected as Senators from Montana, there are lengthy statements of facts which do not belong to the judicial history of this case. In other words, this is a padded and stuffed record made out with makeweights of statements which do not belong to the question which we are called upon to decide.

For instance, I find in this report quite a lengthy statement of what took place at precinct No. 34, in Silver Bow county, at the time when the votes were deposited in favor of Democratic candidates for the legislature. I wish to put the question to any Senator upon the other side, and ask him to tell me from what source of testimony he derives those statements. As I see the Chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections now in his place, I will put the question to him, that he may inform the Senate from what source he derives the statements as to any irregularities at precinct No. 34, in Silver Bow county, and whether or not, in his opinion, the source from which he derives those statements furnishes proper testimony before the Senate in this case as affecting the rights of the contestants and contestees here? I should be glad if the Senator would give me a reply to that question.

MR. HOAR. I was obliged to be absent from the Chamber for a moment, and I have not heard the first part of the Senator's remarks. To what statement does the Senator refer?

MR. DANIEL. I will repeat the question.

Remarks in the U. S. Senate, April 15th, 1890.

MR. HOAR. I heard the Senator's question, but did not hear the statement which preceded it.

MR. DANIEL. I say that I find in the report of the majority of this committee a detailed history of alleged irregularities at precinct No. 34, in Silver Bow county, and I wish to know if that history is derived from any source or testimony which the Senator who made the report regards as affecting the rights of the contestants or contestees in this case.

MR. HOAR. That statement is entirely derived in every instance from the documents put in evidence before the committee by the Democratic contestants, or from the facts agreed by the parties before the committee. The judge who gave a decision was himself a party to the election which has been so referred to. I refer to the district judge. I have forgotten at this moment whether McHatton is the name of the judge or relator in that case, but I think that McHatton is the name of the judge. The Senator from Delaware assents. The judge summed up certain statements and expressed his view of the facts and expressed his view of the law upon them; and in one or two instances those facts are taken, but they were laid before the committee by the Democratic contestants in every case.

Of course it is possible that in so voluminous a matter there may be something which I overlook in my memory at this moment, but I do not now remember that there is any single fact which the majority of the committee use, or have used, in argument here upon the floor, or use in their report, that is not derived from the Democratic claimants to these seats, or which is in controversy, with a single exception. There was a colloquy between the counsel, which I quoted (which the Senator will find in the report either of Mr. Jenks' or Mr. Paine's argument), as to the existence of these separate credentials given by the governor and the secretary of the Territory to each member of the legislature whom they found elected, with possibly the exception of the four Democratic claimants from Silver Bow; the governor did not complete their credentials.

The fact of giving those credentials was agreed to by the counsel on both sides before the committee. The form of those credentials was not put in before the committee, but the Senator from Wisconsin [Mr. Spooner] in his argument here produced

a credential, an original, given to the member of the other House, as a sample of what those credentials were. That fact was not before the committee.

MR. DANIEL. Mr. President, the answer of the Senator from Massachusetts does not go to the gist of my inquiry, and I will try to make that inquiry so clear that he will catch the significance of it and give to it the corresponding answer. What I mean to ask the Senator from Massachusetts is, whether he has received evidence in this case of irregularities at precinct No. 34, in Silver Bow county, and if he regards it as admissible testimony suitable to be presented to the Senate to control its judgment in this case.

MR. HOAR. I do not see what other answer can be given. I may be very dull in my understanding of my honorable friend's question.

MR. DANIEL. I ask the Senator if he regards that as legal testimony and as admissible for the purposes of deciding this case.

MR. HOAR. I certainly do regard it as the testimony upon which this body may fairly proceed and upon which this body should proceed. I stated in my report in regard to the finding of the Territorial judge as to the number of aliens who had not taken the oath required by law, and, therefore, were clearly, in my judgment, not qualified voters, whose votes turned the scale at that election, that, if the case depended wholly upon that single proposition, it might possibly be proper to make a further inquiry—that is, if you were going to the bottom of the poll in the whole Territory, I have no doubt it would have shown the number of illegal votes cast on the Democratic side to have been very much greater.

MR. DANIEL. Mr. President, the Senator from Massachusetts, by every conclusion of logic and by express confession, has abandoned the grounds upon which the representatives of the opposition have contended that they are forced to conclude that Messrs. Sanders and Power were elected. The Senators who have preceded me in debate have contended before this body that they stood behind the certificate of a returning board of Montana, and that although the Senate might know that if it could pierce through the shield of that certificate it would find

fraudulent practice and sharp device, their eyes were closed, and that the Senate was precluded from searching to find what had happened, and yet the Senator has just told us in his reply to my question that he himself in this investigation not only went behind that certificate, but that he probed this transaction down to the very bottom, to the irregularities at the polls.

There is gone, forever, then, from this debate the doctrine of immaculate estoppel. You can not say to the Democratic claimants for the Senate that they are stopped by a certificate of their antagonists when you have yourself gone not only behind that certificate, but also behind every muniment of title which has been given from the beginning of this election to its latest steps. You are out from behind your breastworks and maintain the doctrine, in order to put this testimony into the record, that you had a right to canvass this transaction from the credential which is laid before you on the table of the Senate back down to the time when the vote was deposited in the box, and for the purpose of creating a moral impression you have filled this record with statements of what occurred at precinct No. 34.

MR. VANCE. Will the Senator yield to me for a moment?

MR. DANIEL. Certainly.

MR. VANCE. I wish to say that the "moral impression" which the Senator alludes to has been produced. I have in my hand a telegram from the city of Butte, the largest city in the State of Montana, which on yesterday had an election. The telegram is dated at 2 o'clock last night, and is as follows:

Hurrah for honest citizens who vindicate the right;
Hurrah for law and liberty, the people won the fight.
Republican corruptionists went weeping to their fate,
For the voters placed the brand upon the men who stole the state.
We whipped them in the north of town, we whipped them in the south,
We whipped the man who "worked" the state, and him who worked his mouth;
We whipped them in the west of town, we whipped them in the east,
And we've placed a little tombstone o'er the grave of the deceased.
The mourners speak in whispers, there's crape upon the door,
The G. O. P. was killed by stealing precinct thirty-four.

The telegram announces further the particulars of the victory there. So the Senator may be assured that the "moral impression" has been produced, though perhaps it is not the one they designed to produce.

MR. HOAR. Will the Senator from Virginia extend to me the same courtesy that he did to the Senator on the other side?

MR. DANIEL. Certainly.

MR. HOAR. I will state that, as I understand the facts, the Democratic majority, which a year ago in Butte was 800, is reduced to about 250 at this election, having been always a Democratic city. That is my information; and that at precinct No. 34 there is not a single inhabitant or citizen left; all those apparent Democratic voters have gone with last year's snowbanks. So I leave my friend from North Carolina to his comic almanac as the great authority in these Senatorial discussions.

MR. VANCE. I simply wish to say to the Senator from Massachusetts that he derives as much comfort out of small material as any Senator on this floor. My information is entirely different. The city of Butte gave a Republican majority last year and had Republican officials at this election. There has been, according to my information, which came at 2 o'clock last night, a complete turn-over in consequence of the subsequent proceedings.

MR. TELLER. That is not true.

MR. HOAR. If the Senator had been in bed at 2 o'clock last night his ideas would have been clearer this morning. He would not then have seen majorities double.

MR. DANIEL. Mr. President, after so fine a play of wit between two such distinguished competitors, I dislike to return to a prosy discussion of a legal principle, or of a fact which has been so much commented upon in this case; but I wish to place before the Senate distinctly and clearly before I go any further the confession of the chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections. I wish the Senate and every one who may feel an interest in the righteous and legal determination of this case to appreciate before I go further that it has been defended by able speakers, especially upon the ground that the Senate was estopped to go behind the utterance of a returning board; that those who maintain that doctrine for themselves have gone behind that certificate of the returning board; that the chairman of the committee who represents them here has filled this

record with testimony of what transpired at the very precinct where the votes were delivered. And while with one breath one champion of the would-be Senators from Montana tells us that we must consider them as elected because there is a certificate that says so, the chief spokesman and champion tells us that that certificate concludes nobody, and that we must consider them elected because this committee has gone down to the precincts where the people cast their votes and finds there such irregularities as require them to cast them out of consideration.

It is a principle of physics, Mr. President, that no two bodies can occupy the same place at the same time, and it is a principle of ethics, and a principle of law, that the same man shall not claim one title by antagonistic declarations and postulates. Now, sir, I accept the statement of the Senator from Massachusetts that this committee in the making of the report regarded themselves as not only permitted to go behind the certificate of the State Returning Board of Montana, but that they did go behind it, and that they have produced before us testimony here which in their judgment should be regarded in forming the judgment which we are called upon to deliver.

Mr. President, the State of Montana as it now is, under the enabling act which was approved by the President on the 22d of February, 1889, proceeded while yet in a Territorial condition to prepare itself for admission into the Federal Union. There was an election for a legislature under the provisions of the enabling act and of an ordinance of the constitutional convention, and there were steps taken toward the election of Senators of the United States. It is claimed that Senators of the United States were elected, and that they are now entitled to admission into this body.

Pursuing our own inquiry, as becomes the Senate, to ascertain whether the fact be true that Senators have been elected, and if so to identify their persons and to admit them into their legal position here, we have to turn to the muniments of title which make up the legal proof that the facts are true as claimed. Now, in the line of our course from the door of the Senate to the original source of all power, the precinct where the people deposited their ballots, we have to pass in review a series of documents which profess to relate what had gone before them.

The first of these documents is a certificate which is placed upon the table of the Senate from the governor of Montana, and if that certificate be in proper legal form it entitles those who hold it to a *prima facie* right to their seats here and to be received as Senators in this body; and if we ask now that the credentials of any one claiming to be a Senator from Montana shall be read, there is presented to us an authentic paper signed by the governor of Montana, in which he declares that two gentlemen, Messrs. Maginnis and Clark, were duly elected Senators from that state.

Does the Senate pause before that first muniment of title, or does it look behind it? It undertakes to look behind it in this case. It says that the paper, it is true, is certified by the governor of Montana, but it is an imperfect paper in this, that it does not contain the certificate also of the secretary of state; and, in order to proceed further from a mere visual inspection of that paper, the Senate is to proclaim two doctrines: (*First*), that it is not precluded by any certificate unless it conform to the requirements of law, and, (*Second*), that, if the certificate does not conform to the requirements of law, it may then go behind and beyond the legal provisions which the law has created as documentary evidence of title, and range the field in search of those who may identify themselves to it as in fact the Senators from Montana.

Mr. President, the enabling act which provided for the certification of the Senators of Montana declared that the certificate shall be signed by the governor and by the secretary of state, but I take it in that declaration it intended and designed that the signatures of the governor and of the secretary of state should be signed to that certificate in the manner and for the purpose and with a like effect as the signatures of governors and secretaries of state are signed to the credentials of other Senators. In looking to the Revised Statutes, page 3, we find that the method and manner of the signature to the credentials of a Senator are required to be as follows:

SEC. 18. It shall be the duty of the executive of the state from which any Senator has been chosen, to certify his election, under the seal of the state to the President of the Senate of the United States.

Then, again, by the next section:

SEC. 19. The certificate mentioned in the preceding section shall be countersigned by the secretary of state of the state.

So it will be observed from this statute, and it is not a technical point, but one of grave substance and import, to which I would direct the attention of the Senate, that the certifying power as to who has been elected a Senator is vested in but one person by the laws of this land, and that person is the chief executive of the state from which that Senator comes. The next provision, "that the certificate mentioned in the preceding section shall be countersigned by the secretary of state," is a mere adminicle of evidence provided by law in order to authenticate the action of the governor and assure to us that we are not imposed upon by a false certificate. The secretary of state is to countersign as an attesting witness; no more. He is to identify the act as the governor's act, the signature as the governor's signature, and if we know that the governor did the act, as we do in this case by common consent, we know all that the secretary's signature could be used to prove.

I believe, too, that there is no great seal of the state attached to the credentials of Messrs. Clark and Maginnis; but this fact remains, and no Senator on that side has yet disputed it, and it can not be disputed, for it has been ascertained by this committee and is before us in testimony here, that the sole power known to the laws of the United States who may certify to the election of a Senator has given the certificate that Messrs. Clark and Maginnis were elected, and that the refusal to accept that certificate and to clothe those Senators with the corresponding powers which it contemplates is the mere technical objection that a fact which you know to be a fact is not evidenced to you by the formal technicalities of law.

If, then, this case stood right here the substance of the law has been complied with and its forms simply have been ignored. But you, Senators—and I am not now attempting to combat your position upon this point; I am only calling attention to what it is, that you may logically pursue it when you come to deal with other muniments of like character—declare the doctrine at the very threshold of this case that it is your duty to inspect a paper laid before you as the evidence of title, and if such a paper is incomplete or imperfect in any of its details it is your duty to look behind it for the truth, and not to be precluded by it.

The next document that you come to in this case is what? It is not a paper which has any Federal relation. It is a matter purely of Territorial record. But having discovered the fact (and I deny the correctness of the course pursued) that no one here is certified technically and according to the forms and observances of your statute to be a Senator, you go out to look for the Senator, if such there be, and to recognize and treat him as such, from certain badges of his identity. Your next inquiry must be, if it be not true, as the governor has certified here, that a body known to be the Legislature of Montana has elected these gentlemen, is there a legislature in Montana, and whom have they elected, if any one?

After passing by the only muniment of title which is known to Federal law, and declaring the doctrine that you have a right to look behind it, those who represent Messrs. Power and Sanders, two claimants to seats in the Senate here, present another document. What is that document? It is a paper emanating from the State Board of Canvassers of Montana. We take it up and inspect it, and we find that the canvassing board of the State of Montana, as it is now created, while yet it was in a Territorial condition, not only undertook to canvass the returns of the election of that state, but that they sat as if they were chancellors and supreme judges, with power to gather facts from any source of information which they might choose to look for, and with powers to declare anything which might seem unto them good. In other words, after condemning as imperfect one document, you come to another in which the men who under the law had a right to produce it have written themselves down as usurpers, and have said, "We are not canvassers only," and have constituted themselves judges of the law and a jury as to the facts.

If it be true that in the State of Montana a mere canvassing board is clothed with powers of a judge in a court of law and in a court of equity and of a jury to find the facts, it is a body of most extraordinary character. The Senator from New York [Mr. Evarts] in the discussion of this case has found it necessary to maintain the doctrine that this canvassing board of the State of Montana had a right not only to sum up the vote cast, but to canvass the whole Territory in an enlarged and general

way, bound by no limitations except their own discretion. Mr. President, is that true? Is it true that the Canvassing Board of the State of Montana had a right to do what they assumed to do? And, if they did not have the right to do what they assumed to do, is it possible that the Senate of the United States sits here helpless and powerless, to be dragged behind a local canvassing board, compelled to follow them in a usurpatory course? I shall point in the laws that bear upon the subject to the provisions creating that board and to the legal definitions of their powers. First, we have in the ordinance of the constitutional convention the following provisions:

Be it ordained by the convention assembled to form a constitution for the State of Montana. (First.) That an election shall be held throughout the Territory of Montana on the first Tuesday of October, 1889, for the ratification or rejection of the constitution framed and adopted by this convention.

(Fifth.) The votes cast at said election for the adoption or rejection of said constitution shall be canvassed by the canvassing boards of the respective counties not later than fifteen days after said election, or sooner if the returns from all of the precincts shall have been received and in the manner prescribed by the laws of the Territory of Montana for canvassing the votes at general elections in said Territory, and the returns of said election shall be made to the secretary of the Territory, who, with the governor and the chief-justice of the Territory, or any two of them, shall constitute a board of canvassers who shall meet at the office of the secretary of the Territory on or before the thirtieth day after the election and canvass the votes so cast and declare the result.

(Sixth.) That on the first Tuesday in October, 1889, there shall be elected by the qualified electors of Montana a governor, a lieutenant-governor, a secretary of state, an attorney-general, a State treasurer, a State auditor, a State superintendent of public instruction, one chief-justice, and two associate justices of the supreme court, a judge for each of the judicial districts established by this constitution, a clerk of the supreme court, and a clerk of the district court in and for each county of the state, and the members of the Legislative Assembly provided for in this constitution. The terms of officers so elected shall begin when the state shall be admitted into the Union and shall end on the first Monday in January, 1893, except as otherwise provided.

(Seventh.) There shall be elected at the same time one Representative in the Fifty-first Congress of the United States.

Then comes the section respecting the return and canvass of votes and the making and canvassing of the returns:

(Eighth.) The votes for the above officers shall be returned and canvassed as is provided for by law, and returns shall be made to the secretary of the Territory and canvassed in the same manner and by the same board as is the vote upon the constitution except as to clerk of the district court.

Now, the question arises here, what is the meaning of language that reposes in officers, who are merely ministerial in their relations, the duty to canvass the votes and the returns and to declare the result? This is no new question to the Senate. It has been illustrated by the arguments of learned counsel, and by the decree of the highest courts in this land, and by the universal practice of both Federal and state legislative bodies.

It is true that in some states additional powers are given to the canvassing board beyond the mere power to canvass the votes cast and declare the result, and when such additional powers are expressly given, undoubtedly they may be exercised; but let the Senate understand as to this case that the only power vested in this returning board of Montana was "to canvass the votes so cast and declare the result;" not canvass the election, not say whether this man or that man was fairly or properly elected, but simply to canvass the votes returned to them and declare the result of those votes, not of something else that was not laid before them.

Mr. President, I am astonished that any gentleman learned in the law should dispute this proposition. I am astonished that the Senator from New York should argue, if indeed I correctly understood him, for I have doubts whether he was discoursing in that particular enunciation with a view to answering his position or was laying it down as his own opinion, and I will ask the Senator from Massachusetts, whom I see in his seat, and who was the spokesman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, and is, of course, prepared to tell us what is the view of that committee, whether or not, in the opinion of the committee, the State Board of Montana was a mere canvassing board, or if it had a right to look beyond the returns laid before it, and if it be the conclusion that the state canvassing board had a right not only to sum up the returns before it, but to go and range the State of Montana to discover, if it could, who was elected, will he be kind enough to refer me to the statute which confers upon it such extraordinary power, or will he be kind enough to refer me to some judicial authority in which I am unlearned? In such measure of law as I have acquired I am unable to find warrant for the conclusion that a mere canvassing board is a judge at law, a chancellor in equity, and a jury as to the facts.

I should, indeed, be glad if the Senator from Massachusetts would point me to anything in the statutes of Montana which gives the State Canvassing Board the right to do more than to canvass the votes and to sum up the returns. The Senator is not as prompt in answering questions of law as he is in response to sallies of wit. I wish, indeed, that I was possessed of the happy faculty of the Senator from North Carolina [Mr. Vance], but wit is not to be acquired, while law may be.

Then, Mr. President, we have reached at least this stage in the discussion, that here is the Canvassing Board in the State of Montana composed of three men, and if it is pretended by those that are about to acquire power under them that they had other and greater powers than an ordinary canvassing board, those who champion the proposition are not disposed to point out the derivation of such authority or to enlighten the minds of the Senate as to where they derive their information from.

Mr. President, I do not intend to leave this point without endeavoring to emphasize the purport of it. I shall not read from contested election cases in the reports of legislative bodies especially, but I shall read from a volume entitled Mechem's Public Offices and Officers, in which the general principles applicable to this subject-matter are discussed and in which it appears by an unbroken statement of authority that I am correct in my conception that a mere canvassing board has no right to do anything more than to canvass the votes and to declare the result as it may be disclosed upon the face of the documents which they examine. I read from section 208:

SEC. 208. Canvassers' duties are ministerial merely. It is well settled that the duties of canvassing officers and boards are ministerial merely, and not judicial. Their duty is to count the votes as cast, and they have no authority, unless expressly granted, to hear evidence or to pass upon or correct alleged errors, irregularities, or frauds.

In section 209 it is also said:

SEC. 209. *Canvassing boards bound by the returns.*—And the canvassing boards are bound by the returns when in due form and can not, unless expressly authorized by law, receive or regard anything outside of them or reject them for other reasons than those appearing on their face. Returns void upon their face may be rejected, but if the returns be regular the duty of the canvassers "consists in a simple matter of arithmetic."

And even matter appearing upon the face of the returns which is not by law required to be there is *functus officio* and is to be disregarded.

While I am upon that point I will read also from the language of the Chief Justice of Michigan in the case of *The Attorney-General v. The Board of Canvassers*, found in 64 Michigan Reports, and also reported in 31 Northwestern Reporter, 539. Speaking of a board of canvassers, he uses this language:

When they have figured up the returns exactly as handed over to them—

Says Campbell, C. J.:

they have completed their task and exhausted their powers. Until they have done so they have no right to dissolve their meeting. They can only get out of their office by completing its work. It would be worse than absurd to allow a board of canvassers to defeat the popular will and destroy an election by refusing or neglecting to do what the law requires them to do. They may bring themselves within the punishment of the law by such misconduct, but they can not destroy the vote.

Mr. President, this is no recondite subject that we are endeavoring to discuss. The terms "canvass" and "canvassing board" are well-known legal expressions referred to in the courts over and again, used by judges in the delivery of their opinions, and it is to be presumed that when so grave an instrument as the constitution and laws of Montana were drawn and a constitutional ordinance was delivered for the guidance of the people, the draughtsmen knew what they meant, and meant what the universal language of the law interprets to the enlightened understanding, that to canvass the votes and declare the result was to add up the votes and declare what those votes determined.

Now, having laid down what, as I humbly conceive, is the correct legal principle for the guidance of the Senate; having passed by the first legal document presented to us here because of its imperfection, I stand, with such enlightenment as these documents give me, before the alleged certificate of the returning board of Montana.

Let us understand now, however, before I discuss that paper, what are its merits and what use is sought to be made of it as a link in the title of those who claim to be Senators from Montana. One great, monumental fact stands before us in our investigation: When the sun went down over the mountains of Montana on the day of the election, and when the people of that

young Commonwealth had deposited their ballots in the box, the complexion of that state in its executive chair and its legislature, according to the projection of the votes cast, was Democratic. That point is nowhere denied in this discussion. No man doubts, and no man undertakes to create a doubt upon the fact, that, according to the will of those persons who put their ballots in the box in the Territory of Montana, the projection of political power was toward a Democratic executive and two Democratic Senators here.

In order to intercept the due operation of that power, and I blame no man for doing it if he can rest it upon a sound legal principle or upon a justly ascertained judicial fact, we have seen a series of actions done, most extraordinary in their character, and fatal in their result to the growth of that title the seed of which the people had planted at the polls. No record testimony here has impeached this fact that as the vote was cast Montana was Democratic.

It is indeed true that this report, which I have characterized as a stuffed and padded report, has embedded in it a historical statement which the Senator from Massachusetts says he regards as evidence in this case.

I will now point out to you, Mr. President, and to those few who may do me the honor to listen to my argument, that no sound lawyer, and no man who is familiar with the elemental principles of jurisprudence, could contend successfully for a moment in a court of justice that that was evidence to be looked to in passing upon a title of one that it concerns. Why do I say this? The so-called evidence is not the result of any deposition taken before the Committee on Privileges and Elections. It is not the affidavit of a witness, or the affidavit of an outsider, or the testimony of a witness there. It is an extract from a judicial report in another and a totally different proceeding. It was no *res inter alias acta*, a situation in which the claimants for the Montana seats here had no opportunity to examine the witnesses or to confront them. It is a mere piece of judicial literature dragged from its proper connection with the plants that ripened upon it, brought here and stuffed and crammed into the report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the Senate, and we are told by the chairman that it is to be

regarded as testimony to enlighten our consciences and guide our judgments in this case.

The sole ground upon which the Committee on Privileges and Elections could take such a position as that is the fact that, in order to lay before the committee what was the law of Montana and to enlighten them as to the judicial proceedings which were to guide them in interpretation, the honorable gentlemen, Messrs. Clark and Maginnis, who claim to be elected Senators from that state, had filed before the committee the report of a judicial decision in another case. They filed that report for the purpose of showing what the court had decided as to legal principle, and you might as well attempt to bind the Senator from Massachusetts in a controversy with any one in the city of Washington, or me, or any one else, by what took place in another and a totally different forum in which we were not impleaded, by the mere fact that some judge in enunciating principles of law, in deciding a case between other people, had alluded to circumstances not of a historical nature, but circumstances as related to him in that case having no connection with this one under advisement.

But, Mr. President, as absolutely conclusive as this argument is as to the utter rejection and the complete worthlessness of the alleged testimony of irregularities at precinct No. 34, I have but stated half the story when I have destroyed its significance. In the very judicial opinion in which these circumstances were related, at the very hearing in which they were commented upon by the court which had them properly before it, it was judicially decided that they were not irregularities of such a nature and extent as under the laws of Montana affected the result.

So, then, in order to have the so-called and irrelevant testimony bear upon this controversy, we must take the facts out of another record, because a contestant brought that record to demonstrate a legal principle. We must drop the principle which he applied to them and take the trash of circumstance which was left, and we must bind two Senators, or expectant Senators, from Montana by a totally extraneous proceeding, of which they might have been as ignorant as the child unborn, and attempt to break them down in their right and title to

represent that people because somebody in another case has testified to something which the court said in no manner concerned the result.

Is this logic suitable for the Senate of the United States in passing upon the title of one of its members? To me it seems not; and if there is not something in this record better than that upon which to predicate the rights of Messrs. Power and Sanders, who claim to be Senators from Montana, the state had better go unrepresented than to recognize any such rotten bridge as this as the fitting road for its passage into the Federal Union.

Now, then, Mr. President, I come to consider what this returning board in Montana did. What they did does not depend here upon the testimony of any Democratic witness or of any witnesses. It is their own profession and confession of what they did; and before I read and sum it up I wish to say that while it has no momentous significance in itself, it has overwhelming significance when it is related to the Senate in conjunction with other facts, of which it composed a serial part.

According to the laws of Montana in force at the time when this election was held, there was a method provided by which the returns of the election of members of the legislature should be certified. It is important to understand what the law of Montana was upon this subject in two aspects of this case, not in one alone. It is important to know what the law of Montana was as to the certification of members of the legislature, (*First*), that we may discover whether a county board had the right to give a certificate which would *prima facie* entitle the member to the seat, and, (*Second*), that we may comprehend the duty of the county commissioners to send a certificate of the result to the returning board.

I ask now that the Senate will look at sections 1033 and 1034 of the general laws of Montana as embodied in the report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections on page 22, in which it is shown, (*First*), that it was the duty of the board of county commissioners to send an abstract of their canvass of the votes to the seat of government of the Territory in a registered package addressed to the auditor and, (*Second*), that it was the duty of the clerk of the board to issue a certificate to the member of the legislature who was elected according to the canvass which the board had made.

I can well understand that a plausible, and under some circumstances a genuine and satisfactory excuse, might be made by the board of county commissioners of Silver Bow county, in Montana, for their failure to send certificates of election to the Democratic members who appear to have been elected by the votes of precinct No. 34 in that county. If that board of commissioners had then taken the ground that under the constitutional ordinance and the enabling act of the United States their duty to send forth such a certificate was dispensed with, if on that ground they had declined to issue such a certificate to any member-elect in the State of Montana, I could well understand that there was good ground to believe that their course was guided by an intelligent and honest interpretation of the law, but it can not now be contended that such was their own interpretation of the law, for they proceeded to canvass the result as to other members of the state legislature of Montana, and they proceeded to send certificates to them, exhibiting their conscious realization of the fact that it was their duty to do it.

But they sent no certificates to the five members of Silver Bow county who would have voted for a Democratic Senator, nor did their failure to comply with their legal duty end there. They failed utterly also to send any certificate of a canvass of the vote and the result of the state returning board. In other words, the board of county commissioners of Silver Bow county, as to precinct No. 34, utterly and completely failed to discharge their legal function with relation to this election. There can not be any two opinions about that. It is not upon my interpretation of the law, but upon their interpretation of the law that I say so; and not only is it upon their interpretation of the law, but it is upon the interpretation of the law as judicially ascertained by the Territorial court of Montana, to whom was related their refusal to discharge their duty and which compelled them by a writ of mandamus to do it.

Mr. President, here was the first bold, open, notorious development of a conspiracy permeating the officers of the law of the Territory of Montana to get control of political power by fraudulent practices and sharp devices and unjust methods; and when you find the other returning board at the seat of government corresponding with this negligent and undutiful

discharge of duty by the county board, you perceive that these were not separate and independent acts, but that they were united by preconcert and arrangement, and that the whole machinery of the administration of the law in that Territory was prostituted and debauched, tortured and corrupted, against the legal precedents of their own supreme court, against the habitual practice of predecessors, against the practice which they exercised then and there as to other persons, for the purpose of excluding from the legislature of Montana those Democratic members-elect who would have voted for the honorable gentlemen who are here to assert a righteous title and to ask at your hands an equitable judgment.

Mr. President, I next come to show you what this returning board at the seat of government did. I come to hold up before your faces that paper of which some Senators on the other side have been so bold as to say that the vision of a Senator can not penetrate behind it. Curious, indeed, would it be to announce as to that one document in this case that nobody can see behind it. We can see behind the credential of a Democratic governor, the only certifying power who has certified that a Senator was elected; we can see behind the returns of the county commissioners of Silver Bow county; we can see behind the returns of the judges of election at precinct No. 34; we can see behind the voter himself to read his pedigree and his intention to become a citizen even, and even when no such question as that is raised in the record; but there is one paper in the whole series of documents that nobody can see behind! Why, Mr. President, if I had the wit of the Senator from North Carolina, I would say that there was a practical reason, if not a legal one, for not seeing behind that paper. It has no rear to it. It hides nothing. It is hollow. You need not go behind it in order to see through it.

It is a mere casement without glass in it and without curtain or blinds. It does not pretend to be the lawful canvass of the votes of the counties of Montana as to the election of their legislature. It pretends to be the decree of three chancellors in equity, and three judges in law, and three men constituting a sole jury to range the fields of Montana to gather facts when and where and how they may, and to palm this collection of facts

off upon the United States Senate as a certificate of election of members of the legislature and a canvass of the votes of Montana.

Mr. President, the doctrine of estoppel is not an absolutely foolish, absurd, and inconsequential doctrine. It has reason and method and principle in it. It was not made for the purpose of allowing a man to stand up before your face and tell you what you know to be a lie, and what he knows to be a lie, and the world knows to be a lie, and then say that all of us must take it as true. It was a doctrine established, not to protect and shelter open, notorious, base, and corrupt fraud or blind mistake and error, but a doctrine to divide government into separate departments, to segregate the rights of man to their distinct and sovereign forums and to allow each authority in whom the people vested the sanctions of law to do its part without disputation by another.

The Constitution of the United States has a correct illustration of the doctrine of estoppel when it says that the records and judgments of our state courts shall import verity and shall be recognized in one state or another. It is because they are the things done by tribunals which had a certain and undisputed right to do them; and no man has, therefore, a right to question them.

But how is it about this paper that goes forth from the returning board of Montana? We do not need to look behind it. You can not cite the doctrine of estoppel to prevent us from seeing over a fence when there is no fence there. This paper, emanating from this board of canvassers of the Territory of Montana, does not say that they canvassed all the votes for the legislature of that state, but it says that they did not do it, and it goes on to relate how they came to a conclusion, outside of the votes cast and outside of the returns, that certain persons were elected. I ask the attention of such Senators as may be disposed to accord to legal principles their due weight and to follow facts as they may find them to the certificate of the returning board of Montana.

I find it in the report of the committee, page 14, Appendix A, as follows:

TERRITORY OF MONTANA, *County of Lewis and Clarke, ss.:*

We, Benjamin F. White, governor, Henry N. Blake, chief-justice, and Louis A. Walker, secretary of the Territory of Montana, the duly appointed and authorized canvassing board designated in the act of Congress approved February 22d, A. D., 1889, providing for the admission of Montana as a state in the Union, and also under and by authority of ordinance No. 2, passed and enacted by the constitutional convention of the said Territory, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a full, true, and correct abstract of the votes cast in said Territory at the election held on the first Tuesday in October, A. D., 1889, as appears by the duly certified returns from the counties named and as counted and canvassed by us this the 4th day of November, A. D., 1889.

They then recite the want of returns from the county of Silver Bow:

And we further certify that, having duly convened as such canvassing board on the 31st day of October, A. D., 1889, the same having been the thirtieth day after the close of said election, and having received no duly certified returns from the county of Silver Bow, in said Territory, we duly appointed and commissioned Benjamin Webster a special messenger to proceed forthwith to the said Silver Bow county and to demand and receive from the county clerk of said county a properly certified copy of the abstract of the votes cast in said county at said election as canvassed and declared by the proper canvassing board.

That the said messenger, Benjamin Webster, duly appointed as aforesaid, did proceed to the said Silver Bow county and did demand from the county clerk of said county the duly certified copy of said abstract of votes as aforesaid, and thereafter returned to Helena and made his sworn return that the demand for said abstract was by the said county clerk refused.

They then recite that the messenger went to Silver Bow county and asked for the abstract of votes and was refused it, and the canvassing board thereupon reach the following extraordinary conclusion:

It now becomes our duty to ascertain and declare—

I must read the whole sentence, Mr. President,

Being therefore without any proper copy of the abstract of votes cast in Silver Bow county and having exhausted the authority given by the statute in endeavoring to obtain the same, it now becomes our duty to ascertain and declare the same from the best sources of information obtainable.

Mr. President, how did it become their duty to "ascertain the same" from any source of information or "the best sources of information obtainable?" The duty of this board was to canvass the votes cast and declare the result. These votes were to be counted according to the returns of the county board of canvassers, and there is no authority in the constitution of

Montana, in the enabling act of Congress, or in the acts of the Territorial legislature for that board to go out and look about them for information as to the vote or as to the result.

Then, when they tell us "it now becomes our duty to ascertain and declare the same from the best sources of information obtainable," may I respectfully ask those who support their right to do it to point me to the warrant by which this canvassing board undertook to be a jury of inquisition as to the facts, a jury of oyer and terminer as to the facts, judges of the law, and chancellors in equity as to the facts? I wish, indeed, that the Senator from Massachusetts would consider my inquiry with enough respect and with a disposition and desire of those who, like me, wish to follow the law to its right conclusion, to point me to any place in the constitution of Montana, or in the enabling act applicable to Montana, or in the Territorial laws of Montana, or in the general jurisprudence of the American people by which a canvassing board can usurp such authority and say to the Senate of the United States, "You dare not dispute me."

Mr. President, they further recite this as to what they had:

We have before us the official certificate of Charles F. Booth, county clerk of Silver Bow county, showing that a certain number of votes were cast for the different candidates in that county in the different precincts thereof, naming each of them and the number received by each candidate in each precinct, and including the thirty-fourth precinct as having voted at said election. We also have before us an official notice signed by Mr. Booth as county clerk of said county, stating, in effect, that the board of canvassers in said county met as such on the 14th day of October, 1889, and did then and there canvass and count the vote of Silver Bow county and declare the result thereof, and that they did not count, but did reject, as false, fraudulent, and void, all of the votes reported as cast and counted in election precinct No. 34 in said county.

In looking at that certificate of this returning board it might be assumed that there was a relation that the board of county commissioners of Silver Bow county had regarded the returns from precinct No. 34 as spurious and false in the sense that they were not genuine, but were forged, for that language might be taken by itself to be capable of a double interpretation, and yet we have in this case the affidavit of that same gentleman, Mr. Charles F. Booth, which I ask shall be incorporated in my remarks, in which he states that there was no contention as to the falsity of these returns, that they were according to the

usual forms of law, and he goes on to show that the board of county commissioners did not refuse to receive them on any such ground as that which might possibly be inferred from the word "false" as I have read it in this context.

The affidavit referred to is as follows:

STATE OF MONTANA, *County of Silver Bow, ss:*

Charles F. Booth, of lawful age, being first duly sworn according to law, upon oath deposes and says that he is the county clerk of Silver Bow, Montana; that he was clerk of the said county during all of the year of 1889; that he was acting as such clerk during the months of August and September and October, 1889; that he was, and is, clerk of the board of county commissioners of said county; that on the 14th day of August, 1889, the board of county commissioners of said county did, in accordance with the provisions of law, establish a voting precinct for the election to be held on October 1st, 1889, at Store Camp No. 1, on the Butte and Gallatin Railroad, to be known as precinct No. 34 of said county; that on the 6th day of September, 1889, the said board of county commissioners did appoint as judges of the election to be held at said precinct on the said 1st day of October, 1889, the following named persons, to-wit: W. A. Pennycook, John Morrison, and William Regan: that at the same time the board of county commissioners, in pursuance of the requirements of the statutes of Montana, designated W. A. Pennycook as the person to whom the clerk of the board of county commissioners should deliver the notices of election, poll-books, and all other materials required to properly conduct the said election; that in pursuance to the order of the said board I did deliver to the said W. A. Pennycook, on the 30th day of September, 1889, personally, in the city of Butte, the poll-books, writing materials, copy of the election laws, and 800 official ballots, official stamp, and such other things as were required to properly conduct the election at said precinct; that at the same time I received from the said Pennycook a receipt showing that he had received all the same; that after said election the said Pennycook delivered to me the returns from said precinct in a sealed envelope and delivered to me all the official ballots which were not used at said election. That said unused ballots were counted by me; that I found that 600 ballots had not been used; that said ballots were now in my possession, together with the ballots returned from the other precincts in the county.

CHAS. F. BOOTH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of November, 1889.

L. E. DANJEN, *Notary Public.*

Then in the certificate of the returning board we have this further relation:

No other or further action having been had by the canvassing board of said county in relation to the canvass of the vote therein, we conclude that the true result as canvassed and declared must be found by eliminating from the list of votes cast, as certified by County Clerk Booth, the vote of precinct 34, which was rejected by said canvassing board, as stated in the certificate of said county clerk, and which shows the true vote of Silver Bow county to be as follows.

After giving the votes as ascertained by this canvassing board, it says:

That the foregoing is, and the same is hereby found and declared to be, the result and a true and correct statement of the votes cast at said election held on the 1st day of October, A. D., 1889, in Silver Bow county, Montana, according to and in strict conformity with the abstract of votes made and certified to by the duly and legally constituted board of canvassers of election returns for said county at said election.

After going through with this certificate of the state returning board of Montana, it is not necessary for the purposes of the argument which I beg leave to submit to the Senate to contend that the certificate of the county commissioners of Montana was the sole *prima facie* source from which a member of the legislature, or one claiming to be such, could derive his title. We know, indeed, that at the time this election took place it was the universally accepted law of Montana, according to the interpretation of its Attorney-General, of the chief justice of its supreme court, of the boards of county commissioners, and of those who studied and who were concerned with the subject—that it was their judgment that the certificate of the clerk of the county commissioners was the proper certificate to be issued to the members-elect of the legislature. This is abundantly proved by what they did and by the opinions of their legal advisers.

We are told in this report of the minority of the committee, and it was stated before the committee, and it is not anywhere denied that the chief justice of that Territory had given such as his opinion, that the Attorney-General of that Territory had given it as his opinion; it appears to have been the generally accepted version of the law of Montana, and it appears that the county commissioners, not only of Silver Bow county, but of other counties, alike acted upon it.

When you take all of these returns together, the certificate of election from the governor of Montana, the action of the State Returning Board of Montana, the action of the boards of county commissioners of Montana, the action of the judges of election who presided at the precincts in Montana, if there be no legal impediment to your decision, if you are not absolutely bound and estopped by some recognized legal principle from

getting at the facts which are here disclosed in this record, then I submit to you that according to this record, to be considered as if the Senate was a jury not precluded by the principle of estoppel and rejecting all testimony save what is legal and applicable and relevant in law, if you look at this case in this light the pathway of Messrs. Maginnis and Clark from Montana to their seats here is unimpeded by any obstacle and is unshadowed by any cloud of title.

In the first place, if you start from that path at its beginning, it is not denied that the judges of precinct No. 34 summed up the vote cast, that that vote was for the Democratic candidates, and that as cast for them they were elected. If you put in question the authenticity of that vote, if you say to me or to any one who says, "There is the return of it by the judges of election of this precinct," "I want to go behind and look and see if it is the veritable fact," I answer you that a court of justice in Montana of competent jurisdiction, in a case made up between two parties in which they were represented by their lawyers, has considered precinct No. 34 under all the glare of interested contest and of judicial investigation; and if there be any precinct in Montana which has been put more completely beyond the pale of doubt or inquiry than another, if there be one precinct in the whole State of Montana which cast its vote at that election which has established its purity according to the methods usually adopted for the ascertainment of fact, the one precinct of Montana which can claim that additional sanction to its purity and verity is the only one which you here dispute. A Montana judge in the case of the contesting sheriffs investigated that precinct, examined critically the points which you make here against it, pronounced them not well taken, and poured the sanction of judicial authority upon its verity.

So, then, passing that precinct, there is no doubt that the returns of that precinct were laid before the commissioners of Silver Bow county in Montana, and that act, too, has been the subject of investigation in a manner which concerned the title to vote of the very men who cast their votes for Clark and Maginnis. In a mandamus case brought up before the judiciary of Montana, it was declared to be the duty of that canvassing board to canvass the result and to issue the certificate.

Whether it was their duty to issue the certificate or not we have at least followed the vote of the people from the time it left their hands through two independent stages of judicial inquiry, and it has passed every stage of progress towards electing a Senator in the United States Senate, from the hand of the voter into the ballot-box, out of the ballot-box to the county seat, and there it was attempted to be intercepted; but it has come along all the same and you do know the fact, if you are going to give due credit to the judicial records of Montana and recognize her as a state as you recognize other states under the Constitution, you have got a judicial record certifying to the fact that the vote of her people on election day at precinct No. 34 was put into the ballot-box and that it was carried out of the ballot-box to the county commissioners. You have the governor's certificate that the fruit of that vote in the legislature of Montana cast its political voice in favor of Clark and Maginnis as Senators of the United States.

Now, Mr. President, I leave this case with this broad, general fact staring the Senate in the face: The suffrage of Montana has been cast in such manner and has been sustained by its judicial records in two cases in such manner that, if you do not intercept its operation, if you do not destroy and extinguish its results, if you are in such shape that you may here hearken to the voice of its people as it was spoken to you in the only way that they could speak, you are obliged to let the result have its effect here and to admit Clark and Maginnis as Senators of the United States.

While I say that such is the will of the people clothed with the judicial authority and sanctioned by the records which, under the Constitution, the Federal Government and the different states must respect, I can understand that there may be circumstances in which even so transcendent a thing as the will of the people may be so impeded in its progress and interpretation that we can not permit our moral convictions to control our legal conduct; but I ask you, Senators, is there anything in this case which produces the opinion in your mind that it is righteous as an interpretation of law and just in the sense of common right and public equity? Is there anything that so constrains and commands your conduct that, against your own

inclination and your honest will, you are obliged to tread under foot this will of the people and say some one who was not chosen by them must become their representative?

Mr. President, this report of the Chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, drawn with a learning, skill, and ability which characterize all the emanations of that gentleman, is yet weighed down by an obvious and conscious sense on the part of him who has delivered it that he must apologize as he goes for the conclusion which he reaches, and that he must re-enforce the record by outside assumptions in order to stimulate the moral sentiment and to impart to the skeleton of technicality something of the functions of moral being.

I do not understand the Senator who has made the report, nor the committee as laying down the doctrine, that it is impossible for the Senate to go behind the returning board of Montana, and while they state different grounds here and there as makeweights of argument, it is a little difficult to discern upon what precise point they consider judgment should be controlled to the one side or to the other of the controversy. In others words, Mr. President, this report starts out with this declaration:

The claimants on both sides seem to be agreed that a lawful joint convention was held in Montana by the members of the two houses of the legislature, and elected Senators by due proceedings. The dispute is, which of two bodies claiming to be the lawfully organized house of representatives of Montana was entitled to that character?

It is true that the claimants lay their case before a committee or before any tribunal that passes upon it in that guise, but neither lawyers nor clients are such magistrates of the law that they are permitted to say, "We concede this or we concede that, and this is the only point between us."

High as is the personal prerogative of all the gentlemen who ask here to be admitted as Senators, their personal character and their personal interests sink into insignificance compared to the great public interests which are concerned. The representation of a great young Commonwealth, which might take all of New England in her borders and leave spare room to carve out a few more states as large as some of them, is here concerned; the Government of the United States is here concerned; the integrity of this body is concerned; and it is for

the Senate, not for these gentlemen, to make the issue and then to determine it.

Mr. President, this report goes on to say:

There was no election of Senator by concurrent vote on the Tuesday appointed for that purpose by the statute of the United States. (Rev. Stat., sections 14, 15.)

Here is another irregularity, and I ask the attention of this body to the fact that there is nothing but irregularity in the proceeding from the time that the Democratic vote reached Silver Bow county and was there attempted to be throttled and destroyed. You can trace the title of Clark and Maginnis, in the right to sit upon this floor, as good as that of the Senator from Massachusetts or of any one of us who opposes the doctrine which he has announced in this case, from the polls in Silver Bow county and from the legislature of Montana to this floor, with a single exception of the omission of the counter-signature of a ministerial officer. But between those two places, from Silver Bow county to the seat of government and from the seat of government by the road which is traversed by the other two aspirants for a seat here, I ask your attention to the fact that not one single step of the procedure has been taken in consonance with the law. That weighty and crowning document, the certificate of a governor of a Commonwealth, is to be discarded and set aside because of a mere technical imperfection. And if we must persist in discarding it, even when we know that judicial inquiry has stood as sentinel at the other end and that technical objection did not go to the substance, but went only to the form; if we must pay so much respect to the mere formal certificate as to deny to a Senator his seat, even when the testimony in the case, attended by judicial sanction, has shown us that the title was good in the beginning and is only imperfect in form in the end; let me ask you, then, by what right and by what principle can you receive the acts of intervening bodies when not one single one of them is clothed with the due form of legal technicality? You know the fact as well as men know anything which is not the subject-matter of an absolute and indisputable ascertainment that they not only lack the formal methods of technicality, but that they are also void of the substratum of equity and truth and justice. In other words,

then, according to the report of the majority of this committee, the Senate of the United States is called upon to deny two Senators the right to become their equals merely because a clerk did not attest a legal document, and although they know that the vital force which would have supplied substance and technicality alike to that document was projected from the hands of the people and was intercepted in its passage to us.

Mr. President, looking at these intervening acts, attempting to follow the history of this case from Silver Bow county to the returning board and from the returning board here, I beg leave for a moment to ask the Senate's attention to the title or pretence of title of those in whose favor the committee has reported. If it will not take too much time and if the credential is at the desk, I should like to have it read. I ask that the credential of Messrs. Sanders and Power be read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Hale in the chair). The credentials will be sent for.

MR. DANIEL. Are not the certificates here?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The credentials have been sent for to the Secretary's office.

MR. DANIEL. I will not detain the Senate to wait for them, but when they come in I will ask that they be read or I will assume them according to my information, which I hope may be correct.

Mr. President, the certificate of election of Messrs. Sanders and Power, if I may use a metaphor to describe them, is a tail without any kite. It is a postscript without any letter. It is an appendix without any principal to be appended to. It has neither form, substance, nor guise of a certificate of election.

In order to have a thing which may be countersigned you have got to have a certificate, and you can not countersign anything which has not already been signed. The word "countersigned" is a correlative expression. It presumes and assumes the pre-existence of some antecedent signature of which this is the countersignature. In other words, it is like the indorsation of a note. You can not have an indorser until you get the note, and while an indorsement may be in blank it remains a blank until the thing, the note, has been created by the signature of a

maker. In other words, then, the certificate, so called, interpreted by the Revised Statutes of the United States, that the governor of the state is to issue the certificate and that the secretary of state is to countersign it, is like the smoke-stack of a chimney without either chimney or house under it. It is a paper that knows no existence in law. It is a nullity.

If you seat Messrs. Sanders and Power in this body, you must seat them not only without any certificate of their election, and without anything pretending to be a certificate of their election according to legal effect, looking simply at this record, but you have got to seat them upon an inchoate, imperfect, and impossible document, which has no existence in legal theory and contemplation. I go behind that document then. The certificate of the returning board of Montana is not a certificate of their election. It is only a certificate which may be made use of in ascertaining something about the legislature of Montana.

Mr. President, in order to elect any Senator there must be a legislature in Montana. That legislature must act according to law. In looking at the action or alleged action of a real or pretended legislature in Montana I find that that body, in so far as these gentlemen are concerned, did not undertake to act in conformity with the law in such case made and provided. In the Revised Statutes, in section 15, page 3, the following is the provision for the election of a Senator:

Such election shall be conducted in the following manner: Each house shall openly, by a *viva voce* vote of each member present, name one person for Senator in Congress from such state, and the name of the person so voted for, who receives a majority of the whole number of votes cast in each house, shall be entered on the journal of that house by the clerk or secretary thereof; or if either house fails to give such majority to any person on that day, the fact shall be entered on the journal.

Then the statute goes on to provide that in the event of a failure there may be a joint meeting of both houses afterwards, and that such joint meeting may elect.

I do not contend, for I wish to argue this case in so far as I understand it with perfect fairness, I do not contend and do not deem it necessary to contend that this separate meeting of both houses was an absolutely necessary and indispensable condition precedent to the joint meeting of the two houses. In the

event of a failure, and in order to save the suffrage and the representation of the country, it is provided that in certain exigencies a joint concurrent meeting shall be held. I only point out the fact of the failure to show that there was a disregard of form and law in all the procedures of those who are here contending to represent Montana in the Senate.

The fact was in Montana that after the election the governor convened the legislature to assemble. He proclaimed a meeting under the law which authorized him to make such proclamation and to call the legislature together at the capital of the state. I am aware that under the Territorial laws of Montana there was not a place fixed by statute for the meeting of the General Assembly, but there are two reasons why I conclude that the place where the legislature met which elected Messrs. Clark and Maginnis was the right place for them to meet. The one is because that was the customary place of legislative meeting; second, because the governor designated it as a place for meeting. Now, you may say to me, *arguendo*, the governor had no express power to say in what particular house they should meet when he called them together. I consent to that; but I also contend that if the statute did not fix the place indentially where they should meet, it became the necessarily implied power of the governor to designate that place, and that he would totally have failed in his specific and general functions if he had not fixed it.

It is the general duty of the executive to see that the laws be executed. In furtherance of that he was required to notify the General Assembly where to assemble. He did fix a place, and if he had not designated the particular place the legislature of Montana would not have had anywhere in which it was the duty of a member to report himself at the time of meeting.

Mr. President, I ask the Senators who have criticised the action of the governor if any one can tell me where in the city of Helena, Montana, it was the duty of a servant of the people who had been clothed with legislative power to report himself if it was not under the proclamation of the governor, which had designated to him where the legislature should meet? He himself could not fix it. He was not yet a legislator. The Congress had not fixed it, and there was no power on earth that could

fix it except the governor, who was instructed to do it. And yet because he did not leave the boundaries of the place as broad as the city or the county, but did actually tell them the particular house that they were to meet in, you say that he was a usurper. You criticise him, and you say that an inchoate legislature, a minority of the body, had a right to go and fix the place.

A minority of the legislature of Montana had no more right to fix the meeting place of the legislature than they had to do anything else. They were as yet infants, and they had to meet at a place where it was their duty to be before they could put on the *toga virilis* and assume manhood. Could a minority of them have met upon the suburbs of Helena; could a minority have met anywhere except in the courthouse? If so, you might have had minorities scattered like a covey of partridges, and as many legislatures, who, according to your doctrine, would have had a right to send for others, as there were candidates for the Senate.

I say that, construing the proclamation of the governor and his right to convene the legislature of Montana, necessarily, indispensably it was his duty to fix the place of meeting, and that there was no other organized power in that Territory, or out of it, which could, without assumption and usurpation, undertake to designate the spot. If there was such power, I ask any Senator who has discovered it to point out to me where that power resided. Not in the courts; not in a non-existent legislature. It must have resided in him whose duty it was to see that the laws were executed and to call them together. It was not his business to call them apart; it was his duty to call them together at a focus, and in order to create the focus he was obliged to designate the spot.

At least, so the governor conceived his duty. He did designate the spot, and in designating that spot he pursued his due and orderly course with perfect regard to the rights of every one. He selected the spot which custom had fixed on. He did not instruct them only to admit Democrats or Republicans. He did not instruct them what returning board they should respect, but he sent John Smith there and told him to admit any one claiming a seat in the legislature. In other words, it

was only necessary for entrance to the spot where the governor had designated for the legislature to assemble that a party should claim the right to be there, not that he should possess it.

To that spot every Republican, whether he had credentials or not, was invited to come; and of those who had received the suffrage of the people to such an extent that if they held the paper and muniment of title corresponding to the fact, twenty-nine delegates, a majority of the house of delegates, assembled and eight Senators.

Mr. President, I have followed the title of Maginnis and Clark from the antechamber of this Senate to the people who are the source of all power. I have shown you that the power to protect them here was delivered at the polls and went to the county seat of Silver Bow, and that under two judicial investigations the power was held to be perfect and valid according to the declarations of the judiciary of Montana. I find the fruitage of that power in the members of the legislature who were thus elected at the time and at the place the governor of Montana according to his right had convened them, and I find that they had twenty-nine in number in the house of delegates, a majority.

At another place, where no governor had convened them, where no governor could recognize them, where no law sent them, to which nothing impelled them but their own personal desire to set up a side and independent government, apart from that which the governor of Montana was charged with the duty of launching by his proclamation, we find also certain other members of the house of delegates.

Mr. President, the question arises here, which one of these bodies, or if either of these bodies, is a body which the Senate of the United States is bound to recognize as clothed with legal power. In their inception, if we lay aside the controverted cases, there are but twenty-four members of the house of delegates in the Democratic house, and there are but twenty-five in the Republican house.

In other words, five of those who appeared in the Democratic house and who had the people's vote behind them, but not the returning board, at the top of the line, made twenty-nine Democrats assembled whose titles were not disputed, and in the

Republican house were twenty-five Republicans who were duly elected and five Republicans who had no title to their seats but the declaration of the returning board, which had set aside the popular will. The Senate, with all these facts before it, is asked whether it will recognize either house as the lower house of the Montana legislature, and, if so, which?

Mr. President, it might be objected to either of these houses being valid that there was not in either one of them a quorum of members whose titles were undisputed. That is true. If the proposition be correct that there must be a quorum of members whose titles to their seats are undisputed, then there was not in either case an organic lower house in Montana. But it is contended on the other side, first, that a minority have the right to send for members and, having the right to send for members and to compel their attendance, must have had the right to determine who were the members whose attendance they could compel, and if in the first instance it be a rightful minority, at the time, place, and under the circumstances, that they have a right to gather, that they may pull into them, gather around them, increments of force from other persons properly elected, and may decide upon their title.

If it be true, then, that a minority at the time and place where they had a right to be, meeting as the representatives of the people, have a right to send for absentees and to identify absentees when they come as persons who have a right to come, and whose presence they have a right to compel, then I say that that minority which met at the courthouse, where custom and habit and knowledge invited them, and where the executive had appointed that they should meet, did have these other five come to them, did recognize them as members, and that as judges of the election, return and qualification of their members their passage upon that question was a conclusive and absolute one, and one that no court and no person anywhere can question.

They may give a member coming to them, if a minority has any right to act about it, not only a *prima facie* title; they may give him an absolute and conclusive title, one to be recognized the world over. It is there that the first principle of estoppel comes in. There must be an end to inquiry when the person or persons whose supreme duty it is to decide have decided, and

if a minority may gather a majority to it when it meets at the right time and place, and under all the right circumstances, then this minority of the legislature of Montana did meet, did admit and pass upon the title of the representatives from Silver Bow, whom we know in fact by legal testimony to have been elected, and if there were no other legislature, leaving out of sight any contest in the matter, I should like to know how any person in the universe could question the fact that the lower house of the legislature of Montana was duly organized and was fully equipped and ready for legislative functions. They were twenty-nine in number, a majority of all whom it was possible to elect. They had met at the place and at the time the governor had appointed. They had passed upon the credentials by a vote of a majority of those present for duty; and if you look at no outside circumstances there is no point that can occur to any legal mind upon which can rest an aspersion of the autonomy and vitality of that body.

That body proceeded with a senate, one-half being present, to elect two Senators. Those Senators are here. They have been certified by the governor to be elected. If anything can displace this election, it must be because those who have done this thing have taken some illegal and improper steps to do it. It must be because in the path of their progress they have stepped outside of the line that the law laid down for their guidance.

I ask the Senators who challenge the propriety of their conduct now to point out to me where, or when, or in what manner that body which met at the courthouse in Helena, Montana, and proceeded to elect Senators did anything to impair their right to elect them and if there was any reason capable of being presented to the governor of that state showing good cause why he should not certify that they had been elected. The governor of that state knew that they had met where he, under his proclamation, had appointed them to meet, he knew that there was a majority of the house of delegates there, and he knew that there was half of the Senate, together a majority of the General Assembly. There were the records of their action, and what could the governor of that state do, when you had commanded him by your statutes to certify the election, but certify and say these men were elected in conformity with law?

Mr. President, if there is any flaw in that title it must be because some one has a paramount title. You can not see in this procedure any lacking link. It must be simply because some one had another and better right to assume to be the lower house of the legislature of Montana than they. If there be parties who assume a better and paramount right they must be able to produce that right by a higher title than the one which these men hold under.

Mr. President, I maintain the doctrine that no person can give a higher title to a member of a legislative body than that body itself, passing upon his election, qualification and return. You will in a little while in this case illustrate that very doctrine. No matter what was done in Montana, no matter who was bribed, or attempted to be bribed, by emissaries in precinct No. 34, no matter that county commissioners of Silver Bow cut the jugular vein and let the life's blood of a people's suffrage run out there, no matter what usurping returning board failed to act, or did act, at the county seat of Helena, no matter how little right a minority had to secede from the legislature of Montana and set up a side and independent government, you are the judges of the election, qualification, and return of Senators here, and if you shall say, "Evil, be thou my good," evil our good must be; there is no appeal.

The title of the five members from Silver Bow county who convened with the minority of the Democratic legislature and made it a majority has got the moral substance and the legal form of the highest title that earth can give to man to become a legislator. In their beginning they had the vote of the people to put vitality in their veins. They were recognized by the governor of Montana, the chief executive of the state, at the time when and place where it was their duty to be. The legislature of Montana, the house which had the sole right to judge of the election, qualification and return of its members, sitting in the only place it had a right to sit, obeying the proclamation of the only man who had a right to convene them, then and there passed upon their title and made it as conclusive and perfect in its end as it was in its beginning.

Senators say, on the other hand, "Oh, there was a returning board, and those who had a *prima facie* right to sit in the legis-

lature got a *prima facie* title from a returning board." I do not care for your *prima facie* right. That *prima facie* right was nothing until there could be found a legislature of Montana to recognize it as such and competent to pass upon it. No one had a right to look for it or to recognize it except where it had a right to be presented and passed on, and it was the action of twenty-five Republicans, a minority of the legislature, to which it is said was such recognition. Recognition by those authorized to recognize is the only thing that could give *prima facie* right any practical significance.

So while it will do to talk about the *prima facie* right with which a man is clothed by the vestment of a returning board, it was not under that *prima facie* right that they did the thing which we are here to inquire into. It was because the twenty-five men who were elected in Montana and who were Republicans recognized it. If they had not recognized it and it had kept them out, what would become of their *prima facie* right?

It was mere legal varnish. It was the recognition by the men of unquestioned title which imparted to the *prima facie* right all of its significance and gave it vitality and force.

If they had not had the *prima facie* right, if others than themselves had presented themselves to the twenty-five, and if the five who were admitted had been turned out and five others substituted, would you not then have contended that this recognition by the twenty-five who were there and indisputably elected was a thing which had imparted to the others their character as legislators, judicially and legislatively speaking?

However you may travel into this record with the desire or attempt to deduce a title, there are but two sources at last to which you can attribute it, everything that is intervening being mere *prima facie* testimony of this fact or that, everything intervening being a mere sign-post to guide you on your way and having only the function of a sign-post between the starting point and destination. Your starting point is the voice of the people delivered in the ballot-box. Your destination is the legislature of the state. While you may take as one sign-post your judges of election, and one your county commissioners, and one your state returning board, and one your judges' certificate, neither one of these things is the substance of the

thing you are looking for, and neither one of them has anything more to do with it than the lantern which a man may carry in the dark has to do with the road that he is traveling or with the place that he starts from or is going to.

Mr. President, starting out with the vote of the people, you have it as an authenticated fact, nowhere disputed by legal testimony, that it was given for the five Democratic delegates from precinct No. 34, in Silver Bow county. You have the other fact at the end of the road that a legislature of Montana, in a minority it is true, met at the time and in the place and under the only circumstances that it could meet, on the proclamation of the governor calling it together; that that legislature passed upon the returns in so far as to admit them to membership; that thus admitted to membership they constituted a majority of the lower house of the legislature of Montana; that the governor recognized them as such, both by his proclamation and by certifying the result of the Senatorial election afterwards; that they proceeded to elect and did elect Messrs. Clark and Maginnis as Senators to represent the State of Montana in the Senate of the United States, and that those gentlemen are here at your door with the voice of their people at their back and with the sanctions of law at their back, and you can only refuse to receive them by beginning with a narrow technicality and ending in a jumble of reports and in a series of public usurpations and frauds.

NEW ORLEANS

General Gordon, Commander-in-Chief United Confederate Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades, Surviving Soldiers and Sailors of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States:

In the Hebrew and Arabian legends concerning Nimrod, the mighty hunter of old, it is narrated that Abraham, the patriarch, was called before him, and Nimrod, the king, said unto him:

"Let us worship the fire."

"Rather the water that quenches the fire," said Abraham.

"Well, the water."

"Rather the clouds that carry the water."

"Well, the clouds."

"Rather the wind that scatters the clouds."

"Well, the wind."

"Rather the man, for he withstands the wind," answered Abraham.

It is rather as the respecter of and lover of my fellow-men, elements and powers of earth, that I have come to meet you here to-day—you, who were once citizens of a land, soldiers of an army, that live only in the memory of days that have vanished.

It is rather as the respecter of and love of my fellow-men, of you men of the South, who have withstood the wind; withstood it when it raged through the flames of battle, and when it moaned over the wastes of death, devastation and defeat. Man, created but a little lower than the angels, and reflecting his Maker's image in the majesty of his countenance and the beautiful genius of his mind, is the link between the earth and heavens of which he dreams; and if the patriarch, by successive steps, led the king to realize his superiority over the forces and to the contemplation of Nature's God, so have you, once the

Speech delivered before the Annual Reunion of Confederate Veterans at New Orleans, April 9th, 1892.

soldiers of the South, made mankind realize your superiority over the caprices of fortune and the decrees of Fate, and your firm reliance in that Providence which holds man and nations in its keeping. Brilliant as are the annals of the Southern land, from the days of the Revolutionary War to the present time, there are no pages in its history which bespeak the stern, enduring stuff of its manhood and the beautiful piety of its womanhood as do those which relate to its rising up from the prostration of civil strife, and its restoration to social prosperity and political liberty. Self respect in deep adversity; self containment under harshest trial; self assertion under vast discouragement; patient toil under hard conditions; magnanimity under keen exasperation; faith in God and His justice, though the heavens fall; these traits have marked the people, and by their exercise the fires of hatred have been quenched, the rains that refresh have been gathered, the clouds of gloom have been scattered, and the storms of evil fortune have been withstood.

The glory of the Confederate soldier is in the fact that he went forth from the people's homes to the field of battle, and back to those homes from the field of battle; that he suffered for a people's cause without pay; that he carried a people's standard without reward; and that when all was lost, save honor, he worked as he fought, with his whole soul, and achieved victories of peace that outshine all the fields of war.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA LIVE ONLY IN HISTORY

There they will live forever in the dignity of honest purpose and high principle, and in the grandeur of heroic sacrifice. They are resplendent in the virtues of the people that ordained them. They were made immortal by the brave deeds done for them.

With all the crimes of falsehood that history is guilty of, one crime it is without capacity to commit, so does human nature rebel against it, it can never bring stigma, contempt or shame upon a people who bravely fight for liberty and independence. You, surviving comrades, are but a fragment of the band that on this theory fought for your liberty and independ-

ence. These words stand upright and alone. No adjectives may prop their firm footing. No epithet can strike them down.

Some say it is better for mankind, in the long run, that the South failed. None but God can tell. Some say it were wiser had it never attempted to set up for itself. None but God can tell. Whether for better, whether for worse, that we dared the great enterprise of making a new nation, such is the merit of liberty and independence that they condone all errors of judgment and glorify all fair deeds done for their sake. Mankind honors you for two things: (*First*), because you offered your lives with your faith to your country's cause; (*Second*), because you were honorable, honest, chivalrous and brave. I greet you with reverence and love. To have stood with you in the thin gray line is the proudest memory of my life, to meet you once again is a joy, tender and inexpressible.

Did I follow my heart's first prompting now, I would recall the men and incidents of the days we spent together. I see in retrospect the Washington Artillery, or the Louisiana Guard Artillery, go rattling to the front, and hear again their pealing guns. I see the lines of Hayes and Stafford go sweeping by to the charge, and hear over the rattling musketry their ringing cheers. Did I follow the bent of the genius of these times I would speak of the material progress of the South, of its mines and minerals, of its crops and herds, of its railway systems, its mighty contributions to commerce and its multiplying furnaces and factories, but I have chosen rather to pay a tribute to its character and its history. Those are its great possessions. We live in a generation that is so busy with to-day's pursuits that it thinks but little of yesterday and its lessons. But the greatest wealth of the South is not in its material resources, great as they are. It is in the virtue of its people.

I would not give the memory of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph Johnston, Bragg, Polk, Breckenridge, Pat. Cleburne, Dick Taylor, Hood, Price, McCullough, Semmes, D. H. and A. P. Hill, Stuart, Forest, Ashby, and their compeers for all your mines and fields.

I would not give the character and fame of the Confederate private soldier for the wealth of Ormus and of Ind. I would not, for my own part, exchange the fact that I, too, was an

humble soldier of my people for all the gold and silver piled up in the treasury vaults, for the proudest crest on the heraldry of knighthood, nor for the grandest crown that ever sparkled on a monarch's brow.

The Confederate soldier lived, moved and had his being within the brief space of four years. These four years flame across the sky of history with the brilliancy of a comet. They were years of undimmed glory.

There was no Confederate before 1861, and there was none after 1865. The Confederacy marked its boundaries with your bayonets. It flashed into the family of nations like a sword from its scabbard, it vanished from the family of nations like a sword to its scabbard. Its birth was registered and its epitaph written in the blood of the brave. It was born, it lived and it died amid the roll of drum and the blast of bugle, the rattle of musketry and the thunders of cannon. Its constitution was dissolved in the flame of war. Its flag fell to rise no more, its institutions perished. When the sun rose after Appomattox there was a new heaven and a new earth. And the Old South lay dead in majesty.

THE OLD SOUTH

It lies far off in the bygone years, under the cypress trees and the ivy vines, with a broken shaft upon its tragic limb. It was a land of true men and of modest women. It lay aside from the great highways, beaten down with the tread of the myriads following westward the star of empire. On the broad acres of its plantations were the homes of its people. In groves and fields and by its pure waters were its altars. Its population was not crowded in tenement houses. It had few cities, and of them New Orleans, Richmond, Mobile, Charleston and Savannah were the greatest. Commerce and manufactures had not kept pace with agriculture. It had little or no shipping. There were but three rolling-mills in the entire South, but agriculture flourished. Cotton, sugar and rice fields, corn, wheat and tobacco fields were its greatest resources. It had universities, colleges and schools of high grade. Its scientists were eminent. Its statesmen were imbued with the philosophies that spring from contemplation. Its jurists were filled

with the spirit of equity; its soldiers were the spirit of patriotism; its people were filled with the high martial spirit of their race, softened by the spirit of Christianity. Wealth was more evenly distributed than in most modern nations. There were few beggars, few millionaires, no monopolists, but many gentlemen. In no land was merit more readily recognized, and in none was its passage of wealth to position and distinction less impeded. Marriage was a sacrament. There were few divorcees. Its women shrank from the avocations of publicity, but they made home lovely, happy and sacred. Its society possessed elegance, refinement and dignity. Its public life was but little stained with public scandals. The incontinence of a public officer was rare, and when it occurred, damning. Its men were men counting honor more than life or riches.

It had a peculiar institution, slavery. I will not discuss it farther than to say whatever else the war did it vindicated the beneficence of the institution to the subject race. Our own race found the black man a wanderer in the wilderness, and gave him a home; it found him naked, and clothed him; it found him a savage, a cannibal and a heathen, and it made him a Christian; it found him muttering a gibberish, and it gave him a language; it found him empty-minded, and it filled him with instruction. When he ceased to be a slave, so had he been elevated from his barbarous state, that he was declared fit to assume the great prerogatives and responsibilities of an American citizen.

THE OLD SOUTH AND THE UNION

The Old South had done much for and had gloried in the Union. The War of the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the War with Mexico and the Texas Revolution had each of them been led by a Southern General. The fabric of the Union had been woven, as it were, largely by Southern hands. The territory north of the Ohio to the great northern lakes, the territory of Louisiana, stretching to Oregon, the territory contained in the acquisition of Texas, constituting three-fourths of the United States, was chiefly the fruitage of measures framed and deeds done by Southern leaders, Andrew Lewis, George Rogers Clark, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison,

Andrew Johnson, James K. Polk, Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor. The genius of Democracy that filled the Southern heart was quaffed from the fountain of American independence and the patriotic traditions that inflamed its fancy were those of our grand American story.

THE CONFEDERATE LAND

We turn our faces to the past. There arises before us a land as fair as any that ever dawned on human vision. It stretches from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Its western frontier is far in the woods beyond the Mississippi. Its eastern and southern course is washed for 2,000 miles by the Atlantic wave. Four of the original colonies of Great Britain, which proclaimed themselves at Philadelphia in 1776 to be free and independent states, are embraced within it, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. To them are added Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas. Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri divide it and its Northern neighbor. On its map you may read the names of Alamance, where American freemen first defied the power of the English king before Concord or Bunker Hill were heard of; of Mecklenburg where first was sounded the note of independence before the proclamation of Philadelphia; of Williamsburg, where the first Democratic convention in America was held and the first state declared its independence. There, too, you may read the names of Moultrie, Camden, Cowpens, King's Mountain, Savannah and Charleston. There you may see Yorktown, where Cornwallis gave up the ghost of conquest, leaving his sword to Washington. There you may see New Orleans, upon soil which Jefferson negotiated from the empire of Napoleon to the republic of Washington, where the fierce democracy of Tennessee and Kentucky, led by Andrew Jackson, gave the quietus to the veteran regulars of Great Britain, fresh from the glories of Waterloo. There you may see, too, Bentonville and Appomattox, where valor unawed by fate paid to its flag the last salute and flaunted the colors of victory to the evening of surrender.

THE CONFEDERATE INSTITUTION

The constitution of this land had been made in the image of the Constitution of the United States. But it contained some

improvements. It represented the advanced thought of a progressive people, expert in constitution making. There was the same division of powers, legislative, judicial and executive; the same organization of Senate and House of Representatives; there was the same reservation of powers not delegated to the general government, nor prohibited "to the states respectively, or to the people." There were the same muniments of civil and religious liberty. The ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which were framed by Massachusetts and subsequently adopted, had been embodied as an integral part of it. The main differences between it and the Constitution of the United States were that no bounty could be granted and no tax levied to foster any branch of industry. No appropriation for internal improvements could be made, except aids to navigation, the removals of obstructions from rivers, and the improvement of harbors. It was less monarchical than its prototype. The President could hold office but for six years, and was made ineligible to a second term. It recognized African slavery, just as the Constitution of the United States recognized it, and repeated its fugitive slave law in identical language, but unlike that constitution, it did not procrastinate the interdiction of the slave trade, but once for all and forthwith forbade it. It was the freest constitution that has ever been adopted by the English-speaking race.

THE CONFEDERATE PRINCIPLES AMERICAN

The Confederate principles were threefold: (*First*), local self-government represented by the sovereignty of the state; (*Second*), race purity, represented by the sovereignty of the race; (*Third*), the union of states represented by a confederation, union and constitution.

Let all, then, realize and contemplate this fact: that there was not a single principle appearing in Confederate history that had not existed, and did not contemporaneously exist, in the Constitution and history of the United States. The revolution of the Confederacy did not dislodge or controvert a single idea or institution that underlay the independence, freedom and constitutional fabric of the American Union. There was no difference between the Confederate States and the

United States in respect to those things which made, or was the fruit of, the Revolution of 1776.

The new swarm of bees that comes forth from the old hive in spring follows the queen bee, and builds its octagon cells, and stores its honey just like the old hive. The Confederate swarm of 1861 followed its queen bee of independence and built its cells just like the old rebel swarm of 1776.

THE CONFEDERATE PEOPLE

The Confederate people were American people, all—in blood, in history, in principle, in habitation—descendants, for the most part, of the early pioneers, and from the purest and gentlest strains of the English yeoman blood. They discerned the rights of men with as clear an eye, and upheld them with as firm a hand, as any that ever dared the wilderness or the wave or the imminent deadly breach to grasp the fruits of nature or to erect the shrines of conscience.

The Anglo-Saxon stock in the British Isles has been stimulated and brightened by the blood of the conquering Norman. The English stock of the South had been invigorated by the infusion of the sturdy stock of Irish blood, and enlivened and illumined by a strain of the chivalrous, polished blood of France.

The painter Turner had painted a picture that seemed to prove too somber. He paused, then threw upon it a radiant touch of red, which illumined the canvas. This is what the Norman did for England, and the French for the South.

THE CONFEDERATE WAR WAS A TERRITORIAL QUARREL

The Confederate War was distinctively a territorial quarrel. The South wanted a "United States of America," to be named "Confederate States," only to distinguish it from the Northern confederacy, and to consist of Southern states with homogenous institutions; and the North wanted but one "United States of America" to comprehend the half continent. The Northern swarm wanted to keep one hive and the Southern swarm wanted two hives. One or two? This was the question.

WHY THE CONFEDERATE WAR?

You ask, then, "Why the Confederate War?" Why did North and South fall out? I answer, "African slavery."

Who are responsible for African slavery? All of our ancestors, English and American; all of our contemporaries, Northern and Southern. Not a section, not a country, but a race. The English enslaved the African in order to profit thereby. Kings and queens and cabinets took stock in the slave trade. South Carolina, Georgia and Virginia sternly protested against it. Our Declaration of Independence in 1776 made it an accusation against the English crown. Every Northern state and every Southern state then, alike, yielded to it. There was no free state when the United States adopted this constitution; but slave states organized by it a union of slavery. If it were wrong, all were guilty, for all put it in the Federal Constitution and swore to support it, and the fugitive slave law in the Constitution found its germ in the earlier action of the united colonies of New England.

HOW SLAVERY PRODUCED WAR

Slavery produced war because it soon differentiated Northern and Southern society. The North did not refuse to prolong slavery for moral reasons: (*First*), it was not profitable in mechanical labors; (*Second*), it competed with free labor; (*Third*), the South wanted free trade because slavery made it agricultural, and the North wanted high tariffs because of its mechanical and manufacturing conditions. We hear the cry now against competition with the pauper labor of Europe. That cry was antedated by clamor against competition with the slave labor of the South. The South had received slavery from the imposition of tyranny; it continued it from necessity. It knew not what to do with it but to keep it; it was "between the devil and the deep sea." The slaves were too numerous to transport. Free them and free suffrage would follow, and with free suffrage, race conflict.

RACE PURITY

Just before the war a citizen of New Orleans, W. H. Holcombe, wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "A Separate Nationality

vs. the Africanization of the South." It showed how abolition was coming, and how through it would come from free suffrage, race conflict, confusion, anarchy. The author lives yet. He has seen every word of his prophecy fulfilled. The old South had its alternative: Africanization or a separate confederacy. It drew its sword for independence and race sovereignty, and so died.

LESSONS OF THE CONFEDERACY—PEACE

Your work was not lost, your sacrifice was not vain. You have taught the world great lessons and have yourselves learned great lessons. You have taught peace. The iron is melted, and then it is made harder than ever into steel. Peace was broken, and then peace was cemented together stronger than before. What England learned through the battles of eight hundred years were learned in four years. We do everything in America on a magnificent scale, and when it is done, it is done. With the flash of a sword we silenced the conflict of eight centuries. You taught peace in making war, in finding it vain to your ends, but turning it to the accomplishment of grand aims for the future of our country and mankind. That war was not inevitable in the possibilities of nature, but it was inevitable in the possibilities of the generation that made it. The forces conducing to it had accumulated for generations. Small minds attribute the war to politicians. The politicians on both sides went forward because the people pressed them. When the snows of the Alps are piled up, a whisper may pour the avalanche down the mountainside. If our race had been wiser, and riper, and greater, they might have settled every issue by the arbitration of council. The value of all the Southern slaves was not equal to the blood of one brave soul that perished; but when war became inevitable and arbitrament could not be reached, then the vindication of character was worth the blood of all that perished, and all of us, whether we be Northern or Southern, can stand to-day upon a higher plane and contemplate a grander prospect than if we had deferred or suppressed issues when they demanded settlement.

A LESSON OF COMMERCE

Commerce was the conqueror. It rose in rebellion against slavery. Commerce is the great nexus of nations, the builder of union, the organizer of empire. It led Columbus to discover America, seeking a short passage to the Indies. Commerce freed America protesting against a tax restriction. The tea thrown into Boston harbor infused the ocean, multitudinous seas and all the airs of heaven, and drunk in by all nations, fills them with the desire for unrestricted commerce. It is battling to-day in Washington. Mountains and rivers and valleys and oceans are the politicians of the universe. When lawyers said that secession was all legal and well, the Mississippi river, the Rocky mountain, the Alleghanies, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the Mississippi valley sat in session as a supreme court and quashed the plea. Commerce was bailiff and cried "Come into court!" It wanted no custom houses between Northern manufactures and Southern markets. It wanted no barrier between the grain fields of the Northwest and the delta of the Mississippi. Not cotton, not slavery, not the Declaration of Independence, not the Constitution, but commerce was king. It wanted the continent for its shop, leaping with freedom to buy and sell at all the bargain-counters. Napoleon turned up his lip at the English as a "nation of shopkeepers" before Waterloo, and the shopkeepers turned up their lips at him at Waterloo. The British soldiers have been the forecomer of the English merchant all over the world. The drum beat that follows the sunrise is the summons to business.

The clauses in our Federal Constitution giving Congress the power to regulate commerce among the states and foreign nations is the vertebra of that instrument. Like Aaron's rod it is swallowing up all the others. It was the rod that swallowed up the Confederacy. It is the rod that now is building levees on the Mississippi that it may roll onward to the sea.

IDEAS OPPOSED TO THE CONFEDERACY

General Robert E. Lee said: "Judge your enemy from his standpoint if you would be just." And again: "God disposes, let this satisfy us." Shall we not rise to this high plane of

equity and to this confidence in Him who orders our being? If great ideas underlay the Confederacy, great ideas also underlay the opposition to it, and all the ideas of the time were American. You were defeated because you were outnumbered and overweighed, and because the weight of modern thought brought up the heaviest guns against you. You were not outgeneraled nor outfought. The tendencies of social movement are (*First*), to the equality of man, (*Second*), the consolidation of states and interests, (*Third*), the integrity of empire, and (*Fourth*), the assimilation of peoples. The syllogisms of logic and the technicalities of legal pleading take subordinate part in great movements of nations. Great causations underlie all great events; and phrases of exposition and argument are the mere state costumes for greater things than they. Nature made a map of a great empire in the territory of the Union. Our rivers flow from the Rocky mountains on the one side and the Alleghanies on the other inward to the Mississippi valley. Great oceans sweep around this empire and the Father of Waters, flowing through its center, pours its commerce into the gulf, and the great ships bear it to the world. The tides of immigration followed the rivers, and the Mississippi was their exit. These tides of immigration, with a race instinct like our own, avoided the South, and moving on shores of Northern latitude, imbibed Northern jealousy of, and antagonism to, African slavery. Nature is indomitable; race instinct is imperishable; slavery was ephemeral. Look up at the stars! There is no band around Orion. There are no boundary lines between the constellations. Nature made here the mould of union. Destiny fashioned into it the plaster clay. God rules amidst the wrecks and ruins of history. The instincts of men are the tools to work with. "God disposes." We abide by His decree.

IDENTITIES OF NORTH AND SOUTH AND THEIR MOVEMENTS

Underneath local policies, individual interests and transient conditions, the war disclosed the strong identities of thought and aspiration and method and custom of the Anglo-American nation. Probe to the bottom of the Northern heart, and white supremacy in the fields of labor is found to be its stirring,

moving, moral animus. Probe to the bottom of the Southern heart, and white supremacy is found to be its similar animus. Race followed race instinct on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line. The Northern scions of the white race would have no dark rivals in bleeding Kansas and Nebraska, and no competitors of free labor in the Southern plantations. The Southern scions of the race feared and fought against the rivalry of the black race for political power. The same thought was in both breasts. The political methods were the same. As the American Colonies merged into independence through secession from union with the British Empire, so the Southern Confederacy merged into secession from another union with the creeds and the words of the fathers upon its lips. As our British ancestors fought against secession when interest prompted, so did the North when interest prompted. When secession was backed by natural influence and strong powers, it won. When it came into contact with the natural suggestions and the traditional thirst for union, it lost. But while our forefathers changed the fundamental principles of government and repudiated ancient dynasties and institutions which had nursed their infancy, the South changed neither principles of government nor administrative forms. President and Cabinet and Congress were on one side, and President and Cabinet and Congress on the other. As no two people were more alike, and no two impulses to action more alike; as no two constitutions were more alike; so no two armies were more alike than those which faced each other during the Confederate War. They spoke the same language; they were mainly of the same people and lineage and antecedents; they loved the same institutions; they sought for the most part the same laws; they drilled by the same tactics; they moved by the same evolutions. They had the same organization from the General-in-Chief to the corporal of the guard. They fought pretty much with the same weapons, and, just between you and me, the most of the weapons that the old Confederates had, were borrowed from Brother Jonathan—and that, too, behind his back—when he was moving and looking the other way. In their shirt

sleeves no man could have told the difference between a Union and Confederate soldier. It was a family quarrel between a big brother and a little one, and, like most little brothers, we got the worst of it.

A LESSON OF LIBERTY

You have taught a lesson of liberty. The capacity of a people for freedom was never more clearly demonstrated. War is autocratic and monocratic. Government in war runs to despotism. The laws are said to be silent because war generally has but one law—force. Our forefathers won liberty by first abandoning liberty for war. They made Washington dictator before they made him President, and then had not France plucked the drowning liberty of America by the locks, who knows what story would substitute that of Yorktown?

The Confederate States never stooped to conquer. The proud young republic never condescended to a dictator's sway. Jefferson Davis never deviated a hair's breadth from the plain line of a constitutional president. They refused to accept compensation for their slaves from President Lincoln as the price of surrender. This was because it was not a venal war for property, but a spiritual war for the ascendancy of principle and purity of blood. They refused to accept the interference of foreign powers upon the conditions of abolition for the like reason. They died with heads up, budging not an inch from their principles, died in the battle line, bleeding from a thousand wounds.

A LESSON OF DEMOCRACY

You taught a lesson of democracy. The Confederate soldier was the Confederate citizen, a citizen to the edge of battle, a citizen again after battle, a citizen even during the battle. You elected your own officers with voting booths in camps. You had free ballots and fair count at the cannon's mouth, pulling lanyards with one hand, casting ballots with the other. Accomplished in the habitudes of free men, you were statesmen with muskets, philosophers wielding sabers, husbandmen on horseback, Democrats, Republicans, approving the sufficiency of our democratic methods and our American institutions for every exigency of war as of peace. Let kings ponder that war

and cease to prate of the necessity of crowns and scepters. Let the war lord of Germany, who proclaims the king's will the supreme law amid anarchical uprisings and standing armies—let him see how a people can hurl their thunderbolts without war lords, and czars, and emperors, and how they can turn back to home and plow and anvil when war is ended.

Let hereditary aristocracy and corporate monopolists and the barons of gold—let them behold a law that had no aristocrats, but only they who were brave and true counted as the best.

Confederate officers and Confederate soldiers were but the testaments of that brotherhood which in honor protect one another. They ate together, slept together, fought together; the officer led the soldier by the soldier's command, and the soldier followed, needing no command. Confederates were brothers.

LESSON OF FINANCE

The war taught a great lesson in finance, and I am candid to say the Northern statesman, trained to commercial ideas, surpassed the Southern in financial genius. Brother Jonathan was always a keener hand at the game of dollars than Johnny Reb. Finance is an experimental science, not an exact one, and dollars are such delicate and weighty things that nations are too timid to experiment, except under stress of circumstances. The North invented two things: the national banks and the greenback legal tender notes, which supplied them the sinews of war. The South, under a greater stress of circumstances, invented neither an efficient banking system nor a legal tender paper currency. Money is the blood of business. The North poured its blood into its veins and conquered. We, the South, perished from financial inanition. The North, by its financial policy, contributed a vast store to the permanent knowledge of mankind.

The Confederacy never made its dollar a legal tender. The Confederate note was an orphan. It soon became an outcast. Nations learn only from experience. Let the future profit by the experience of the past.

A LESSON OF GENERALSHIP

The South, I think, surpassed the North in generalship, and it contributed illustrations of two great ideas to military science which are also added to the permanent story of the knowledge of mankind. First, that cavalry used as mounted riflemen in great bodies are the efficient agencies of great campaigns. Stuart, Hampton, Forest, and Ashby, and Morgan proved themselves not only great Generals on the field of battle, but great in the larger sense, that they originated the use of great bodies of horsemen as mounted infantry in a more efficient manner than ever used before.

The greatest cavalry battles of the war were Brandy Station, June 9th, 1863, where Stuart met Pleasanton, and at its close retired beyond the Rappahannock, and Trevillian's Station, in June, 1864, where Hampton with 5,000 troopers bore against Sheridan with 8,000, and at its close Sheridan retired to the White House, giving Hampton "right of way."

Stuart, the flower of Cavaliers, fell at Yellow Tavern, and a nation wept to hear that "Harry Hotspur's spur was cold." His soul was wafted heavenward upon the sacred accents of the hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee." Forest, "the wizard of the saddle"—Oh, what genius was in that wonderful man! He felt the field as Blind Tom touches the keys of a piano. "War means killing," he said, "and the way to kill is to get the most thar first"—there is military science—Napoleon, "Stonewall" Jackson, Lee and Jemini, in a nutshell.

Morgan and Ashby alike died while their swords were bright. Hampton, thank God, lives yet, and the day will never come when the heart of the Southern people shall not thrill to the sound of that glorious name. Patriot, lofty-minded as any senator of old Rome. Statesman, pure and just, serene and wise. Soldier and gentleman, every inch a hero. Murat and Ney, splendid soldiers as they were, are not the models that the world will hereafter copy. The cavalymen of the future will pattern after Stuart, Hampton, Morgan and Ashby, of the Army of Northern Virginia, and Forest, "the wizard."

The genius of Lee, a combination of that of "Stonewall" Jackson and of Wellington and Marlborough in one, developed

the power of flank attack and of field defence alike. That great commander leaves three campaigns as marvels of accomplishment and models for study.

(*First*). At Second Manassas he divided his army and surrounded Pope with far fewer numbers, mystified him, confused him, and then concentrated and defeated him.

(*Second*). At Chancellorsville he divided an army which was less than half that in numbers of his adversary, marched one portion of it, as if in grand review, down the battle front of that adversary and assailed him flank and rear, and drove him back across the Rappahannock.

(*Third*). The next year he began a battle eleven months long, commencing on May 5th, 1864, and lying breast to breast with his enemy until April 9th, 1865, and succumbed only when he had worn himself out beating back his fourfold foe. He has left in the landmarks of our history the map of campaigns which every student of military science will hereafter peruse with startling and lasting admiration and instruction.

Joseph T. Johnston, from Dalton to Atlanta, drew a companion piece for this battle picture, worthy of association with it. Beauregard, the famous engineer of Charleston, the splendid field officer, facing his army, front and rear, and swinging from right to left with ready grace, proved that the leader of American soldiers who has the most confidence in their ability to meet occasions suddenly, is the best reader of their characters and the truest interpreter of the art of war. I might prolong these scenes and multiply these glorious names, but a glimpse of greatness is all that time permits.

The genius of "Stonewall" Jackson demonstrated the power of infantry to march no less rapidly than cavalry, and that flank and rear attacks are the most powerful methods of grand tactics. Jubal A. Early, who succeeded Jackson, and who, from Cold Harbor to Washington, made the greatest march of the whole Civil War, underscored the lesson which Jackson taught; and lost only when four to one combatted him, and his enemy's cavalry alone outnumbered his entire force.

Gordon, field marshal grand in battle, who started Lieutenant and ended Lieutenant-General, showed that the General and the soldier are, like the poet, born, not made.

Albert Sidney Johnston—alas! the bright sun but peeped over the hills to light the landscape—and then bathing the world in glory, found Shiloh alike its rising and setting scene.

NO DECISIVE BATTLE

Our war was marked in this: it had no decisive battle during its progress, and it was not ended by a decisive battle. Wolfe won Canada from Montcalm at one blow, on the Heights of Abraham. Washington quelled Cornwallis at Yorktown. Waterloo ended Napoleon. Solferino ended the Franco-Italian War of 1859. Sadowa concluded the Prusso-Austrian War of 1866. Sedan was the finale of Napoleon III. But there was no Quebec, Yorktown, Solferino, Sadowa, Sedan or Waterloo in all the battles of our Civil War.

Gettysburg has been regarded like

Flodden's fatal field
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear
And broken was her shield.

And I have myself spoken of it on another occasion as decisive in a certain sense. It proved our inability, at our highest degree of efficiency, to defeat the North in the North; and from its date the Confederacy declined. Its influences may have been indirectly and remotely decisive, but in itself it was not. You know, for many of you were there, that after it was over, the army stood defiant in battle array on the hilltops, from which it had descended to the charge. Never did Early's division, to which many of you and I belonged, seem grander to me than that 3d day of July, when it stood in line on the edge of the valley of the shadow of death, where lay the stricken of the lost fight.

Do you remember how Gordon brought up the rear guard and turned back to give a parting blow? Do you not remember how anxious the boys were for Meade to attack? They blame him sometimes in the North for not advancing. But Meade knew his business that day, and knew "his man." Did you ever see "the boys" in higher spirits, or keener for a fight than when they slowly receded, covering the retreat of Lee, acting as the rear guard of Gettysburg? Don't you remember how eagerly they hurried back to slap in the face the audacious

fellows who trod too swiftly on their heels; and how grim and fierce they looked when, at Hagerstown, they were put in line and Meade was feeling them? They undoubtedly felt to him like "quills of the fretful porcupine." But he felt with a gentle and gingerly touch, and when they quite recrossed the swollen Potomac he seemed to say, "Go, and joy go with you."

And do you not remember Lee, how he looked on that day, on the retreat, as our ranks opened for the handful of Pickett's men to pass—how he stood with his hat off, saluting that little band clustered under its shredded flags, looking as if the world lay conquered at its feet? Verily, the man who never saw Robert Lee, I think, missed seeing the greatest of God's creation—a man on which "every god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man."

A LESSON OF RACE COURAGE

The war taught a lesson of race courage. "The Yankees won't fight," some one remarked at the outset. I have never been able to discover the man that said it. He "vamoosed the ranch" the first shot. That was a good story General Robert Toombs told on this subject. He had met a fellow during enlisting time who was cutting up terribly, brandishing words and weapons, and swearing he could whip ten Yankees. He met him again at Lane's Mills, when the conflict was raging, and shells with that peculiar "Whar-is-you?" sound were falling thick and fast and shrieking through the air. This time the gentleman had got under the hill and was hugging the ground with vast tenacity. "Hello!" said General Toombs, "is that you, Jim? I thought I heard you say some time ago you would whip ten Yanks." "Well, so I did, General, but it seems to me there's a million of them here, and you don't take me for a glutton, do you?" Well, the Yanks did fight, well and bravely; and when they got licked they came back and went on fighting, and the next war that comes along will find no encouragement in any argument based on the suggestion that "the Yanks won't fight." At the same time, it is true that if the old Confederate did not beat ten, he made it awful hot for four apiece for four years—and was only himself outdone when the army, as Gordon said, was "fought to a frazzle."

SWORD AND BAYONET

The war proved that the bayonet and saber are terrible tools, but their terrors are for the most part in the imagination. They look dreadful, especially when pointed toward you by a fellow with fire in his eye, who is coming your way at a double-quick, or at a gallop. Out of 246,712 wounded men treated on the Union side in the war, but 922 were hurt by saber or bayonets. I never saw a single man stuck by a bayonet, and never knew personally but one who was stuck, and that was Lieutenant Orr, Adjutant of the Sixth Louisiana Regiment, who was the first to leap over the ramparts at Fort Jackson, in June, 1863.

WHAT HISTORY WILL SAY OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES

History will say of the Confederate armies that never in all time did so few stand up so bravely against so many. Some visionary is now contending that there were 1,500,000 men in the Confederate armies. Facts in general, and facts specifically, contradict this absurd pretension. The Confederate Generals concentrated so rapidly, and the old Confederate's legs were so highly educated to the forced march, that they counted him two or three times. Of the thirty-four states and territories of the United States, only eleven states seceded. Their men of military age—that is, 18 and 45 years—numbered 1,064,193, inclusive of lame, halt and blind, while on the Union side the same class numbered 4,559,872, over 4 to 1.

The border states gave to the South 19,000 men, but these were offset by 39,000 which the seceding states gave to the Union armies.

“According to the best authorities,” says Lieutenant-Colonel Fox, of the United States Army, in his book, “Regimental Losses in the Civil War,” “the aggregate enrollment of the Confederate armies, during the whole war, numbered over 600,000 men, of whom not over 400,000 were enrolled at any time.” This accords with the statement of General Samuel Cooper, the Confederate Adjutant-General. To oppose them was an aggregate enrollment of 2,865,028 men, but their being many persons who enlisted twice, this extensive number of enlistments is reduced to 2,236,168 persons—nearly 4 to 1.

"What will they say of us at home?" the Confederate said to himself as he slept at night before the batteries he would charge at dawn, or saw the long lines come gleaming on. What home thought and thinks of him he knows full well, and is content, and yet he asks now, "What will history say of us and of the Confederate Cause?"

At Appomattox, when General Lee had resolved to save further effusion of blood, and to treat for surrender, one of his attendants passionately exclaimed: "Oh, General! what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?" "Yes, I know," he answered. "Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we are overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question, Colonel; the question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all of the responsibility."

NO CONFEDERATE TRAITOR

Just history will say—aye, history has said—there was no treason in being a Confederate. No more loyal-hearted people ever trod the earth than those who bore the Confederate arms. The epithet "traitor" was the mere passionate froth of wordy conflict. Actions speak louder than words. They are the only things that signify in history. And the United States never at any time treated the Confederates as traitors. It recognized their belligerent rights. It exchanged prisoners of war. It deliberately, purposely, wisely abandoned all effort to prosecute for treason. The Federation system is dual. The citizen could only be a citizen of the United States by being a citizen of a state. He swore to support the constitution of his state; and by the action of his state became a party to the Constitution of the United States. The right to alter or abolish government was at the base of state government and of Federal government alike—a fundamental principle to which they both owed their being. The state could not possibly commit treason. It is a personal act. It would be absurd to say that the citizen could be hung for treason for not obeying his state, which decided one way, and hung for treason if he did not obey the Federal government, the two governments differing. If not so, a man would be predestined to be hung anyway, if state and

Federal governments quarrelled. This was absurd. The fact is that until the war it could not be determined whether the paramount allegiance was due to the central or local power. Our fathers had left the question open, fearing to attempt to close it. It was a question of fact rather than law, for the law was silent, and the jury of nearly three millions of men decided the fact their way according to the majority of bullets which were made to vote *viva voce*. And sometimes I am quite sure they voted very loud.

Counting the border states of Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland, which gave 231,500 soldiers to the Union, West Virginia, which gave 32,068 and Tennessee, which gave 31,092, and the rest of the Southern states which gave 21,755, and it is a fact that the South itself, the slave states, gave 316,424, half as many soldiers to the United States as constituted the Confederate army.

New York, with 448,850, and Pennsylvania, with 337,936 Union soldiers, aggregated 786,786, and, together, outnumbered the Confederate armies.

Illinois, with 259,092; Ohio, with 313,180, and Indiana, with 196,363, aggregated 768,635, and outnumbered the Confederate armies.

New England, with 363,162, and the Union soldiers of the slave states, 316,424, outnumbered the Confederate armies.

The states west of the Mississippi, exclusive of Missouri and other Southern states, enlisted 309,563; Delaware, New Jersey and the District of Columbia, 105,632, and the colored troops enlisted in the Southern states, and not before counted, were 99,337, an aggregate of 514,532.

These facts, taken from the war records, show that there were four Union armies in the field, each of which was as large as the entire Confederate army.

Never was such prolonged and desperate fighting done by the same men. The Light Brigade in the famous charge of Balaklava, which has sounded over the world, carried in all 673 officers and men and lost 113 killed and 134 wounded; total 247, or 36.7 per cent. This pales before many exploits of Union and Confederate troops, of which we have scarcely heard. I have a list of seventy-three Federal regiments which lost over 50

per cent. in particular battles. The heaviest loss during the Franco-German war was that of the Third Westphalian Regiment at Mars la Tour, which lost 49 per cent.

Over fifty Confederate regiments lost over fifty to the hundred in different battles. The First Texas, at Antietam, 82.3 per cent.; the Twenty-first Georgia, at Manassas, 76 per cent.; the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, at Gettysburg, 71 per cent.; the Sixth Mississippi, at Shiloh, 70 per cent.; the Eighth Tennessee, at Stone River, 68 per cent.; the Seventeenth South Carolina, at Manassas, 66 per cent.; the First Alabama Battalion, at Chickamauga, 64 per cent.; the Fifteenth Virginia, at Antietam, 58 per cent.; the Sixth Alabama, at Seven Pines, led by your gallant Commander-in-Chief, General Gordon, lost two-thirds of its men in that action.

The total loss in killed or died of wounds of the Germans in the Franco-German War was 3.1 per cent.; that of the Austrians in the war of 1866, 2.6 per cent.; that of the allies in the Crimea, 3.2 per cent. But in our war the Federals lost 4.7 and the Confederates over 9 per cent., the largest proportion of any modern army that fell around its standards.

In numbers the Federal loss was 67,058 killed and 43,012 died of wounds; total, 110,070. Of the Confederates the like total was 74,524. Borodino was, since the discovery of gunpowder, the bloodiest battle of modern times, as the historians state, but not so bloody as Gettysburg, in proportion to the numbers engaged.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER IN HISTORY

Whatever else mankind may say of the Southern Confederacy, its movement, its aspiration, its deeds—history spoke its unalterable decree respecting the Confederate soldier while yet the field was red. Your comrades have covered you with tokens of their faith in you, of their love and veneration for you. Matron and maid, sire and son, old and young, have said to you, "Well done." The outside world, who knew you only by your deeds, have said, "Well done." Your foes that were have been just to your valor and generous in expressions. Glory has wrapped you in its arms and bound your brows with wreaths as green as the leaves of your magnolia trees, and as

fragrant as their blooms. The Confederate soldier is honored because he made it manifest that he was honest and honorable, and true and brave.

The strongest instinct I see in nature is the moral instinct, the thirst for truth, the passion for justice. Truth sticks and stays and tongues and grooves with all things, and truth has stood by you and spoken for you. You were not soldiers of conquest. You did not seek to add an acre to your empire. You were not soldiers of greed; your month's pay scarce bought a dinner. You were not soldiers of ambition; titles did not dance in your vision. You were soldiers of a principle and that principle the right of a people to make government to suit themselves, and pursue happiness to suit themselves; to create their own temple of liberty and to worship therein the god of their own conscience. If the principle be wrong, your education was wrong, and the Declaration of Independence was not an immortal truth, but only a special plea. You were soldiers of home, for the well-being of home. Napoleon said to his soldiers, "Behold Italy! Conquer and take the spoils." Your General said, "Behold home! Defend it." Let who will say you erred; it is his privilege to think so and to say so. Thought is free, speech is free. But this remains: You were true to your principle as you conceived it; true to home as you loved it; true to manhood as you possessed it; and the everlasting verities of nature envelope you in armor bright as the burnished steel, and stronger.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

General Joe Hooker said of the Army of Northern Virginia: "That army has by discipline alone acquired a character for steadiness and efficiency unsurpassed, in my judgment, in ancient or modern times. We have not been able to rival it, nor has there been any approximate to it in the other rebel army." (First volume, "Conduct of the War," page 113.)

General Henry J. Hunt, who commanded the Federal artillery at Malvern Hill and Gettysburg, closes his account of the third day's battle at Gettysburg, with these words as to the Confederates who fought it: "Right gallantly did they act their part, and their failure carried no discredit with it. Their

military honor was not tarnished by their defeat, nor their spirit lowered, but their respect for their opponents was restored to what it had been before Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville."

GENERAL GRANT

General Grant in his "Memoirs," thus speaks of his meeting with General Lee at Appomattox: "What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from our observation, but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant, on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though the cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse.

"When Lee and I separated, he went back to his lines, and I returned to the house of Mr. McLean. Here the officers of both armies came in great numbers, and seemed to enjoy the meeting as much as though they had been friends separated for a long while fighting battles under the same flag. For the time being it looked as if all thought of the war had escaped their minds."

These are generous words written in the true spirit of an American soldier. No good is done by belittling our brave foes of other days; and I am proud to be of the same race and country as the soldiers who thus fraternized while the bloody dew of battle was on the field; of the soldiers who fell before the fires of Marye's Heights and Cold Harbor and climbed the heights of Missionary Ridge. There is something noble and touching in the way the old warriors met and treated each other. When General Richard Taylor met General Canby at the last surrender, the Federal band played "Hail, Columbia." General Canby retired a moment, "Hail, Columbia" ceased and "Dixie" burst upon the ear. "No gentler courtesy," says General Taylor, "has been recorded since Froissart's time." When the guns were shotted for a salute of victory at Appomattox, General Grant said to a member of his staff: "Stop those guns! It has taken us four years to capture those 8,000 men—let no salute be fired." General Meade and General Lee

met after the surrender. "General Meade," remarked General Lee, "you are getting a little gray, are you not?" "It is not the work of years," replied General Meade; "it is you, General Lee, who has made me gray."

If you did great things under the flag of the Southern cross, you and yours have done still greater things under the old flag that your fathers helped make illustrious in the brave days of yore.

Uprising from the grave of the Old South—uprising from financial and battle failures, from independence failure, from institutional failure—from every manner of failure but heart failure—rose the New South, her chastened face paled with suffering, but illuminated with the sublime hope and resolution.

What a scene was there in all the land from 1865 until reconstruction was ended. From Virginia to Texas all of the eleven states lay stricken in a seething cauldron of ruin and corruption over which

Chaos, umpire, sate
And by decision more embroiled the fray.

Character and intelligence disfranchised; the bottom rail on top; the slave became master; the carpet-bagger went about, not like a roaring lion, but like a sneaking hyena, ravaged the land, crunched the bones of the dead; public office the opportunity for plunder; penitentiaries and capitol undistinguishable by their inmates; good faith a ribald jest; the middle ages squatted down on the nineteenth century; tragedy and comedy played the antics of frenzy; taxation became the instrument of robbery; governors, judges, legislators commissioned robbers under the prostituted great seal of the people; corporals of the guard in legislative chambers; cannon and sergeants at the polls. The official coterie—one vast Mardi Gras of the imps of darkness—government a mixture of sheol, hades, hell fire, the black death and pandemonium.

With indignant stroke the New South shook off the incubus and stamped it under foot. Up from the black deluge, as peak by peak the mountains stood forth when the waters of the flood abated, rose state by state, until from Old Virginia to Texas the American of the South stood conqueror on the land of conquest, a freeman rejoicing. The South was glad, and the

North was glad, and the world was glad, and the morning stars sang together over the bonds of the new Union, over the birth of the new America, over the latest and the grandest triumph of the Anglo-Saxon-American race. The generation that had fought and lost in the Civil War had well-nigh fulfilled the text of the Anglo-Saxon Bible that the father shall transmit to his son the heritage of liberty undiminished.

It was the victory of civilization.

It was the victory of Christianity.

It was the victory of republican institutions.

It was the victory of all America.

It was the victory of the race that is destined first to dominate this continent, and then to rule the globe, making its language the base of human language, making its institutions the institutions of mankind, making its freedom the horizon of the world.

Lee at Washington College is, to me, a sublimer spectacle than Lee at Gettysburg.

Davis vindicating the honor of his people with his latest breath is as good as the renowned President at Richmond.

And our friend, General Kirby Smith, here teaching the youth of the South is no less admirable than the gallant General who fell riding to the rescue at Manassas.

Old Confederates all along the line won laurels brighter than those of war. Kemper in Virginia; Vance and Scales in North Carolina; Hampton and Butler in South Carolina; Gordon and Colquitt in Georgia; Perry in Florida; Morgan and Forney in Alabama; Lamar, Stone and Hooker in Mississippi; Berry in Arkansas; your one-armed and one-legged hero Nicholls, and Gibson in Louisiana; Coke and Roger Q. Mills in Texas. These and hundreds like them—I but take the names “that come uppermost”—won back the luster of the stars that shine for these states on the flag of the Union and the Constitution.

Before coming from Washington I took a glance at the Senate. There are eleven of the states which seceded entitled to representation there, and these would have twenty-two Senators present. On the first bench are seven Confederate

brigadiers, and, all told, twenty-three Confederate soldiers; so they have a full quota and a little more, being reinforced from non-seceding states by ex-Confederate soldiers.

The scene bespeaks the magnanimous sentiment and liberal policy of this great republic, which is no place for little policies and little men, and it bespeaks as well the fidelity of the South to those who fought for it.

Nor will we forget the brave, true, noble men of the North who helped us—who were Union soldiers with us in this new strife for the purity of our constitution, for the purity of our race, for the virtue of our reunited Union.

First among the men who have shown their generous sentiment was Greely. Yes, Horace Greely, when he put his name upon the bond that set Jefferson Davis free—that stroke of his pen wiped out forever every ill thought I ever had against him. Then there was Seymour, Cox and Tilden, of New York; Adams and Winthrop, of Massachusetts; McClellan and Randolph, of New Jersey; Black and Randall, of Pennsylvania; Bayard, of Delaware; Voorhees, of Indiana; Thurman, of Ohio; Blair of Missouri, these and thousands like them—thousands of whole-hearted, true-hearted Americans, helped us, without whose help our work had all been vain. And second to none I reckon him—Hancock, of America—the American soldier, the American citizen, the American statesman, the intrepid champion of oppressed people and of our reunited land, who here uttered the words which made him one of the immortals.

I came from old Virginia, where were fought so many battles, whose very dust is quick with your heroic blood, to have the pleasure of looking again upon your faces, of shaking once more your hands, and to stimulate myself for the remaining battles of life by quaffing of the noble spirit of this reunion in your society. We owe it to ourselves and our children, to justice and truth, that the sacrifices made, the glorious deeds done, and the great names of our history shall not perish from earth, but be handed down as an heritage to our race, to our children and to mankind.

Build a monument to him the foremost Confederate, to Jefferson Davis, our civil magistrate, our Commander-in-

Chief, who is buried in New Orleans, the city which he loved and in which he died, but whom we hope will soon be removed to the city around which rolled so many waves of battle, which was the capital of the Confederacy, and which fell only when our armies were worn out, and the cause was lost.

Let there be reared no unmeaning shaft, but a temple, in which his own figure shall be the central object, and around which shall be grouped the heroic relics of the battles of the Confederacy and the pictured faces and the sculptured forms of the great and true and brave men who fought them. This is not yet accomplished, but I hope to see the movement grow until the temple shall stand—the Battle Abbey of the South—the undying memorial of the people who fought their own battles, in their own way, for their own liberty as they conceived it, for their own independence as they desired it and who need give to the world no other reason why.

We may never meet again. God bless you! May you bear ever with you the guerdon of Lee's words, "The consciousness of duty faithfully performed." Gently may you glide down the stream of time, and when life is ended may you rest in peace and honor in the land you loved so well.

JOHN EDWARD KENNA

Mr. President:

In mourning the death of John E. Kenna, Virginia is again one and undivided, as seamless as the garment of our re-woven Union. While West Virginia has sent him to the Senate, no boundary line ever parted his affections from the people of the Commonwealth as it existed when he was born, and they in turn took pride in him and honored and loved him well.

Within the bygone year, when May was quickening leaf and flower, he announced to the Senate the death of my colleague, John S. Barbour, who had sunk to rest in the fullness of years. When the snows of January lay heaped upon his native hills, he, our younger brother, was borne from our side to his long sleep amongst them, and it is my part now to speak of him who thus fell in mid-career.

I shall not recite the story of his life and fortunes, so graphically has this been done by his colleague and those who have preceded me. But I held his character and services in great esteem; I admired his talents; I was bound to him by ties of friendship, which continuously grew stronger; and such tribute as I can pay him flows from a heart that was in sympathy with his history, and felt joyous pride in his achievements.

Around the equestrian statue of Washington in Richmond is a group of Revolutionary heroes. Amongst them stands the picturesque figure of Andrew Lewis, the Indian fighter, in hunting-shirt and buckskin leggings. From him, the hero of Point Pleasant, the conquerer of Comstock, the pioneer who cleared the Virginia and Ohio frontier of its savage foes—from him Kenna was a lineal descendant. Those who love to trace hereditary traits might discover in the character, tastes, and aptitudes of the scion resemblances to the ancestral stock from which it sprang.

As he was the youngest member when he took his seat in the Forty-fifth Congress, in the twenty-ninth year of his age,

Remarks in the United States Senate on the Life and Character of Senator Kenna, February 27th, 1893.

so was he likewise one of the youngest soldiers who bore arms in the Civil War, in whose travail the young state whose Senator he was sprung to being, a trooper in the Confederate cavalry at sixteen, and a scarred veteran years before the estate of manhood.

Possessed of a strong and graceful figure, an open, engaging countenance, an ardent, ambitious heart, and a quick, penetrative intellect that mastered the tasks it undertook, he had that passion for enterprise and adventure which was the quickening pulse of the pioneers. From plow to saber, from saber to school, from school to the law-book, his early struggles passed quickly, until at the age of twenty-one he was back in the county of Kanawha, where he was born, a poor and briefless barrister in environments which repelled his hopes and under laws that disfranchised him from the practice of his profession.

The situation would have daunted a less courageous spirit.

All honor to the republican institutions of this country and to the deep-seated republican spirit of the people which so quickly swept away the barriers to his professional and political triumphs. All honor to our free constitutions, for under them and the electoral machinery they put in motion, no military despotism or political tyranny can long endure, no class can be long suppressed or oppressed, no exclusive privileges can be long monopolized.

That John E. Kenna so soon rose to eminence in a state created in protest against the ideas which he fought for, and should be supported by those who had contended against him, is a typical representative fact on a glorious history which attests the wisdom of our free government. It should endear us to the Republic and to the people who have so triumphed over sordid things as to give cheer and comfort to lovers of liberty all over the world.

He desired that his life should illustrate so notably the principles it stood for. He was a born Democrat in the most elevated sense of the word. He was a man of the people; sprung from them, uplifted by them, loving them, and beloved by them, and in all things true to them. The influences of power never cowed his spirit or diverted his course.

The generous and independent instincts of his heart, as well as the clear vision of his mind, wedded him to the democratic

teachings of popular sovereignty, yet who can doubt that his devotion to them was intensified by his own experiences of their efficacy to heal wounds, soothe passions, restore order, establish justice, and re-create progress out of the ruins of destructive and demoralizing war?

The dangers of this Republic are not overpassed. They will thicken as wealth and population increase, as corporations multiply, as central powers are magnified by the exactions of growth, and as the strain on them is enhanced by the immense interests that come within their administrative jurisdiction. We shall need again, we need now, we shall evermore need incorruptible and courageous men like Kenna to fight the battles of popular prerogative against all these influences, subtle and fascinating as they are, which gradually lead the Republic to ape the splendors of imperialism and, through its very glories, to undermine its simple faiths and turn away its blessed aims.

It is to be hoped that he is the type of many of his kind, and we bid those who look high to take courage in the record of this noble man—

Whose life in low estate began,
Who grasped the skirts of happy chance,
Breasted the blows of circumstance
And made by force his merit known,
And lived to clutch the golden keys,
To mold a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.

The personal qualities of our deceased friend have now become cherished reminiscences. He possessed a genius fertile and diversified which might have developed into many forms of distinction. Had he eschewed politics for zealous devotion to his profession, his keen perception of facts, his powers of expression, his just spirit might have made him a great barrister or an illustrious judge.

He had what lawyers term a legal mind, keenly analytical, closely logical, penetrating through rules to the reasons of them; interpreting its conceptions with lucid statements that linked themselves into arguments. Whether in set speech or running debate his powers lifted him to the height of all occasions. He was an organizer, measuring opposite forces and training those he led against them.

In delicate and difficult situations he was no rash actor. Natural impetuosity was curbed by will and saving common sense, and he became the wise adviser. Many there are who equaled or surpassed him in some one of many things, but few who could do so many things so well, and rarer still are they who accomplished so much under such conditions as he dealt with. His ability was constructive, whether he worked with hand or brain.

With natural mechanical skill he built with his own hand the boats in which he floated in hunting and fishing excursions on the Potomac or the waters of his native state. He was the architect of the attractive house in which he resided here, and in its ornamentation may be seen alike his design and his handiwork.

The simple but tasteful Catholic church from which he was buried was built on plans of which he was the draftsman.

He loved nature. The gun and the rod were his constant companions. He was at home with the fisherman and duck-shooters of the seaboard, and with the deer-slayers of the mountains. He was an amateur photographer seeking to fasten the beautiful and grand features of nature, or to catch the fleeting scenes of the wilderness or the domestic hearth that crossed his fancy. There is no more lifelike or attractive relic of the departed statesman, James B. Beck, than the picture of him taken by Kenna, as he sat with his dog under a spreading oak. He was full of good fellowship, a genial companion, a social favorite; and he had friends because he was a friend.

He was a man of a great, loyal, loving heart, and it was through this fact, as well as by dint of his decisive character and mental force, that he was the successful advocate of measures, and a leader of men.

In political life he found a fitting theater for his abilities. On the hustings he was eloquent, persuasive, powerful, effective. In party councils he was a guiding spirit. In the Senate he took high rank with thinkers and debaters, and had he lived in health and strength his popularity and his accomplishments would have magnified his career into one of still more brilliant honor to himself and of vast beneficence to the state and nation which he served.

His home was his shrine. It was there that his gentle nature found and shed earth's richest joys amongst wife, children, and friends. I will not turn aside the screen that hides from the world's vision those to whom his death is calamity unspeakable. In his good name and memory they have all that death can leave to alleviate its pang, save the supreme consolation which is theirs, that he looked devoutly and trustingly to the source of life and light.

He did not say prayers on street corners to be seen of men; but he said them, and he felt them, and his heart went forth to "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are above reproach." On one of the bleakest days of this bleak winter the committee of the Senate and House of Representatives bore his body hence to its final earthly home in the county where he was born, in the capital of his state. The state received her dead son with every mark of respect and sorrow.

The governor, ex-governor, and governor-elect, judges, legislators, officials, and the people *en masse* from far and near poured forth to his funeral rites. In the church which he had planned, and to whose membership he belonged, the good priest commended his soul to his Maker, and then in the cemetery on one of the mountain knobs that overtower the town, in the primeval forest he was consigned to dust.

Far and wide was winter's waste of snow. Not a bird flew across the mountain pathway to the tomb. The dumb creatures of the woods had taken shelter from the storm. All nature seemed benumbed with cold. Over street and lane and housetop, over field and hill and valley, over the motionless river at the foot of the hills lay the universal shroud. The boats, frozen in the rigid stream, lifted their white masts, and the naked trees stretched their gaunt, white arms against the sky, while range on range, peak piled on peak rose the gleaming mountains "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

Sensibility was anguish, vision was desolation, the heart had no interpreter but a freezing tear, the ear no prophet but a moan. As the coffin lowered the snowflakes thickened on its black pall, and as the mound was shaped upon the grave it whitened as it grew. Never to me seemed earth so cheerless,

its distinctions so small, life so frail, ambition so empty, humanity so mortal.

Yet the very grandeur of the scene filled the soul with exultation. Through its somber, weird magnificence shone the majesty of Him who knows the sparrow's fall, and the sublime assurance, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," seemed to issue from His throne.

THE PEOPLE AND THE REPUBLIC

Mr. Chairman and the Virginia Board of Managers:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The citizen of the world, whose eye roams over this wilderness of magnificence, is perplexed to name the object that most excites his admiration or pleases his fancy. But, the multitude of men and women, happy, prosperous and free, must be the sight that most deeply moves the heart and impresses the understanding. They pursue happiness in safety, without an army to guard life, liberty or property. They may go as they please from state to state without a passport, and trade as they please from state to state without a tariff. Without their own consent none may tax their property. They worship God as they incline, and allow no tax on conscience. They may speak what they think, and think what they may, without challenge. Before the dignity of manhood no caste takes precedence. Princes who come hither are glad to lay aside the burdens of greatness and share the luxuriant and unvexed liberties of the common people. Over every material thing, however rare, costly or beautiful, and over every living creature, from whatever clime, rises the representative Federal republic, representing forty-four sovereign states, representing sixty-two millions of sovereign people, framed to cherish home right, local right, and state right in all their stratifications, and yet presenting to the outer world the seamless unity of a solid fabric. This is in itself the exposition of the ages, the imperial work of this people, for all men and for all time. It is the triple triumph of the English-speaking race, the American nation, and free representative government of the people.

THE FINDER OF THE LAND AND THE FOUNDER OF THE NATION

If these trophies of man's mastery over the material world bear the stamp of gratitude to the great discoverer, so these

An address delivered on Old Dominion Day, at the World's Fair, Chicago, Illinois, August 9th, 1893.

free people, these free institutions, this Republic stands with them in a sublime monument to the great deliverer. If the one gave to mankind the body of this American dominion, the other breathed into that body the spirit of free and independent existence.

When the war-ships of the moderns were marshaled in review, the heart that loves peace, commerce, and good-will between the nations turned from their grim majesty to search for the frail barks sent hither by Spain, the caravels of Columbus. And when the eye wearies with the colossal structures of commerce and the gorgeous palaces of art that here surround us, it kindles anew with genial light as it rests on that modest tenement which Virginia has set amongst them—Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington.

All hail, Columbus, the finder of the land! All hail, Washington, the founder of the nation! Parted in their mortal lives by three centuries, they here meet in the fruition of their tasks. In proud ascendancy of power, with great possessions in three continents, Spain looked westward for a doorway to the East, and sent the immortal mariner on his mission. In weakness of numbers, but in ascendancy of spirit, a fresh-born people nurtured in a wilderness emerged from obscurity with Washington at their head, and embarked upon a stormier sea than ever vexed the sailor's keel, to champion the rights of man and to mould and free a nation.

VIRGINIANS THE FIRST AMERICANS

These people were Virginians, and Virginians were the first Americans of the English-speaking race. From the Atlantic coast to the great northern lakes they won the land for us and our heirs forever. The soil on which we stand was wrested from the British crown by Virginia arms. The great State of Illinois, in which we are assembled, was first organized as a Virginia county. The organic act of civil government was under the hand of Governor Patrick Henry. Beautiful Kentucky was Virginia's first gift to the Union. That the north-western boundary of the United States is on the St. Lawrence and the lakes, instead of the Ohio, is due to the Virginia conquest. The Mesopotamian region—the Northwest Territory—

from which were made the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, was Virginia's second gift to the nation, and their organic act of civil government bears the impress of the hand of Jefferson. All hail, Virginia, and her daughters! And all hail the Union, and "the old thirteen" who together made it! No matter what has happened, or what may happen, all was well when we stood together in the spirit that produced it, and all will be well hereafter if that spirit shall quicken the hearts of all entrusted with its keeping.

A MATERIAL AGE

This, Mr. Chairman, has been called a material age, and it is natural it should be so. Individuals pursue their fortunes with unparalleled avidity, not only because of their unprecedented opportunities in America, but also because in the peace and liberty that we possess their minds are relieved of questions which perturbed former generations. You might, therefore, expect from me on this occasion some exposition of the material accomplishments and resources of Virginia, and the great diversity of interests she possesses to attract brawny labor, shrewd capital, and directing skill. It might be interesting to relate how soon she appreciated the great West, and how, following the projections of Washington, she built turnpikes and sought to establish a water-way to connect with the Ohio and the Mississippi; how, when railroads became known, no state surpassed her in internal development, which she created at great cost, looking in the same direction. His Excellency Governor McKinney is to be congratulated that the public debt created for this purpose was so happily settled during his administration. There is no state in the Union which could better support a vast population if set apart to itself, either with the necessities of life or the refinements of civilization. In the Tidewater region the Chesapeake Bay, its rivers and estuaries supply an inexhaustible larder of fish and oysters, and from its mild climate and alluvial soil the metropolitan markets are supplied with its early products of orchard and garden. The cotton that clothes man and the genial weed that comforts his weary spirit grow side by side. The great and lovely Valley of Virginia is a granary that has fed two armies and could feed

the state. The bright tobaccos of the Southside are everywhere sought for their value as golden wrappers. The blue-grass plains and undulating hills of Piedmont are a delight to graziers. The Southwest is a storehouse of mineral and agricultural wealth which could cash any draft drawn by Aladdin's Lamp; and the health-giving waters of the mountains and lowlands alike make the state one great sanitarium. Bay and river, field, forest, and mine alike extend hospitable returns for any attention to them.

Our excellent governor has admirably shown these things in a recent paper, and this, were there no other reason, would deter me from speaking to-day of those material interests. Nor shall I turn toward the state's arts and letters, nor to her great work for education, which is conferring so much honor upon the people that support it, and upon the scholarly and enlightened men who lead it. The danger of our progressive age is not that we will not pay sufficient, but that we will pay too much attention to those things which in natural development take care of themselves, to the neglect of the great concern of government which involves them all. Our government is a complicated and delicate machine which needs constant thought and attention. The great republics of the world which have hitherto existed have perished of congestion.

Of all our thousands of officials there is but one, the Representative, who is elected by the people, and each of these represents a constituency of 150,000 souls. There is a strain upon the fabric of government in these rushing times which none can estimate who have not witnessed it, and the vast concentrated interest of corporate and individual wealth present to it to-day problems which no other generations have had to solve, and we might well turn to those things which relate to our well-being as a nation.

BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The history of the American people begins with the landing at Jamestown on the 13th of May, 1607, of the first Englishmen who came to this continent to stay. They came when the angry waters, which tossed them into the sheltering arms of Hampton Roads, were less perilous than the savage wilds,

which now welcomed them with a flight of Indian arrows. Timely indeed was the coming of these strangers, for a critical period in history was at hand, and a different event would have changed the history of the world in all its subsequent scenes.

When Queen Elizabeth died in 1603, there was not a white man on the American continent north of Florida and Mexico, and not one of our kindred blood on this side of the Atlantic. The banners of St. George and St. Mark which Cabot had planted on the Northern coast had long since disappeared. The colony of Raleigh, at Roanoke, in what is now North Carolina, had been exterminated. Virginia was only the name of a vague territory in the West, sometimes called "the Continent of Virginia," which the English peopled with great hopes and expectations and which was named in compliment to the Virgin Queen. Three powerful rivals had fixed their eyes on this distant land—England, France, and Spain. In 1605 France planted her lilies amid the snows of the north and Champlain was already hailed as the "Father of Canada." Ponce de Leon had planted himself in Florida. The continent southward was in the grasp of Spain under the conquest of Cortez and Pizarro.

If ever the language of Shakespeare and Milton is to be spoken here, now is the time for some one to speak it in this waiting wilderness. If ever the Anglo-Saxon is to have here his home-rule liberties and his parliaments of the people, now is the time for some bold hand to sow the seed. For over a century the beautiful land has laid unwon, but lo, the bridegroom cometh!

THE SEA-GATE

Through the sea-gate between Capes Charles and Henry the navies of the world came into the placid waters of Hampton Roads at the beginning of this exposition, where the James, the York, the Rappahannock, and the Potomac meet in the Chesapeake Bay, the Mother of Waters, as it was called in the Indian tongue, and where bay and ocean mingle together. Whether practical or sentimental considerations be consulted, it was a fitting spot for the trysting place of the admirals, for no better haven on the Atlantic coast could be found, and the region is as full of romance and history as the Grecian archipelago. Over these waters had glided the light canoes of the

tribes of Powhatan and Pocahontas. They had seen Argall sail from the Virginia coast in 1613 to drive the French from Mount Deseret, in Maine. There in Hampton, in 1775, Captain George Nicholas had fired the first gun in all the South against the British forces. Yonder, at Great Bridge, near Norfolk, the minute men of Virginia, under Woodford, had won victory over the regulars of Great Britain on December 8th, 1775, and the British commander had saluted them when the fire ceased, in tribute to their chivalrous tenderness to his fallen braves. Over these waters the traitor Arnold had sailed up the James to devastate Virginia in 1781, while she generously stripped herself of her troops to fight elsewhere the battles of the Union. Over them Count de Grasse, with our French allies, had gone up the York to join Washington in hemming in Cornwallis. Over them Admiral Cockburn, with a British fleet, in turn moved up the Potomac in 1814 to burn the Capitol at Washington. Through that sea-gate the Virginia troops had sailed in the Mexican War to join the columns of Scott and Taylor. There the fleet of Dunmore had turned his sixty cannon to bombard and burn Norfolk. There was witnessed in the Civil War the terrific conflict between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, when Greek met Greek. But no scene was ever mirrored in their depths so important to the human race as that in May, 1607, when three English ships—the *Godspeed*, the *Discovery*, and the *Susan Constant*—under Christopher Newport, bearing John Smith and 105 adventurers, first touched the land at Old Point Comfort, where Fortress Monroe now commands the river's mouth with its frowning cannon. Sailing up the James, which they named after their king, they landed on the 13th of May on an island, now a peninsula, which they also called after him, Jamestown.

THE STARVING TIME

The fortunes of this little band, and those who reinforced them, were miserable indeed for the first twelve years. Factions disordered them, famine and fever decimated their ranks. Then came the starving time of 1610, and "not past sixty men and children remained alive," and they cherished the hope of returning to England. But "God would not that this country

should be unplanted," and as they were about to sail back, lo! came Lord Delaware with his fleet and a year's provision. One ruler and another came and went. "Rough" Dale inflicted cruel punishments and covetous Argall feathered his nest; Christopher Newport went on other adventures. John Smith, "dear, noble Captain and loyal heart," as he was called, who had been their stay in time of need, was recalled to England. Adventurer in many lands, bold soldier, sagacious ruler, honest man, he, like Columbus, never reaped where he sowed. He died in London in 1631, and was buried in St. Sepulchre's church, with these lines over him:

Here lies one conquered that hath conquered kings;
With angels he might find his recompense.

During all this time the colony was ruled by laws of blood. Their distress surpasses language to describe, and "despotic power counteracted all efforts of benevolence." Not one in twenty of the original emigrants remained alive, and they dwelt with desolate hearts in ruinous habitations.

"OUT OF THE EARTH COMES FORTH MEAT"

In the Colonial charter of the London Company, the mercantile corporation which planted the colony, there was no trace of popular rights whatever. The company which received it had received nothing but a desert with a right to populate it, if they could. The colonists were bound to obey its ordinances, which they had no part in making, and they were under its local council with a higher council in England, and above all, was an arbitrary king. But in 1619 came good Governor Sir George Yeardley to the colony, and he brought with him commissions and instructions from the London Company "for the better establishing of a commonwealth here," and he made proclamation that "those cruel laws by which we had been so long governed were now abrogated, and that we were to be governed by those laws which His Majesty's subjects lived under in England," and that "they might have a hand in the governing of themselves." It was granted that a general assembly should be held yearly, once, whereat were to be present the Governor and Council, with two burgesses from each plan-

tation, freely to be elected by the inhabitants thereof. And so the governor's summons went over the country for the election of burgesses; and so it came to pass that on Friday the 9th of August, 1619, without direct authority from the British crown, but by a spontaneous movement of the corporation and the people, the first elective legislature of America assembled at Jamestown. It was in the first church edifice of America that this Assembly met, and they inaugurated that custom, which prevails in all our legislative bodies, of opening legislation with prayer. Richard Bucke, the minister, prayed that it would please God to guide and sanctify the proceedings to His own glory and to the good of the plantation. Prayer being ended the burgesses took their oaths of office and then their seats, and legislative government began.

Their first act was to determine a contested seat, thus fixing the independence of the legislative body, a principle now embodied in the Constitution of the United States as to the Senate and House of Representatives, and in the constitutions of all the states as to their local legislation. This first Assembly took measures to erect a university and college and to provide for the education of Indian children. There was strange commingling of legislative, judicial, and executive power; but the record justifies the opinion given by Sir Edward Sands that the proceedings were well and judiciously carried.

BIRTH OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS

Thus the history of America's representative institutions begins with the organization at Jamestown on August 9th, 1619—274 years ago this very day—of the Virginia House of Burgesses, the first legislative body elected by the people in the Western world. Fitting event is this to celebrate the World's Columbian Exposition. It was not only the founding of the first American state of our race—it was the birth of representative government of the people. And well might you, Mr. Chairman of the Virginia Board of Managers, refer to its plastic influence upon the civil status and personal character of the early Virginians, and through them on North America and mankind. It educated an infant people in the habitudes of free men. It made precedent and furnished model for all

subsequent colonies planted by the English in America. It quickened energy by new responsibilities. It accustomed the men of the wilderness to debate and manage public questions. It trained them as politicians, statesmen, organizers, and rulers of men. It attracted to the first capital of Virginia, at Jamestown, and then to the next capital, at Williamsburg, the people from far and wide to seek society, suggest measures, and ask redress of grievances. It was the great organic creative popular force that on the one hand curbed and tempered arbitrary power, and on the other hand sent forth military expeditions and spread civil institutions from the banks of the James to the banks of the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Lakes, and pioneered the paths for the coming of the nation. The prosperity of Virginia dates from the day when it received the freedom to make its laws. Within two years they had gained from England a constitutional charter modelled after that of the mother country, and constitutional government began. The King of England soon found that he had loosed the lion in the wilderness, and it could never again be tamed. What had been granted as a favor was soon asserted as a right, and the battle of prerogative between the House of Burgesses on the one hand and the Royal Governor of the King of England on the other began, and continued from the first Assembly in 1619 until that of 1776, which declared independence. When the king demanded a monopoly of the tobacco trade they resisted and protested. When Governor Harvey proved extortionate they drove him out of the colony and sent him back to England. When their clerk surrendered their records to English commissioners such was their indignation that they put him in the pillory and clipped his ears, and their statutes throughout the seventeenth century abound with manifestations of a bold and aggressive spirit.

CAREER OF THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES

For three hundred years, the illustrious Senate of Rome shaped the destinies of the proudest and greatest people of antiquity, but perishing amidst the splendors it had accumulated, left behind a heap of magnificent ruins. The House of Burgesses, which was the popular force in the Virginia colony,

held for one hundred and fifty-seven years, from 1619 to 1776, the vanguard of the English-speaking race, contesting every inch of ground against first savage and then civilized foes, fighting day by day, year by year, and then from one century to another, the prerogatives of the people against the arbitrary systems of proud monarchs and governors of the greatest nation that the modern world had known. Many as were the natural obstacles to be overcome, fierce as were the savage foes that disputed their advancing footsteps, tyrannical and oppressive as were their royal rulers, this body did not end its career until it emerged in the legislation of a free and independent state, nor until that state was clothed in the first-written Constitution of America; the first Constitution clearly separating legislative, judicial, and executive powers: nor until the feeble colony, planted by a king, and occupying a garden spot on the scaboard, had stretched half way over the continent and become the most powerful, populous, and extensive state of the American nation.

REPRESENTATIVE INSTITUTIONS ORIGINATED BY OUR RACE

These adept artificers of government had no models from the ancient world. No end of gods and goddesses and heroes were bequeathed by it, with a variety of religions, arts, sciences, and letters: but no such free institutions as we enjoy. Representative government was unknown to the patriarchs, priests, and judges of the Jews. Moses appointed the seventy elders or senators of Israel, but it was not nurtured in Egypt, the cradle of civilization. Persians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians read the stars, and Greeks and Romans turned to the oracles in vain. The Greeks "trembled on the verge of representative government," but never attained it. Their democracies were large, unwieldy, popular bodies, the citizens acting directly upon government and not by deputy. In fitful fashion democracy played its part in Rome, but it was never rid of the oligarchy of wealth. It developed some notions of representative government, but in imperfect and broken forms. "It was a patrician senate, patrician councils, patrician magistrates, a patrician priesthood, that ruled Rome." It is from our own Fatherlands and by heritage of blood that we derived the germinal prin-

ciples of representative government and home rule, and it is by ourselves that they have been here developed and improved beyond all precedent. The Teutons were the freest people of antiquity. They elected their executive, and their public councils decided for war or peace. They worshipped the Creator without intervention of priest or shrine. They loved the country and avoided towns. They sought the land as the hart seeks the water-brooks; in their rustic homes they were husbandmen and gardeners, lovers of the chase, winning their bread by toil, and cherishing their rude spirit of independence. Tacitus found them a nation of farmers pasturing on the forest glades around their villages. "They lived apart," he says, "each by himself, as woodside, plain, or fresh spring attracts them." The Parliament of Great Britain drew its descent from these Teutonic institutions of early times, and it was through the Anglo-Saxon they acquired them. Over the Roman, the Celt, the Norman, and the Dane, these hardy lovers of home and home rule have in the long run triumphed. Mark, township, tithing, and parish were their seats of government by local representatives, with their "Gemot" or "Moot," in which the freeholders shared in administrative and judicial proceedings. The Anglo-Saxon derived these things from his German Fatherlands, the English derived them from the Anglo-Saxon, and the early Virginians of the Atlantic coast renewed the pictures of early English, of early Anglo-Saxon, and early Teutonic civilization. They exhibited the same traits as those early ancestors of the race who gathered around Arminius in the forest and broke the ranks of conquering Rome. Blood is the surest thing in nature, and when Augustus, nearly 2,000 years ago, uttered the reproach: "Varius, where are my legions?" he had been dealt a blow from the same hand which extorted from King George a similar question to Cornwallis. Amongst the Anglo-Saxons the "blood wite" was demanded in redress for any wrong, and the weaponed man who bore sword or spear was the hero. On the Anglo-Saxon banner that went down with Harold, "the dauntless king," was the picture of "the fighting man." When Virginia made the Goddess of Liberty, holding her spear triumphant over the tyrant, her coat of arms, and wrote under it "*Sic semper tyrannis*," she gave sign of her origin, her faith, and her genius.

BLESSINGS OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT

We can not too dearly cherish our representative government, nor too loyally sustain those representatives of the people who stand by popular right, usage, and interest. They who pay tax, bear burdens, and wield the sword, must levy the tax, create the burden, and decide whether the sword be drawn. Those who are accustomed to wealth and power can only know the burdens of the mass around them by the representatives who truly tell the tale. If one class may levy a tax that another must pay, and declare war which another must wage, the treasury will be devoted to pillage, and mankind to self-destruction. Representative government is wise, because if all interests, classes, and sects are heard, they are themselves consulted and put under obligation to submit to whatever is determined. Representative government is the most open of all forms. It can not dwell in darkness; it can have no secrets, since so many share them that concealment is impossible. Its members work like the bee in a glass hive. Its machinery is like that of a watch in a glass case. Representative government is the fairest of all governments. Since it can have no secrets, the practice of Machiavelian arts is put at a discount and rugged honesty becomes the strongest force. It dignifies and elevates the citizen by fixing responsibility upon him. One voice may become decisive in a question that determines the future of millions. It makes every citizen a sentinel, for, as the record is open, so every eye may be witness, and, if any be guilty, every tongue may be accuser. It is the greatest of all educational systems, for, as all classes participate, all are appealed to, argued with, consulted, and enlightened. All classes become dependent upon each other, for each is interested in the education of the whole. And every political contest becomes a campaign of education. It is a perennial fountain of patriotism, for the humblest home is connected by it with the throne of power. Every act of citizen and representative is based on privilege received in trust for the whole and upon corresponding duty to guard that privilege and protect the whole. Patriotism ceases to be ideality, having practical connection with all public concerns. Its flame is fed with constant fuel and the interest of citizen and country are made one.

WHOLESOME EFFECT OF REPRESENTATIVE INSTITUTIONS

When the early colonists received the grant of representative government they rejoiced with grateful hearts, and in an address to the King of England drew a striking contrast between the miserable bondage which they had previously suffered and the just and gentle authority which had since been exercised. Great Britain later found another illustration of its benefits. She was about to give up the hope of holding her great colonies, when, after the American example, they, too, sought representative institutions, and she granted them, not in hope, but in despair. "The irony of fate," says Froude, "turned to folly the wisdom of the wise." Receiving freedom they no longer desired to secede, and that which England thought would sever them from the mother country only united them more closely to it. After the great civil strife in this country we see the power of representative government to handle problems which puzzle philosophers and defy statesmen. When the greatest revolution of modern times had shaken America, and the North looked on with distrust, no hope of peace or prosperity came to the South or to the land until each state was again possessed of its legislature, freely elected by its people; until their representatives again appeared in Congress and the belongings of representative government were assured. If the nations of the earth have wondered that such great strife should so soon be healed—that armies vanished to the workshop and the plow, and that peace stood supreme without bayonet or sword to support it—let him who marvels at the picture pay just tribute to the free institutions of America, which appealed again and again and again to the people and found in freedom, and not in tyranny, the healing balm for wounds of war. President Abraham Lincoln contemplated calling the Southern legislatures together when yet the fields of battle were red with blood, and in this gave evidence of his great sagacity. But for his untimely death years of agony would have been saved by his wisdom.

HISTORY'S FINAL JUDGMENTS

No nation that ever once possessed representative government has ever voluntarily abandoned it. If for a season it has been

crushed down by social convulsion or shock of war it has never been, and never will be, crushed out. History, 'tis said, repeats itself, moving in endless cycles of revolution and reversion, building up and tearing down nations, fashioning and destroying dynasties, races, and institutions; producing new forms, only to recast them into the old ones, and telling over and over again the old, old story of blossom, fruitage, and decay. But though the cycles and the suns alternate their course in light and darkness, ideas are born that never die, deeds are done that can never be revoked, victories are won that can never be reversed. When Aristotle taught, three centuries before Christ, that the world was round, an idea was born that never died. When Columbus discovered America that idea bore its fruits, and a deed was done that could never be revoked. When the English race planted itself in Virginia, and representative government was established, a victory for our blood, race, and our country, and for the human liberty was won that can never be reversed. History has its consummate works and its final judgments, as well as its new trials and repetitions, and through them the world leaps forward into a higher being and gains vantage ground from which there is no receding stage.

HOME RULE AND FREE TRADE

Home rule and free trade were the great issues of the American Revolution of 1776—the sole right of the people to levy and appropriate taxes; the right of him who owns or produces property to sell it in the markets of the world. These are the condign principles of American democracy, so wrought in the constitution of these people, that we enjoy them like the sunshine and the air, thoughtless of their source.

He who would now think of imposing a tax otherwise than by this method would be deemed a lunatic. The Constitution of the United States declares in terms that no export tax shall be levied. The Virginia House of Burgesses formulated these principles one hundred and fifty years before the war of the Revolution. In 1624 they unanimously resolved that the governor “shall not lay any tax or impositions upon the colonies, their lands or commodities in other way than by the authority of the General Assembly, to be levied and

employed as the said Assembly shall appoint." Did it not seem as if a spirit came out of the past in 1765 when Patrick Henry rose in the House of Burgesses and denounced the stamp tax with his resolutions of defiance, and used almost the identical language which had been used at Jamestown in 1624? So early indeed did Virginia establish the supremacy of her local legislation that within a few decades after the colony was planted she had won "the freedom of trade and independence of religious societies, security from foreign taxation, and the universal elective franchise," and become the first state of the world possessing separate burroughs diffused over an extensive surface. Her early people had been called by shallow critics, who knew them not, "landed aristocrats" and "slaves of Church and State." Enough it were to say of their religion and liberality that while victims have died in the Old World and the New, no religious or political martyr ever lost his life under the representative institutions of the Virginia people through the trail of well-nigh 300 years, but in due season you will see that these landed proprietors were the first to free the land of primogeniture and entail, the first to proclaim the equality of man, and the first to sever Church from State, and the first to draw the sword against the king. With arms in hand, the Virginia colonists stood in 1652, when Cromwell was in power, nor would it yield allegiance until the rights of free trade with all nations and the sole right of the assembly to tax were guaranteed, and its people by treaty assured that they should enjoy such privileges and freedom as belonged to the free-born people of England. The picture that George Bancroft, the great historian, draws of Virginia after this period carries with it eulogy beyond expression of praise. "There was no trace," says he, "of established privileged power in its code or its government; in its forms, and in its legislation Virginia was a representative democracy, so jealous of a landed aristocracy that it insisted on universality of suffrage, so hostile to the influences of commercial wealth that it would not tolerate the mercenary ministers of the law, so considerate for religious freedom that each parish was left to take care of itself, and every officer was, directly or indirectly, chosen by the people.

THE FIRST REBELLION

Now comes, in 1676, a test of Virginia mettle. Cromwell and the Commonwealth are gone and Charles II. is on the Stuart throne. Now again the old law is enacted that the colonists shall only trade with the English, in English ships manned by Englishmen. Exports are to be taxed as they leave the Virginia coast and taxed again before they land on the English shore. Chartered rights are invaded by new grants to Arlington and Culpeper. Berkeley, the royal governor, the same old bigot who wished there might be no schools or printing for one hundred years, rules with an iron hand. While their produce is destroyed in price by English exaction, the governor, who has a monopoly of the Indian trade, refuses to repel the Indians on the frontier or to commission the colonists to do it. They petition for redress; it is denied. Now from its scabbard leaps the first sword that ever flashed for liberty in America. In the House of Burgesses rises a leader, Nathaniel Bacon, a Rienzi of the woods, young, eloquent, and brave. At the head of his troops he drives back the Indians on the one hand near Richmond, and then whirls and deposes the royal governor at Jamestown on the other. Of a sudden he dies. His body is hidden in the dark Gloucester woods to avoid profanation. His cause fails. Hansford, Drummond, Lawrence, and a score of his gallant followers perish on the gallows. "Who is there now," said the conquered colonists, "to plead our cause?" "His eloquence could animate the coldest heart. His pen and sword alike compelled the admiration of his foes, and it was but their own guilt that styled him a criminal. His name shall bleed for a season, but when it shall bring to Virginia truth crowned with freedom, and safe against danger, posterity shall sound his praise."

THE QUICKENING TIME

A century rolls away and the time arrives when the name that bled shall bleed no more. Deep answers unto deep, and the pleaders come who shall plead again the cause that perished.

Long has the land lain fallow, long have the seed been planted; but "that which thou sowest can not quicken except

it die." That which was dead is quickening now, and shall spring to light in a land of truth crowned with freedom.

George III. is on the throne of England. Twelve more colonies flourish along the Atlantic coast. The great revolution of 1688 has long since established sovereignty of Parliament in England and supremacy of law, but the Golden Rule has found no place in the laws of nations and they are not yet established here. The mighty mother whose brave and generous sons have multiplied and replenished the wild land over the ocean does not realize the strength or growth of her children. The distant cabinets take no cognizance of the organized interests that have sprung up, of the dignified and progressive society that has been formed, of the numbers, activity, culture, industry, and aspirations of the people. Learning nothing from the warnings of early years and nothing from experience, they would still tax the colonies without their consent, still prey upon their commerce, still pour into English coffers what their hands have earned. Step by step they are forcing a revolution.

THE SIGNAL TO THE CONTINENT

In 1765 Parliament passed the stamp act. Will the people submit? Two colonies give quick answer. Massachusetts invites the colonies to a general congress; the House of Burgesses of Virginia meets at Williamsburg, and in it rises Patrick Henry and offers (the first protest) his resolutions. They declare equality with the people of Great Britain, that taxation by themselves or their representatives is a distinguishing characteristic of British freedom. And they echo the voice of Jamestown that the General Assembly has the sole right to tax the inhabitants. "Thus," said General Gage, "Virginia gave the signal to the continent." "This is the way," says Bancroft, "the fire began."

THE TRUMPET CALL

The stamp act is repealed in 1770 amidst general rejoicing. But Parliament levies yet a new duty on glass, paper, and tea, and insists on transporting to England for trial persons accused of treason. Again the House of Burgesses asserts its

sole right to tax, and it now warns the king of dangers that would ensue if any American is transported beyond sea for trial. It calls for concert of the colonies to care for their violated rights, and it communicates its resolutions to every legislature and asks concurrence. Delaware in the North, and every Virginia colony in the South, adopt word for word its phrase and language, and all through the North it is hailed with acclamation. What is more, the Virginia House of Burgesses, Washington leading them, resolves that they will import and use no English goods until the unconstitutional act is repealed. Relief is not granted. Again the Burgesses protest. In 1773 Richard Henry Lee proposes, and Dabney Carr offers resolutions for correspondence with all the colonies, and a committee is appointed consisting of Bland, Lee, Carr, Henry, and Jefferson. A copy is read in every town and district in Massachusetts, and the hearts of New England leap for joy. "Glorious Virginia," exclaimed the legislature of Rhode Island, "for its patriotic and illustrious House of Burgesses," and on motion of Samuel Adams Massachusetts returns thanks to Virginia's House for its "uniform vigilance, harmony and wisdom," and expresses concurrence. In this manner Virginia laid the foundation of the Union, Massachusetts organized a province, Virginia promoted a confederacy. In December of this year brave Boston men threw the tea of the East Indian Company into the harbor. Parliament hurled back the quiver full of darts at Boston and Massachusetts. (*First*). In 1774 they passed bills to close the port of Boston until it made indemnity for the tea to the East India Company.

(*Second*). To alter the charter of Massachusetts and break up its system of local government.

(*Third*). To transport accused persons to Nova Scotia or Great Britain for trial.

(*Fourth*). To quarter troops upon the people of Boston.

THE MARSHALLING IN ARMS

Massachusetts and the North spring to arms. Virginia rushes to their side. A convention of delegates is called to several counties and a general congress is invited. Events now roll swiftly on to a crisis and conclusion. The clash of

resounding arms is heard from Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and is re-echoed from Moultrie, in South Carolina, and from the Great Bridge in Virginia. In quick succession come independence, war, and Constitution, and freedom. And now look upon the statute books of the Virginia House of Burgesses if you would see the perpetual memorials of their service to the people. There stands: (*First*). The resolution against the slave trade when they were in the colony, and there follows swiftly and first in all the Union, its repeal when they are freed. Ah! had they only been free, England had never thrust upon them an institution from which they revolted.

(*Second*). There the statutes enfranchising of the land for the old English system of primogeniture and entail.

(*Third*). The franchising of man's conscience forever.

(*Fourth*). There the first statutes of representative sovereignty in 1624; the resolutions against the stamp tax in 1765.

(*Fifth*). There is the invitation of correspondence between all the colonies which bound them together for their struggle.

(*Sixth*). There is the call for the convention of the people.

(*Seventh*). There the instructions and independence.

(*Eighth*). There is the first bill of rights that America possessed.

(*Ninth*). And there is the first written Constitution of America, which furnished prototype to the Constitution of the nation.

Look, then, too, at the illustrious men who are grouped together to work out these things. There is Henry, the great Commoner of the Revolution, the first governor of Virginia as a state, the organizer of the expedition which sent George Rogers Clark here to win the West beyond the mountains, and the organizer also of civil government in Illinois. There is another burgess, Peyton Randolph, who became President of the Continental Congress.

A GRAND LIST

There is Dabney Carr, who organized the system of correspondence and beckoned the colonies to union.

There was Richard Bland, of the Committee of Safety and of the first Congress, whose eloquence was second only to that of Henry and whose essays cried out for independence when less bold spirits were protesting loyalty.

There was Thomas Nelson, signer of the Declaration, governor of Virginia, who commanded in person the Virginia troops, and whose home at Yorktown still bears the marks of his own guns, shot to destroy it that it might destroy the British harbored in it.

There was John Marshall, a lieutenant at the Great Bridge, and colonel, whose regiment stood at Brandywine until half of them fell around him, and later Chief Justice of the United States.

There was Edmund Randolph, aide to Washington, delegate to the Continental Congress, governor of Virginia, champion of the Virginia plan in the Constitutional Convention, and Attorney-General and Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Washington.

There was George Wythe, "the honor of his own and the model of future times," member of the Continental Congress, draughtsman of many important papers, reviser of the laws of his state, and Speaker of the House, and illustrious as a chancellor.

There was Richard Henry Lee, mover of the Declaration of Independence, an orator who was called the Cicero of America, and whose varied abilities were employed in organizing opposition.

There was Benjamin Harrison, three times governor of Virginia, member of the Continental Congress, signer of the Declaration, serving on many committees and in many capacities, and ancestor of two of our Presidents.

There was Francis Lightfoot Lee, accomplished and retiring gentleman, who was three times member of the Continental Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and ever faithful in works for his people.

There was Carter Braxton, member of the Council and member of the Continental Congress, signer of the Declaration and supporter of the statute of religious freedom.

There was Edmund Pendleton, scholar, *juris-consult*, and statesman, "the ablest man in debate," as Jefferson said, he had ever known, member of the first Congress, president of the Virginia Convention, president of the convention to frame the Federal Constitution, author of the resolutions in the Virginia Convention directing her delegates in Congress to press the Declaration of Independence, and President of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia.

There was George Mason, first and greatest of the moulders of the fundamentals of liberty, whose bill of rights is the basis to-day of every free state in America, or in the world, to whose exposition of the rights of man the Magna Charta and the petition of right in England, are as "moonlight unto sunlight, as the mist unto the rain," whose language was copied in the Declaration of Independence, and who was chief fashioner of that first free Constitution of Virginia, which was the first in America, the only one made before Independence, and was the prototype of the Constitution of the United States.

FATHER OF THE CONSTITUTION

There was James Madison, who suggested the only alteration in the Bill of Rights, and that is the erasure of the word "toleration" as applied to religious freedom, because it implied condescension; who lived to be called the "Father of the Constitution;" to be made President of a Union he so faithfully labored to establish, and to conduct it successfully through the second war of independence.

There was John Tyler, bold and generous advocate of revolution, Speaker of the House, Judge, Governor, and father of the President of the United States who bore his name.

In the first legislature that sat at Jamestown there was an ancestor of Thomas Jefferson. In the House of Burgesses for many years before the Revolution sat Peter Jefferson, his father. As a student at old William and Mary College, the Alma Mater of so many of our great men, the young Jefferson was thrilled with the eloquence of Henry in the House of Burgesses, and his own declaration that "the glow of one warm thought was worth more than money" furnishes an index to his marvelous career. Member of the House of Burgesses, mem-

ber of Congress, draughtsman of the Declaration of Independence, he resigned his seat to serve again in the legislature of his state, to fashion its religious liberties, and to revise its laws, and to profuse the spirit of liberty throughout the institutions of the Commonwealth.

There was another Lee, "Light-Horse" Harry they called him, who had led his Virginians to join Washington on the field of Boston, and distinguished himself at Paulus Hook, in New York, and afterwards wrote the history of the Southern campaign, in which he had played a noble and worthy part. He was not a member of the Virginia legislature until after the Revolution, for he was in the field during it. Orator, soldier, and statesman, he left his mark wherever he appeared. He was the first American soldier of a line illustrious in the Old World, but he became more illustrious here in a race "who have kept the lamp of chivalry alight in hearts of gold," and he was the father of that Robert Edward Lee, who in the nineteenth century seemed to embody every noble trait which had distinguished the people from which he sprung. A thousand roses must be crushed to make one drop of the precious attar, but that one drop fills the whole house with perfume—and if the thousand conflicts of Virginia had produced no more than the character of this illustrious man, they would have done enough to fill the world with the sweetness and glory of her nature.

WASHINGTON

Above all was Washington, who shared the glory of the first American victory against the French and Indians as a Virginia soldier; who served in her House of Burgesses for sixteen years; and who, when the battle of Bunker Hill was lost, appeared upon the plains of Boston with the Virginia Riflemen around him, to tell the British General who disputed his title, that he derived it from the people, "the original and purest fountain of power." Foremost man in the English-speaking race; foremost man, indeed, of all the world was he who once dwelt in yon plain planter's mansion. There he lived, and there he died, and before its doors is spread to-day the grandest spectacle of the world's arts and sciences that ever met the gaze of mortal.

Ask now the multitude what of all they contemplate or realize do you value most, and none would be perplexed for answer. From the myriad tongues would spring the one word "liberty"—liberty to go and come; liberty to work and have; liberty to be untaxed save by self; liberty of home, that none unbid may cross its threshold; liberty of thought, speech, and conscience; liberty of state, that none may trench on its domestic matters; liberty of country, that no foreign foe may dominate or assail it. Of these things which you value most, who can estimate the debt due to Virginia, the mother, and to Washington, the son? Who shall say that he who adds a continent to man's possession renders greater service than he who leads him to the uplands of hope, and faith, and justice, and liberty, and independence? Conscience is a finer instrument than the mariner's needle. Justice is a nobler fabric than garment or temple. Liberty is a richer possession than land or gold. Dreams of fraternity and union amongst the nations spring from a purer fountain than any dreams of discovery or conquest. The wants of the body are few and easily satisfied, but the thirst of the soul is quenchless. The world of thought is vaster than the world of matter. When the physical eye has strained its effort to pierce the heavens a twinkling point of light marks the bound of vision, but the eye of man ranges on through new horizons and fills them with constellations and "peoples every star with creatures as bright as their own beams." A few years mark the span of physical being, but creative intellect peoples ages that are gone and converse with them in languages no longer lisped on the tongues of man. It also fills ages to come with new-born states and nations, and in them finds problems solved that now are puzzles and justice rendered that is now denied.

We may measure continents by rod and mile, but who can measure man's immortal passions? Restless and insatiate, he roams the earth, not so much to feed and clothe the body as to put the quick of conscience and the play of faculty in harmony with environments and to console longings that will not be content with comfort. So it comes to pass that he, be he saint, sage, prophet, hero, patriarch, or statesman, who interprets to the nations the sublimities of worship, who elevates their minds to principles of justice, who warms their hearts with

the fraternities of union, or who emancipates their genius to the blessings of liberty, opens unto them a new heaven and lays at their feet a new earth, whose bounds no seas may compass and whose fruits no reckoning may tell.

It is in such wise that, while no one bothers himself about the lost splendors of Solomon's Temple, that temple not made with hands will ever stand, and all hearts attend the Teacher of the Soul, whose life of agony lay between His cradle in a manger and His death upon the cross. It is in such wise, too, that the "Father of his Country," the friend of humanity, the deliverer of his people, lives uppermost to-day in their great love and high fancies. And before the portals of his dwelling-place the splendors that flash upon the eye pass into the shadow, while in their stead comes the delectable visions of an age of reason, in which man's conquest of himself made these things possible, and of the still brighter age to come, when the human family shall be gathered in closer communion, "each man's right be all men's rule, and all men's work be spread for each man's edification."

A NEW WORLD

It was for Leon and Castile that Columbus won a new world. Americans, a name that never sounded on his ears; Americans conquered the land, achieved its independence and fashioned its institutions. The largess of an ancient throne sent forth his expedition. A government of the people is fixed on the fruit of its achievement. The Roman Church claimed the land as its fief. It is in religious liberty that it is governed. A corporation chartered by a king brought the first settlers to the Atlantic shore. The unfettered forces of individual genius and spontaneous movement have planted their seed over the continent, and bound together the distant oceans with bands of steel. Hither came the first of our line without a dream of liberty, and even as Columbus found what he sought not, this is their unseen goal, and this their unplanned consummation. How have the Fates unravelled the tangled skein, and with what muffled footsteps has Providence moved to these accomplishments!

Here in this great city of the inland sea, by the side of waters which could not know his wandering sail; by a nation

unborn when he existed; under a form of government unknown to the ancient world; by a race speaking a language to which he was a stranger, his deed finds celebration, and looks back over the centuries and hails Columbus.

WORLDS TO CONQUER

There are no more continents to discover, but there are new worlds of thought to conquer, and we look forward also and hail Washington, the leader of states yet to be planted, of institutions yet to be moulded, of triumphs for right and justice yet to be sounded down "the ringing grooves of change." It is his blood, the English-speaking race, that here witnesses its marvelous capacity for organization, assimilation, adaptation, and expansion. It is his folk, the American people, that here glories in the emblems of national greatness. It is his brotherhood, the lovers of liberty, that here avouch the triumphant work of free institutions, and it was his state which on this day 274 years ago planted the first seed on the shore of the Atlantic. And here let history grave this lesson the stone: "They who are stoutest to defend individual right, home right, local right, state right are they who are most capable of noble conquests and permanent expansions." This is the story of the Anglo-Saxon in England. This is the story of the Englishmen around the world. This is the story of the American in his rivalry with the Frenchman and Spaniard, and this is Old Virginia amongst her sisters. It was as her soldier, and at the head of her soldiers, that Washington rode into the wilds to drive the Indian and Frenchman from our frontier. It was as her law-giver that he served for sixteen years in her House of Burgesses; it was as her delegate that he went to the Continental Congress, and to the Constitutional Convention. And if Bancroft might say: "But for him the country could not have achieved its independence; but for him it could not have formed its Union, and but for him it could not have set the Federal Government in motion," what shall we feel toward the state which shaped his character, made his opportunities, introduced him to his great career, bled by his side in many battles, sustained his arms with treasure, and gave him illustrious counsellors for guidance?

From the time when the first heart-beat of American life and American liberty pulsated in their bosoms, the Virginians paused not in their onward tread until they had torn down the banners of the French at Pittsburg; until Andrew Lewis and his Virginia troops had scattered Cornstalk and his braves at Point Pleasant in the bloodiest battle of forest warfare, and a Virginia army in the Valley of the Scioto had nullified British jurisdiction north of the Ohio; until George Rogers Clark, with his Virginia soldiers from the counties of Fauquier, Frederick, and Kentucky, had raised here in the heart of the northwest the American flag over the conquered British and established Fort Jefferson on the banks of the Mississippi; until another Clark, his brother, had gone with Lewis to explore the new northwest and prepare the way for extending our dominion to the Pacific; until Mason had framed that code of rights which all free states copy: until Jefferson had drawn the Declaration of Independence; until Madison had been hailed as the "Father of the Constitution;" until on the seaboard that first felt the pressure of the strange white feet that came to the Red Man's kingdom, they stood embattled around their governor and around the Nation's Chief at Yorktown to receive the surrender of the Old World's system of forces and to proclaim in victory the New World's evangel of freedom.

TEMPLES STAND

Gracious mother! States that are empires were thy progeny and statesmen clothed with light. Heroes have written thy decrees in the grand marches of a continent. We sing not the songs of Zion in a strange land, for thou has left the tracery of thy cunning hand in every lineament of triumphant thought that here is glorified, and these temples stand upon the spoil of the victorious deed. Far and wide across the plains and mountains thy sons have gone sowing in virgin lands the seeds of thy instruction, and standing manfully for right as thou hast taught them.

The richest state of the Republic, towards the sunset which came with the latest into the Union, bears the name of Washington. And the oldest that planted under the sunrise of our growing race, greets this fair scion and all her sisters in the hope and in the faith that this shall be God's chosen people.

EIGHTEEN CENTURIES

For eighteen centuries there floated in the minds of men the thought that the world was round, and that he who sailed westward would find the east. It remained for a poor sailor of Genoa, who begged his bread at monastery doors while he nursed that dream of the ages in his bosom, to put forth upon the trackless spaces of sea and sky to pluck a new world from the void, and find the dream come true. The ages have also dreamed as they groped forward with stumbling footsteps and blind instincts through wars, strifes, and tribulations, that a time would come when all nations should become one nation, speaking one language, rule with one law, and move with one spirit.

In the harmonies that we witness here to-day are signs and tokens of that coming time. A day shall dawn when the United States of America shall embrace the North American Continent from Alaska's fields of ice to the land of the Montezumas. Another day shall come when bonds of union shall bind together the Greater America and the Greater Britain, and they shall rule the land and the waves with the voices of the latest language that man has learned to utter. And then beyond, yet another day shall come when the United States of the World shall assemble their Representatives in session. Who can doubt that they will write their records in the tongue first spoken on this continent by the adventurers at Jamestown? They will make model George Mason statesmen of human rights. They will copy in their constitution many of the plans of Madison. They will teach the creed of Jefferson "that liberty is the gift of God;" and blessed indeed will they be if to defend those rights, to administer their constitution, and to propagate that creed, they shall find one moulded in the frame of Washington.

From the things which others have done we detract not. They were great and numerous and glorious, and we would that this were fitting time to name and praise them. But thus I have attempted to tell something of what Virginia has done for the world, which it will never allow to die.

THE PANIC—ITS CAUSES AND ITS REMEDIES

Mr. President:

In these troubled and exciting times no one could fitly discuss the delicate and important issues now under advisement without possessing the spirit of the ancient Greek, who, in addressing his countrymen, prayed that no unworthy word might escape his lips.

Bringing to this task such a spirit, I bring also profound sympathy with every class of our fellow-citizens who have been smitten with the afflicting hand of an evil financial dispensation. I have no denunciation for banks or bankers, troubled as they are by a constricted and a contracted currency, finding as they do a gap between obligations and means of redemption which is enough to give them infinite anxiety and pain. Deeply also do I sympathize with our merchants and manufacturers, and deeply with labor that is standing idle begging work, and hunger that is empty, begging bread.

Yet, Mr. President, we may indulge in some degree the comforting thought that the acute stage of the panic is now over, and although depression may long remain, business is already in a state of convalescence.

OUR AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES ARE BRINGING BACK GOLD TO THIS COUNTRY

It appears from the *Banker's Magazine* of September, 1893, which is fresh from New York, that the tide of gold has so strongly set in from abroad to this country that it is coming back faster and in larger quantities than it had gone out, and that by the last of August all but \$20,000,000 of the \$68,000,000 exported between January and July had all been re-imported, with more on the way from London.

Speech delivered in the U. S. Senate, Thursday, September 14th, 1893.

The Senate having under consideration the bill (H. R. 1) to repeal a part of an act, approved July 14th, 1890, entitled "An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and the issue of Treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes."

Doubtless some who look only on the surface of things will attribute this movement to the anticipated repeal of the Sherman law, but fortunately for the cause of truth, it is the acknowledged fact, as stated in the magazine which I cite as my authority, that the distinct causes of the return of gold are well identified.

(*First*). In the sharp decline in our imports of goods after the panic broke out, and the cancellation of further orders.

(*Second*). In the vast exportation of wheat, flour, feed, and fodder crops, including corn, oats, barley, hay, mill feed, and bran, which have been taken by the United Kingdom and the continent in quantities hitherto unknown, until nearly all of the freight room for two or three months ahead had been engaged.

(*Third*). Added to this, during the past month the corner in provisions in Chicago collapsed, and our hog products are now being exported in double the volume of any preceding month during the year.

And well does this financial periodical say that it was these three causes that turned the tide of gold this way so suddenly and in such volume, as it was the opposite condition preventing exports of the great staples for months before that sent gold out of the country instead to such an unprecedented extent.

The farmer is called by Professor Sumner "the forgotten man." If we have forgotten him, thank God he has not forgotten us, but has rescued "our drowning honor by the locks" and is now redeeming the prosperity and the public credit of the country.

Now that the agricultural resources of our country have given a truce to the panic; now that it is demonstrated by this revelation that it was not the Sherman law that sent gold away from us nor its expected repeal that is bringing it back; now that disabled banks are resuming operations, and that the increase of national bank currency by \$20,000,000 has aided in rallying the markets, we have at least time to explore the causes of the world-wide monetary disturbances, and to consider remedies which may tend to alleviate them now and to prevent their recurrence.

It was a maxim of the greatest nation of antiquity that in an emergency we should "hasten slowly." It would be well, perhaps, if the greatest nation of the moderns should remember and apply it.

THE GREAT CAUSES OF THE PANIC

Mr. President, it is my purpose now to demonstrate, as I confidently believe I can, that the world-wide monetary convulsion which confronts us is due to three principal causations, whatever may be its phenomenal or provoking incidents. That is:

(*First*). To the enormous increase of debts;

(*Second*). To the continuous and unprecedented fall of prices for over a quarter of a century; and

(*Third*). To the contemporaneous destruction of the bimetallic base of credit at the dictation of European kings.

I may remark here incidentally that it was the destruction of this base of credit in the Orient which precipitated this panic in the West.

I shall further show conclusively that Great Britain is the leader in the policies which antagonize our interests, with the open and avowed intent—

(*First*). To aggrandize the creditors, who compose the ruling classes of her society;

(*Second*). To depress the prices of our agricultural products, which on the one hand contribute to feed and clothe her people, and on the other hand to support alike our foreign commerce and our public credit;

(*Third*). To destroy the great silver interests of the United States; and

(*Fourth*). To derange and minimize our financial system to a gold basis, in order, at one blow, to enhance the value of her Australian gold mines, and to increase the riches of her capitalists upon the wreck of our fortunes; and,

(*Fifth*). Finally, to make the United States, like Egypt and India, her financial dependent.

If I am correct in defining the chief causes of the financial trouble, and if I truly apprehend the policy of Great Britain, it will be evident that this crisis is graver in its nature and

farther reaching in its consequences than any monetary crisis that the American people have ever had to deal with. If my premises be correct, this is a solemn and momentous hour in the Senate, one in which responsibility rises to the highest plane, and in which a mistake made through haste, incaution or otherwise, will become the seed of many woes.

FIRST CAUSE OF THE PANIC THE ENORMOUS INCREASE OF DEBTS

I cite now in testimony that I have justly conceived the first great cause of this panic the following facts:

In 1880 the total private indebtedness of the American people was \$6,700,000,000. In 1890 it was \$19,700,000,000, an increase of thirteen thousand millions of dollars.

The funded debt of the railroads of the United States in 1880 was \$2,392,000,000. In 1890 it was \$5,463,000,000, an increase of 129 per cent. The current debt doubled in seven years. It is estimated that railroad debts exceed by \$5,000,000,000 their assets. There is one terminal point where all the railroads concentrate—this is in the hands of a receiver.

The debts of telephone, telegraph, street railway, water, gas, electric, and other companies are vast beyond computation.

The mortgaged debt in twenty-one states, as computed recently, was \$4,547,000,000, without counting Ohio, Texas, California, and other states of less magnitude.

Within a decade the loans and overdrafts of national banks increased from \$994,000,000 to \$2,171,000,000, while those of other banks (exclusive of private banks) increased from \$378,000,000 to \$1,189,000,000.

The aggregate debt of the individual states, and their municipal divisions in 1890 was \$1,135,210,000, or \$18.13 per capita of the population, an increase of about \$12,000,000 as compared with 1880.

Our national debt in 1892 is reported as \$585,000,000 in round numbers, carrying an annual interest charge of \$22,000,000.

It would require all of our currency, greenback, gold, and silver, more than ten times over, to discharge our private indebtedness. It would require all of our gold three times over

to pay interest on it at 6 per cent. It is more than all the gold and silver produced in the world since America was discovered. These are stupendous facts which we should pause to contemplate.

THE INDUSTRY OF THE SHERIFF

There is a plank in the Chicago platform which I have not heard read in this debate, and that plank recognizes one item of the overwhelming debt of our people as one of the causes of the great depression existing:

THE MORTGAGE BURDEN

We call the attention of thoughtful Americans to the fact that after thirty years of restrictive taxes against the importation of foreign wealth in exchange for our agricultural surplus, the homes and farms of the country have become burdened with a real estate mortgage debt of over \$2,500,000,000, exclusive of all other forms of indebtedness; that in one of the chief agricultural states of the West there appears a real estate mortgage debt averaging \$165 per capita of the total population; and that similar conditions and tendencies are shown to exist in other agricultural exporting states. We denounce a policy which fosters no industry so much as it does that of the sheriff.

Mr. President, are we to turn the sheriff loose upon these people who have won the sympathy of the nation, and at the same time contract and take away the money with which they need to escape, if they can, from his clutches? Certainly we do not wish to make the auctioneer's red flag the flag of nations.

THE SECOND GREAT CAUSE OF THIS WORLD-WIDE TROUBLE IS THE CONTINUOUS AND UNPRECEDENTED FALL OF PRICES

Mulhall, the great English statistician and commercial expert, writing in 1885, said:

It may be said that £4 now will buy as much as £6 in 1866, the fall of prices being about 30 per cent., but as regards the United States in particular we find a fall of 46 per cent., namely, from 170 to 91, which is greater than has occurred in any other country,—*Mulhall on Prices*, page 6.

If in 1885 the fall of prices in our country had been unprecedented, 45 per cent., which shall we say now when credits and debts are piled up into a Tower of Babel, and £4 of English money are buying what £8 and £10 would have bought then?

For thirty years indeed, Mr. President, there has been a steady decline in the prices of produce, nor has it afflicted alone

the agricultural and laboring classes of our people. The manufacturer buying raw material and paying labor one year, has found expenses uncovered by the sales of the next. The farmer who plows and puts his seed in the ground finds next year that, though Providence has smiled upon him, the generous fruit of the soil falls short of compensation for his labor.

The merchant buys his stock of goods, down go prices and away go profits. The investor in bonds and stocks sees the security for payment part in value with the debt to be redeemed. This is the process by which slowly and surely the forces of ruin have been accumulated, and at last the crash has come.

THE ROYAL BRITISH COMMISSION ON DEPRESSION OF TRADE RECOGNIZES THE SITUATION

Fifteen years ago there was a widespread feeling in Great Britain that an abnormal depression of trade had set in, which, unlike previous depressions, showed no signs of recovery. All available statistics were considered and laid before the keenest-eyed and ripest-minded men of the financial world. Commission after commission has inquired into the causes of this strange change in the world's affairs. The royal commission on the depression of trade, in 1885; the gold and silver commission which sat in 1887-'88, and now member after member of the International Monetary Conference at Brussels have all reached the same conclusion.

The commission on the depression of trade in 1885 stated the following definite conclusions, upon which all minds concurred:

A fatal year for the destiny of the human race, marked by the movement for the demonetization of silver!

(*First*). That the depression dated from the year 1873 or thereabouts.

(*Second*). That it extended to every branch of industry, including agriculture, manufactures, and mining, and that it was not confined to England, but had been experienced to a greater or less degree in all the industrial countries of the world.

(*Third*). That it appeared to be closely connected with the serious fall in general prices, which even then was most observable, though it has since been more strongly marked, resulting in the diminution,—in some cases even the total loss,—of profit, and consequent irregularity of employment to the wage earners.

(*Fourth*). That the duration of the depression has been most unusual and abnormal.

(*Fifth*). That no adequate cause for this state of things was discoverable, unless it could be found in some general dislocation of values caused by currency changes, and which would be capable of affecting an area equal to that which the depression of trade covered.

It is no silver crank; it is no advocate of illimitable fiat money; it is the sagacious counselors of the greatest nation of modern times, except our own, who tell you and tell the world that this prostration of the world's agriculture, commerce, trade, and manufacture dates its birth with the hour that the money of trade, and the people was stricken down, and that they can account for it no other wise, save in the dislocation of the currency of the nations.

THE NEW FACTOR IN THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY, THE ERROR IN THE COMPASS, THE FOUNDATION OF TRADE GIVING WAY

Sir W. Houldsworth, delegate of Great Britain, said before the International Monetary Conference recently held at Brussels:

During the last eighteen years an unprecedented fall in prices has taken place (not less than 30 per cent. as measured by seven independent sets of index numbers), and yet there never was a time when, by the testimony of all engaged in agriculture, manufacturing, and other trades, confirmed by the reports of two royal commissions in England and by investigations elsewhere, the profit-earning power of every industry had more seriously and persistently declined, leading, as such a state of things must inevitably and ultimately lead, "to irregularity of employment, serious reduction in the rate of wages in every department of industry, accompanied by strikes and lockouts and short time."

It is perfectly true that, before the great dislocation of values caused by currency changes in 1873, "cheap goods" (though I can not admit they were ever the "conditions under which profitable trade" existed) did lead to profitable trade subsequently. Consumption was increased and prices again rose up to or above their previous level. Then, as a result of previous cheapness, there was profitable trade. In the old days in Lancashire, before 1873, when we had (as we have had for the last five years) cheap cotton, cheap bread, and cheap money, an advent of good times was as surely expected and as surely came as sunrise in the morning.

But notwithstanding that we have enjoyed these advantages for a considerable time, we are still in the night of depressed trade.

Do not fancy, Senators, that you are the only unhappy people in the world, and that you have the illimitable resources of Great Britain from which to draw gold. She is "in the night of depressed trade." Do not expect light to come to America out of that valley to the shadow.

Is it not apparent,

Says this learned and distinguished gentleman,

on my friend's own showing, that a new factor has appeared in the world of industry? Things are not as they were. The reason is plain: the foundation has given way upon which trade rests. The standard of value has been altered, and it is to rectify "the error in the compass" that we are here to-day.

THE ACCURSED SINKING OF PRICES

There were amongst other thoughtful Americans at the international Brussels conference Professor E. Benjamin Andrews, president of Brown University, and here are the words he uttered:

Gentlemen, as I suggested, a second powerful consideration urges the thoughtful people of the United States to try and rehabilitate silver as money of full debt-paying power. It is this: They wish to stay that baneful, blighting, deadly fall of prices which for nearly thirty years has infected with miasma the economic life blood of the whole world. They do not desire to debase the standard of value. They would have every debt paid in gold or its equivalent; but they do not wish gold to be arbitrarily and unjustly appreciated. The everlasting fall of prices, the act of sinking, is the accursed thing. None profit from it but as are annuitants and nothing else, and we may be sure that no civilized state is going to legislate to keep prices falling, when the fall is once seen, as it must soon be seen, to injure all but the very unproductive people who live upon their incomes.

THE EVILS OF FALLING PRICES

There is no better statement of the evil results of the fall of prices than that of Professor Marshall, of the Cambridge University, who says:

A fall in prices lowers profits and impoverishes the manufacturer while it increases the purchasing power of those who have fixed incomes. So, again, it enriches creditors at the expense of debtors: for if the money that is owing to them is repaid this money gives them a greater purchasing power, and if they have lent at a fixed rate of interest each payment is worth more to them than it would be if prices were high. But for the same reason that it enriches creditors and those who receive fixed incomes, it impoverishes those men of business who have borrowed capital, and it impoverishes those who have to make, as most business men have, considerable fixed money payments for rent, salaries, and other matters.—*Economics of Industry*, Book III.; chapter I.

DEPRECIATION OF WHEAT, COTTON, AND SILVER BULLION

Now, Mr. President, I present in this connection a table showing depreciations of wheat, cotton, and silver since 1873, which tabulates the well-known and universally recognized fact that the great staples have gone down with silver bullion, and that the whole world is suffering under this "accursed" and constant "shrinking of price," with an enlarging chasm between means and payment.

Depreciation of wheat, cotton, and silver since 1873.

Year	Wheat	Cotton	Silver	Year	Wheat	Cotton	Silver
1872.....	\$1.47	19.3	\$1.32	1883.....	\$1.13	10.8	\$1.11
1873.....	1.31	18.8	1.29	1884.....	1.07	10.5	1.01
1874.....	1.43	15.4	1.27	1885.....	.86	10.6	1.06
1875.....	1.12	15.0	1.24	1886.....	.87	9.9	.99
1876.....	1.24	12.9	1.15	1887.....	.89	9.5	.97
1877.....	1.17	11.8	1.20	1888.....	.85	9.8	.98
1878.....	1.34	11.1	1.15	1889.....	.90	9.9	.93
1879.....	1.07	9.9	1.12	1890.....	.83	10.1	1.04
1880.....	1.25	11.5	1.14	1891.....	.85	10.0	.90
1881.....	1.11	11.4	1.13	1892.....	.80	8.7	.86
1882.....	1.19	11.4	1.13	1893.....	.50	7.2	.75

THE THIRD GREAT CAUSE OF PANIC, THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BIMETALLIC BASE OF CREDIT

The third great cause of the panic is to be found in the fact that contemporaneously with the increase of debt, and contemporaneously with the fall of prices, war has been waged ever since 1873 against the bimetallic base of credit, when the abnormal and unrelieved depression of trade set in. Since that time the foundation of credit has been narrowing, while the superstructure has been enlarging in weight and been growing higher. It has long been evident to my humble comprehension that a great crash would come, and now it has come, it is equally evident that these were the causes.

ROCKS AHEAD POINTED OUT AND A CRASH PREDICTED LAST YEAR

On April 20th, 1892, standing where I now stand, I uttered my feeble note of warning; I would that I had been a false prophet instead of a true one; but I will repeat the words which I uttered then, as they are unhappily realized now. I said:

Mr. President, there are rocks ahead. We are drifting upon them. Presently the ship of State will strike them. No master of finance appears to save ship, crew, or cargo. Gold is the cry; gold, gold, gold, nothing but gold, although this is the greatest silver-producing nation in the world, and although if we had financiers equal to our opportunities we might dominate the financial markets of the world. The silver men alone seem to have any appreciation or even recognition of our situation.

They offer the only remedy that is offered to rescue us from financial depression and threatened financial ruin. If you do not like their remedy, the first step in which is the free coinage of silver, what do you propose?

Anticipating and foreseeing this crash, seeing that the financial ship of state was driving upon the rocks which have now split it asunder, and wasted its crew and its cargo, I appealed to the men to propose something, who say now they know it was the Sherman act, but did not know it then, and they had nothing to propose, but only opposed everything that anybody else proposed. I read again from my remarks of April 20th, 1892:

The chief importance of free coinage lies in the fact that free coinage of silver is necessary to enlarge and fix the metal base of our currency and credit system. It is estimated that a small percentage of business, some say 3 or 5 per cent. is done on cash payments. The rest is credit.

Behind this credit is currency which must be used in liquidation, and behind all our volume of currency, which is itself for the most part Government credit, is the metal money held for its redemption. That metal money of redemption is claimed to be gold only. Now, the gold base of this vast superstructure of currency and bond credit, Government credit, and individual credit, is too narrow to sustain it, too narrow to admit of the increase in size and weight of the superstructure. If we continue to build up business on this narrow gold foundation, we will build to our ruin. The foundation will soon crumble under the overwhelming burden imposed upon it, and when the fall of the superstructure comes, as come it must, great will be the fall thereof. To-day we are piling up wrath against the day of wrath. We are sowing the wind, and the whirlwind will be the harvest.

At last the vials of wrath have been emptied upon our people! At last the whirlwind is the harvest from the wind that was sowed.

INCIDENTAL CAUSES OF PANIC

The facts and opinions I have cited show the general causes of the panic. It has been undoubtedly attended by many incidents each and all of which have contributed to the crisis. The periodicity with which panics occur would indicate that there are inherent causes that tend to produce them. Prosperity begets extravagance, extravagance strains credit, credit contracts and hard times result, and then panic. Commerce has its cycle of prosperity, like everything else, and after it has run into extravagance and been succeeded by liquidation there comes again the process of restoration. Economic self-denial and restored composure check it. It then returns and runs its career until again checked by like causations. If our monetary and tax systems were all that might be desired, it is probable that we should have, either now or at some earlier date, the constriction of credit that results from overtrading, and painful conditions of financial hardships to experience.

THE NEW FACTOR AT WORK ON THIS PANIC

But it is a fact that this panic is different from all recurring seasons of depression which the world has ever known. There is a "new factor" in it recognized by the most thoughtful and studious men. That new factor is the one which will prevent a restoration to normal conditions until it has been removed, and normal and natural conditions have themselves been restored. That new factor is increase of debt, the "accursed sinking of price," and the destruction of the base of credit.

LACK OF CONFIDENCE

(*First*). No doubt lack of confidence had much to do with the panic. Lack of confidence has had much to do with every panic which ever happened in peace or war since the world began; but it has generally been the pressure of panicky weakness which produced the lack of confidence, and not altogether the lack of confidence which produced the panic.

THE BOOMS, EXTRAVAGANCE, AND THE TARIFF

(*Second*). The booms in real estate, from Los Angeles, in California, to the suburbs of Washington, and the delta of the Mississippi to Sioux City in Iowa, from Virginia to Alabama, and from Texas to the North; the extravagance of the billion-dollar Congress, the great railroad extensions, the great hotel buildings, the thousand manufacturing enterprises all over the world which have anticipated population and wants not ready to be supplied—we have in these things some plain incidental causations of financial trouble.

(*Third*). The McKinley tariff bill has undoubtedly aggravated these troubles. It came at a time when credit was already strained. Vast stocks of goods were hurried into our markets to escape its burdens. Vast stocks of goods already on hand were affected in price, as European manufacturers were jostled out of their business, and American manufacturers alike. No change of tariff laws can ever occur without disturbing business; and as yet not a year has passed since the Democratic party with

nearly unanimous voice was heaping upon the McKinley bill responsibility for financial disorder.

(*Fourth*). The element of uncertainty attending any change of tariff is an element of the present depression. A man may move from a hut to a palace, but his household goods must suffer during the removal, and his family subjected to momentary inconveniences that are inevitable; and although his condition might be much improved in the end, the transition state must be one of confusion and annoyance. Commerce loves certainty. Even a bad law, which all men know and adjust themselves to, is better than a state of apprehension and stagnation produced by doubt as to what the law will be.

CHANGE OF TARIFFS ALWAYS PRODUCE DISTURBANCE

Says a distinguished author (Juglar) in a recent book on panics:

Any change in our tariff laws general enough to rise to the dignity of a new tariff, has, with one exception in our history, precipitated a panic.

It is some comfort to see that he adds to that statement:

This exception is the tariff of 1846, which was for revenue only, and introduced after long notice and upon a graduated scale.

If we are now in that condition of uncertainty between two tariffs in which trade must suffer, let us take some consolation from the thought that as in 1846, when the least trouble was experienced, so in 1893 we may move with a minimum of embarrassment to the changes of tariff which should be conservative and cautious.

THE RECURRENCE AND COINCIDENCE OF PANICS IN ALL COUNTRIES AND GOVERNMENTS

It is a thoughtful remark of Mr. Juglar, the author, whom I have quoted:

What must be noticed is the recurrence and sequence of the same points under varying circumstances at all times, in all countries and under all governments.

This author gives the following table of the commercial panics in the past eighty-five years:

The coincidence of panics in the past eighty-five years.

France	England	United States
1804	1803	
1810	1810	
1813-'14	1815	1814
1818	1818	1818
1825	1825	1826
1830	1830	1829-1831
1836-1839	1836-1839	1836-1839
1847	1847	1848
1857	1857	1857
1864	1864-1866	1864
	1873	1873
1882	1882	1884
1889-'90	1890-'91	1890-'91

From this table it will be perceived that the successive panics have resulted from conditions with which the whole world was troubled. Thus, in 1803-1804 there was a panic in England and France; so in 1810. In 1813-1814-1815 the panic was in England, France, and America at the same time; so in 1818 in the same countries; so in 1825-1826 in the same three countries; so in 1829-1830, and 1831 in the same countries; so in 1836-1839 in the three countries simultaneously; so in 1847-1848; so in 1857; so in 1864-1866. But, mark, in 1873, while the panic struck America and struck England, who were under the influence of the demonetization of silver, the cyclone was a zephyr in France, which retained the use of her ancient silver money.

In 1882-1884 the panic came here and in England and in France, for falling price and narrowing base of credit were being felt everywhere. So in 1889 and 1890 and 1891 it was in the three countries alike. Should we not pause to reflect here, Mr. President, before we throw the whole burden of this panic upon one isolated act of legislation, that panics have been world-wide before, and that this panic is world-wide now?

ONLY GREAT CAUSES PRODUCE GREAT EVENTS

Let us recognize the philosophical thought that great events are always produced by great causations.

A spark may ignite a tinder pile or a powder magazine, or sweep the wild fire over the dry grass of the prairie. A lamp turned over in a stable may put a city in conflagration. The

hunter of the Alps speaks in a whisper lest his breath shall jostle the gathered avalanche and send it whirling down the mountainside. Let us consider not only the spark, the lamp, or the whispered breath. These trite incidents and occasions could not start the great forces in motion unless the masses of combustion, or of winter's snow, were accumulated and ready for a trite circumstance to put their mighty vehemence in motion. We may put out the spark that made the conflagration; the hunter may draw in his breath after he has started the avalanche, but destruction is neither stayed nor repaired. To prevent recurrence we must remove the great causations or put them beyond the influence of trivial or accidental influence.

THE WORLD-WIDE DISTURBANCE DID NOT BEGIN HERE, NOR
IS IT ATTENDED ELSEWHERE BY A SHERMAN ACT

While the storm center of the panic is now in the United States, it is important to remember that it did not begin here, and that its incipency can not be fastened upon the Sherman law. It began in South America, where there is no Sherman law. It swept over Great Britain, a gold standard country, where there is no Sherman law, where English consols, payable in gold only, and having no fear of silver before their eyes, fell suddenly as securities fell here; where gold, unprotected from going to a premium by the single standard, commanded 13 per cent. a day for its loan, in addition to 3 per cent. per annum, and where the castles of the British money princes came tumbling down.

It swept on to Australia, whose people are the richest in the world per capita, and who have no Sherman law. It agitated Austria, Italy, and India, and is now giving Europe the chills, without the frigid presence of a Sherman law.

ALL ADVISERS NOT DISINTERESTED

Mr. President, it might be well for us to remember that there are some who cry, "Stone him, stone him," as to the Sherman law, who are not entirely distinterested. Our friends, the enemy, the Republican party, are delighted to attribute the

panic to the Sherman law in order to escape their responsibility for the McKinley tariff. The McKinley act goes quietly to sleep in the sheltering arms of the Sherman law, which soothes it to slumber. The gold monometallist is delighted to lay all the burden on the Sherman law in order to hide the work of his own hands behind it.

The bankers are, perhaps, interested to say "Sherman act," but their desire is to save the country by issuing more paper money, and by destroying the metallic base of credit in order to make way for its emission. We were told by the Senator from Ohio [Mr. Sherman] two years ago, that "the speculators" were the people who had prevented the wise operation of the Sherman act. Perhaps those speculators are again at work, and do not want the people to be relieved, in order to force the President to issue new bonds and give them a new basis of operation upon the market.

PREMONITIONS OF PANIC BEFORE THE SHERMAN LAW WAS ENACTED; 1888 THE INCIPIENT YEAR

Let us look now at some of the premonitory symptoms of this panic. The panic began before the Sherman law was enacted. I call attention to the commercial failures and liabilities involved in the United States and in Great Britain alike during recent years, which show that their increase began before the Sherman act, and that they had been steadily accumulating, piling up until the crash came, although retarded by the Sherman act in coming to the crisis by the issue of more money from the Treasury of the United States.

Here are the failures and the liabilities in the United States for the last decade: In 1888 they sprang up from 9,000 to 10,000. They were over 10,000 in 1889, over 10,000 in 1890, 12,000 again in 1891, a little less in 1892; then they again burst up like the flames of a slumbering fire which die down and then catch dry timber and spread.

Here is the gathering avalanche:

Number and per cent. of commercial failures and the liabilities involved in failures in the United States for each calendar year from 1879 to 1892 inclusive.

[From the annual circulars of R. G. Dun & Co., New York.]

Calendar years	Number of failures	Number of business concerns	Per cent. of failures	Liabilities
1879.....	6,458	702,157	.95	\$ 98,149,093
1880.....	4,735	746,823	.63	65,752,000
1881.....	5,582	781,689	.71	81,155,932
1882.....	6,738	822,256	.82	101,547,566
1883.....	7,184	806,966	1.06	172,874,392
1884.....	10,968	904,759	1.21	226,343,427
1885.....	10,637	919,990	1.16	124,220,321
1886.....	9,834	969,841	1.01	114,644,119
1887.....	9,634	994,281	.90	167,560,944
1888.....	10,679	1,046,662	1.02	123,829,973
1889.....	10,682	1,061,140	1.04	148,784,337
1890.....	10,907	1,110,590	.98	189,856,964
1891.....	12,273	1,142,951	1.07	189,868,638
1892.....	10,344	1,172,705	.88	114,044,167

Just as the panic began to creep upon us here, starting in its severity in 1888, it began also in Great Britain, as appears from the Annual Statistician, page 608. In that same year there was a sudden increase of failures and liabilities there as here, the total for that year there exceeding any previous year since the stringency of 1883. In 1890 the stringency in Great Britain turned into panic. The panic began with the tremendous failures of the Argentine Confederation and with stringency in Spain.

When it was announced upon the bulletin boards that the Barings had failed the announcement fell upon America like a snowstorm in midsummer, and enterprise was suddenly paralyzed.

THE BLACK DAY OF 1890—"THE BARINGS HAVE FAILED"

I had personal reason to observe the moment when the panic burst upon us in its fury. I was in the city of Baltimore upon that very day, and was engaged in meeting, as the attorney for some friends in Virginia, certain capitalists in that city who were proposing to invest in my state a large sum of money. The preliminaries had been arranged, the outlook was satisfactory, and at 3 o'clock on that day we were to meet hopefully for final arrangements.

As we were going to the office where the transaction was to take place we looked upon the bulletin board and read the momentous news, "The Barings have failed." Instantly they said, "We must stop," and from that day to this, owing to our monetary trouble, which has its deep seat in gold-standard England, we have seen no hope save in the restoration of our American money.

CONDITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA AFTER THE BARINGS FAILED

Within the space of the two years following the financial markets of the world, Paris, Berlin, New York, and London suffered severe shocks. As soon as the failure of the Barings was announced the atmosphere was charged with storm in London. In New York a terrible financial crisis came at the end of October, and the beginning of November accumulated ruin and failure. The Stock Exchange felt the effect very severely; and

One great speculator, with assets of \$50,000,000, had to ask for time to meet his engagements; the interest on loans was raised to incredible figures in New York; 3 per cent. a year was paid, with an addition of 13 per cent. a day in London; and the stringency increased, and the liquidation at the end of October was marked by five failures.

These words I copy from financial sources.

In the United States the decline in railroad values was enormous, and in the *Bankers' Magazine*, for January, 1891, page 501, will be found an itemized statement of the decline in railroad stocks during the preceding six months, showing an enormous loss.

I will presently produce this table of the losses of securities in the United States, from which I shall deduce the conclusion that if there were a little more silver money in the world to sustain their price capitalists and investors would themselves be better off at the present time.

NO SENATOR ATTRIBUTES THE CONVULSION TO THE SHERMAN ACT

It has been contended, though, that the Sherman law brought on the panic. But let me mark the fact, that while there is an outcry that the Sherman law has produced this panic, no Senator of the United States has been bold enough to make that decla-

ration on this floor. Indeed, the able chairman of the Finance Committee, who is asking us to repeal the Sherman law, on the theory that it produced the panic, himself repudiates and denounces the theory invoked for the action, and tells us, what is the truth, that the American people have full confidence in all their forms of money.

Will any one contend that it was the Sherman act which took gold from this country and is preventing it from coming back?

GOLD CAME TO US AFTER THE SHERMAN ACT

I will reply in the remarks which I had the honor to make here January 7th, 1891, six months after the Sherman law was enacted, and in which I pointed out that although it was an ill-concocted act, which I had opposed, it was then subserving a purpose of benefit to the people of the United States. I then read the following report, made at that time, from the Treasurer of the United States:

In the fiscal year—

He said—

1889 there was a loss of nearly twenty-six millions of gold, a gain of thirty-four millions of silver, and a contraction of forty-one millions in the national bank circulation, resulting in a net decrease of thirty-three millions in the effective stock.

But mark the change in 1890 after the passage of the Sherman act.

The past year witnessed the recovery of fifteen millions of gold, an increase of forty-three millions of silver, and a withdrawal of twenty-six millions of bank notes, a net increase of thirty-two millions in the aggregate supply.

Commenting upon that report at that time I had the honor to say:

Thus under the silver legislation as it has emanated from this body you have seen the same thing happen that has happened with every increase of our silver circulating medium, that, instead of contracting the currency, just in proportion as the silver stream broadened and deepened so has the gold stream broadened and deepened, and that more silver, in the practical interpretation of finance, has invariably meant more gold.

Mr. President, if we turn back to the year 1878, at the time when the first impulse was given by the Bland act to the increase of our silver currency, we find that on July 1st, 1877, not long before its passage, there was less than \$200,000,000 of gold in circulation, in fact only \$167,000,000, and that ever since then gold has been increasing just as silver has been increasing. The truth is, we see here illustrated the important fact of economic science that money produces money. Like to like is the law of affinity in all things the world over.

THE MOVEMENT OF GOLD IN RECENT YEARS, BEGINNING
IN 1888

Now, Mr. President, let us trace the movement of gold more definitely. Let us shadow its footsteps and see where it went and what it went for.

A heavy movement of gold from the United States commenced in May, 1888, the time when the commercial failures in England began, and, as the Director of the Mint said in his report of 1889, "has created a profound stir in the American commercial world, and excited some apprehension of a serious strain upon the gold stock of the United States, as this is the first loss of gold of any magnitude since the resumption of specie payments in this country." (Page 122, report of 1889.)

The Director of the Mint explains the movement by saying that displacements of specie from one country to another always occur when international accounts, established by the balance of trade, must be settled, and as the balance of trade between the period embraced in May, 1888, and September, 1889, was against the United States, the excess of the imports of merchandise into the United States over exports of the same amounted to \$47,000,000.

THE MONOMETALLIST WANTS GOLD BECAUSE IT WILL CIRCULATE
ABROAD AND GETS HYSTERICS IF IT GOES
ABROAD TO CIRCULATE

You tell us, gentlemen, that you want a gold currency that is good and will circulate in all the markets of the world. Why, then, do you get so alarmed, why does Wall Street get in hysterics, when it does circulate in all the markets of the world, according to your projection and according to the inevitable courses in the balance of trade? If you did not want it to be so that it would go abroad, and if the country is to be thrown into trepidation every time it goes to the point you aimed at, is it not evident that something is wrong; had we not better look out for some sustaining standard that will not run away so quickly from the people who want to use it?

We need gold, indeed, for our foreign trade. But why shall we not have silver, too, to rely on for our immense local trade? Why not balance and supplement the use of gold?

MOVEMENT OF GOLD FROM 1889 TO 1893

The Director of the Mint further accounts for the movement of gold abroad at the particular time, 1889, of which I am speaking, by stating that some 120,000 people from the United States visited Paris during the exposition, and nearly all of them carried bills of credit, which necessitated settlement by New York bankers with their London correspondents. In this wise he explains our loss of gold, though he candidly confesses that the specific cause of erratic movements of gold is sometimes difficult to ascertain.

It will be seen, at least, that the movement of gold from this country commenced two years before the Sherman law was enacted, and its initiation can not be attributed to that measure.

In 1890, the Director of the Mint explains the continued movement of gold to Europe by citing three principal causes. There comes in the operation of the McKinley tariff law, which has been so much overlooked in this debate. The Director of the Mint says:

(*First*). Importations of merchandise were heavy, in view of possible changes of tariff, so that exchange was in demand to pay for imported goods;

(*Second*). The South American disturbances had affected the London market:

(*Third*). The rate of discount was higher in London than in New York, and he declares that it is probable that the movement of gold was facilitated by the readiness with which gold bars, of recognized weight and purity, can be obtained at the Government assay office in New York City, and he recommends that the act of May 26th, 1882, which requires the Government to give in exchange, free of charge, gold bars for United States gold coin be either repealed or modified to the extent of making the exchange discretionary with the Treasury Department, and the imposition of a slight charge.

In 1891 the Director of the Mint again takes up the movement of gold, and on page 47 shows that in February of that year the movement of gold to Europe commenced again and did not cease until July, causing the most serious loss of gold which this country has sustained for years, amounting to \$70,000,000 in six months.

In 1892, page 42, he makes a summary of the movement of gold, and, commenting on the large amount exported, concludes that it is "accounted for on the face of the prevailing rates of

exchange by the continued efforts of the Austrian and other European governments to enlarge their stock of gold."

I here give now an extract from the Director's Report of 1892, which summarizes the matter:

SUMMARY OF MOVEMENT OF GOLD FROM THE UNITED STATES

It may be interesting and valuable to recapitulate the movements of gold from the United States in recent years.

The heavy export of gold commenced in May, 1888, aggregating to July, 1889, when the movement ceased, \$61,435,989.

In the summer of 1890 another movement commenced, which continued for only two months, with a total export, in that brief period, of \$15,672,982.

In February, 1891, still another movement of gold to Europe commenced, which did not cease until the close of July, causing by far the most serious loss of gold which this country has sustained for many years. The total amount exported from the port of New York during these six months was \$70,223,494.

In the month of February, 1892, gold exports again commenced and have continued until this time, aggregating from February 19th, 1892, to February 15th, 1893, from the port of New York, the sum of \$90,728,839, an amount in excess of any prior export movement of gold from this country. The movement still continues, the shipments for the first six weeks of the present calendar year reaching about \$20,000,000.

The amount of the exports is unusual, and is accounted for, in the face of the prevailing rates of exchange, by the continued efforts of the Austrian and other European governments, to enlarge their stock of gold. It is said that inducements have been given by the Bank of France to obtain gold to replace some of its reserves that have been withdrawn.—*Report of Director of the Mint, 1892.*

So then, Mr. President, if the financial officers of this Government, who have related every movement of gold, and who have explored every source of causation, know anything about their business, it is not the Sherman act, and they have never so contended, but the movement of the gold-standard nations of the Old World to draw further upon the supply of gold and to dislocate further the money of the people.

Thus, Mr. President, I have traced the movement of gold during the last year, and have traced it before and during the panic of 1890; I have shown that our resources are bringing it back now, with the Sherman law in force, and that its movement to England in 1888 was due to the stringency in the gold-standard nation not so much as in our own. Balfour has pointed out that it was from France and the United States, with their large silver resources, that gold-standard England found succor in her time of need.

PREDICTIONS OF THE EVIL INFLUENCES OF THE SHERMAN ACT
—THE DAY OF JUDGMENT HAS COME

Mr. President, I have no reason to defend the Sherman act. I was never a friend of it, nor it a friend of mine; our relations have always been considerably strained; and if I do not detain the Senate, I beg to read to it now what I said when it stood upon its passage:

If finance were the mere matter of a day I would give my adhesion to this bill. It is better, in my judgment, that this bill should become a law than that no bill should become a law, and will be better for two, three, or four years to come, in this respect: that it will increase the volume of your circulating medium, and will to that degree, for awhile, relieve to a certain extent the people of the country and do that much good. But this bill is a mere makeshift; it is a mere expedient for the nonce. It is a lawyer's plea, put in to get the continuance of a case; and when the witnesses are ready and the jury are about to give a verdict against his client, it is fancied that if you make this experiment with silver and put it there as bullion, and then put out some paper money, you will throw a sop to Cerberus; that you will quiet to some degree the anxieties and respond to the demands of the people for more money. But, Mr. President, there is a day of judgment not far off that will sit upon this bill.

On the one hand, it will soon be contended that this had been a mighty effort to restore silver, and that it had failed; that paper money was being emitted instead of hard money, and the first administration that could get the power to do it would go to work and contract that currency and draw in the greenbacks, copying the unhappy experience which this nation went through just after the Civil War.

For two or three years, for a little while, this will in some degree please the people by the declaration that they have more money, and by actually giving it to them, but silver is not going to rise to par under this bill. New difficulties are going to beset and thicken upon our pathway. In the meantime it will be contended, just as we see the gold men undertaking to contend here now, in the face of the law, in the face of precedent, in the face of the plain truth, that we have adopted the single standard.

The Secretary of the Treasury, instead of correcting his ill-conceived and misused language, will go along and declare again that our bonds are payable in gold. The world will be deceived by our action. The mystery of interpretation will evolve out of the smoke and cloud of this statute ideas not contained in it. The New York papers and the financiers of the world will so iterate and reiterate their views of it, it will be twisted and tortured and turned in this direction and that; and meantime silver will be degraded as a mere commodity to be warehoused, not a dollar of it being coined, not one dollar of it more being sent out in its paper representative according to its dollar capacity.

Mr. President, three years have passed since I had the honor to deliver those words and the day of judgment has come. And, singularly enough, it is the first time that I have ever seen a

criminal driving himself to the gallows and singing songs of hallelujah over his execution.

Every word of prophecy which I then uttered is now history, and a sad history at that. The bill, which I denounced as a makeshift, was so denounced by the national Democracy at Chicago, and is now confessed to have been such by its authors. It pleased the people for a while with the idea that they were getting more money, and by actually giving it to them, but it has run its course and the day of judgment has come, and none are now more severe in their judgment or more anxious to set it aside than those who propounded and passed it. While it was ostensibly a silver bill, and was called such, the contention that I predicted has been made, that while seeming to be for silver, it was really a sly quasi adoption of the single gold standard. The mystery of interpretation has evolved out of the smoke and cloud of the statute just as I anticipated, a construction at war with silver, and not in its favor.

The New York papers and the financiers of the world have so iterated and reiterated their views that it has been twisted and tortured in this direction and that, and meantime, the silver which it pretended to be the friend of, has been degraded as a mere commodity to be warehoused. Not a dollar of it has been coined beyond the limit fixed by the bill, and not a dollar has been emitted, even in its paper representative, according to its dollar capacity. Never did retribution follow so swiftly and so surely upon the ill-concocted measure of the time-server.

THE GOOD AND ILL OF THE SHERMAN LAW

The Senator from Ohio [Mr. Sherman], who addressed us a few days ago, begged that we would give the devil his due and make acknowledgment of the virtues, while condemning the ills of the measure which has become associated with his name.

I have no hesitation in giving the individual his due as far as it can be administered in this world of abbreviated equities and small opportunities. It is undoubtedly the fact, and for my part I candidly admit it, that with all its ills, the so-called Sherman law did confer upon this country a substantial benefit. It must be remembered in considering it that it had a twofold

projection; the one was an effect on silver, the other on the volume of the currency.

In so far as it affected our currency, the result up to a recent date was beneficial. It helped to stay the panic of 1890, and to fill the gap caused by the flood of gold which went to the rescue of English investments when the Barings failed. It is in its effect upon silver that it has had the most injurious operation, and that effect has been caused not by any necessary operation of the act, but by that mystery of interpretation which I foresaw would be evolved out of the smoke of the statute.

WHY NOT REPEAL AND NO MORE?

My friends in Virginia have asked me, and gentlemen here have put the proposition to me, "no man was more opposed to the Sherman law than yourself, why shall you not vote to repeal an evil measure whose consequences you predicted, and whose evils you denounced?" Mr. President, that is sophistry and not logic. Is there a man who having a ragged coat will throw it off in the dead of winter before he can get a new one? Is there a man who is riding a spavined horse and will cut his throat because he has not an Arabian charger to ride on? Is there a man with an old shoe who will fling it into the gutter and go barefooted upon the stones before he can make connection with leather and a shoemaker? Is there a peasant living in a thatched cottage through which the winds blow and the rains descend who will burn down his cottage in the midst of a snow storm because he has dreamed of a castle in Spain or a palace in the skies when he has nowhere else but in the cabin to lay his head?

Mr. President, I am not in favor of the Sherman law; neither am I in favor of going hatless, coatless, shoeless, barefooted, and naked out into this winter storm.

THE EFFECT OF REPEAL—THE BLAND-ALLISON ACT

Let me ask as to the effect of its repeal, do you propose to restore the conditions existing at the time of its repeal in repealing it? Oh, no, you repealed the Democratic measure, the Bland-Allison act, which put forth \$2,000,000 per month, by

the Sherman act, and you propose now, by repealing the Sherman law, to destroy the Bland-Allison act, whose place it took, and not issue, as it did, the \$2,000,000 per month.

REPEAL WITH A SUBSTITUTE DEMANDED BY THE DEMOCRACY

Ah, but you say the Democratic platform said: "Repeal the Sherman law." So it did. It also said: "Repeal the McKinley tariff act;" but will you repeal the McKinley tariff act and leave us without revenue in the Treasury and with no tariff? Why, then, should you repeal the Sherman law and leave us with no law for continued silver money? The Democrats called for a reduced tariff instead of the McKinley act, and for coinage of silver and gold without discrimination instead of the Sherman act.

SOME TEMPORARY BENEFITS FROM REPEAL ACKNOWLEDGED

Mr. President, I do not doubt that the repeal of the Sherman law would have some beneficial effect in many directions. It would give some immediate ease to business transactions, partially through the hurrah that would be made that confidence was now restored, partially, also, because there is no doubt that some capitalists who wish to force the country to its repeal have refused the loan of money until it is repealed.

Go to a bank, Mr. President, and ask to have your note discounted. "My dear sir, we will be happy to accommodate you, but let us wait until the Sherman law is repealed."

Transiently there would be some relief through the movement of money, either purposely withheld, or frightened into retirement. But this monetary effect would soon wear off. Existing mostly in the emotional nature of man, though to a degree promoted by a scheme to contract our currency, it would soon dissipate its influence, and the excited people who have been persuaded to expect great relief from repeal would ere long stand confronting the merciless conditions of a contracted currency without a corresponding contraction of either taxation or debt.

THE EFFECT OF REPEAL ON BUSINESS WOULD BE LIKE THE
TEMPORARY INFLUENCE OF THE ACT ON THE PRICE
OF SILVER BULLION

The effect of repealing the Sherman law and putting nothing in its place would act upon our commerce very much like the passage of that bill acted upon the price of silver. Momentarily the price of silver went up under the influence of the declarations so vociferously made by the friends of the bill that it would go up, but when this influence was exhausted bullion again went down. I much fear that commerce would revive in very much the same manner under the influence of the declarations that the repeal of the law would revive it; but I also fear after this emotional influence was over it would again drop just like the price of silver dropped. The effect of the repeal in the excited condition of the public mind would be very much like the effect of a patriotic air of music on a column of weary and hungry troops. It would quicken their steps and lighten their countenances, and as long as the music lasted, the cheery feeling would run along the line, but when the music ended they would be weary and hungry still, and would quickly realize, as weariness and hunger increased, that they had a still longer march before them, and were still without rest or nutriment.

DEMONETIZATION PROPOSED IN 1893 AFTER THE FASHION
OF 1873

In the next place, we should remember that the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law is the abrupt and total discontinuance of silver coinage, and that it is fashioned after the Republican legislation of 1873, which we called demonetization because it quietly dropped silver from our coinage laws. That legislation went through the House of Representatives with a soft and catlike tread, and even the Speaker who sent the bill to the President of the United States, and the President of the United States who signed it, did not know it. But this demonetization, patterned on that very one which we have denounced for twenty years, will go through the Senate, if it goes at all, without a substitute, with a lion's roar.

PRESENT CONTRACTION OF CURRENCY UNLESS THERE IS A
SUBSTITUTE

Mr. President, the unconditional repeal would contract the currency. The people would soon realize that some fifty-odd million dollars, which the Sherman act supplies annually, would as suddenly stop its flow into the currents of trade. With a diminishing supply of money, is it not evident that the drooping energies of trade could not be long sustained, and that we would not profit by decreasing our resources at a time when the whole country is calling for their expansion?

WOULD NOT SILVER FURTHER DECLINE IN VALUE?

Let me ask the question if the absolute repeal of the Sherman law would not lead to a further decline in the present price of our silver bullion? There is a solemn statute upon the statute books of the United States to-day declaring for the preservation of both metals at a parity. I ask you to mark its phraseology: "Both metals." The writers of that statute knew the fact that if you would keep the metals at a parity the dollars would take care of themselves, and that you can not take care of the dollars without taking care of the metals out of which they are made. So it did not say it would keep the dollars at a parity, but would keep the two metals that make them at a parity, because then parity was in the very heart of nature established and insured.

Now, then, will that pledge be redeemed if we shall pass a law leading to the possible or probable decline in silver bullion? Our silver currency in specie and in certificates representing bullion is now about \$600,000,000. They have declined some 40 or 45 per cent. Their further decline, and we can not estimate to what extent it would go, would further separate bullion and legal values. This result will not only apply to our silver money, but would apply to the silver of the world.

Silver bullion fell under the operation of demonetization in Germany and the United States twenty years ago. It fell again abruptly under the demonetization in India but a short time ago. Would not history repeat itself if we followed those examples now? Certain it is that our British friends on the other side of the water are anticipating this result.

GREAT BRITAIN ANTICIPATES DECLINE ON SILVER FROM
REPEAL WITHOUT A SUBSTITUTE

In the report of the British commission, which is known as the Herschel report, it is said, on page 14:

A strong agitation exists in the United States with respect to the law now in force providing for the purchase of silver. Fears have been and are entertained that there may come to be a premium on gold, and a strong pressure has been brought to bear upon the Government of that country, with a view to bring about an alteration of that law.

No one knows any better than our British friends who wrote that report, how strong a pressure has been brought here; and certainly they ought to know, for they were the persons who assisted to bring it, and inspired it, and are still sustaining it now. This report continues:

In December last a bill was introduced in the Senate to repeal the Sherman act, and another to suspend purchases under it.

That was when the honorable Senator from Ohio led off in this new anti-silver movement.

Whether any such measure will pass into law it is impossible to foretell—

Says the report—

but it must be regarded as possible; and although, in the light of past experience, predictions on such a subject must be made with caution, it is certainly probable that the repeal of the Sherman act will be followed by a heavy fall in the price of silver.

Again they say, page 26:

The closing of the Indian mints would, no doubt, make it more likely that the United States would give up buying silver, and if the apprehension of this were added to the cessation of the Indian demand, the effect might be a panic in the silver market.

Mr. President, it was a double-barreled gun that was shot at silver. It was of longer range than any that guards our native coast. The trigger was pulled by a gunner who sits near the British throne. One barrel struck in far-off India and another struck in the miners' camps of the West, aimed for the purpose of making that panic in the silver market which has ensued, and which will probably yet ensue if you do as they ask you, and repeal without any substitute the Sherman law.

It is possible that the decline in silver has been discounted. It is possible that the destruction of our mines may so lessen the

quantity of production as that prices as at present may remain. No one can tell amidst such confusing conditions. But the proposed experiment is dangerous indeed.

WILL NOT INCREASE OF TAXATION BE NECESSITATED?

What next? Increase of taxation is another apparent probable consequence of the repeal of the Sherman law without a substitute. The British Commission on the Indian currency, page 40, points out this consequence from such legislation. It says:

The alteration in the relative values of gold and silver has so increased the liabilities of the Indian government, in comparison with its revenues, as to make it necessary, in the absence of other remedies, to impose fresh taxation.

The same effect is being felt here. There is shrinkage of revenue as money grows tight. There will be more shrinkage as silver is further degraded by the repealing bill, and there will be further shrinkage in property valuations as money and property value are further parted. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild acknowledged this in the monetary conference. Present assessments of real and personal property will have to be reduced and, meanwhile, the property holder will be compelled to pay a tax no longer represented by corresponding value or productive power.

My distinguished friend, the chairman of the Finance Committee, evidently appreciated these facts as to the sequel of a repeal without a substitute, for in his speech he contemplates and argues in favor of two things: (*First*), the repeal of the Sherman law; (*Second*), the creation of an income tax.

WILL NOT SECURITY HOLDERS AND PROPERTY HOLDERS SUFFER?

Security holders and income gatherers will here again find that not only are their securities reduced in value by a war on silver and by shrinkage in the property which supplies them, but a continuous shrinkage will follow the imposition of a new burden on them, nor will that burden cease when levied on them in the shape of an income tax. It must extend itself to embrace

increased taxation on real and personal estate in the states. It will spread itself to the exercise of the Federal Government, and to every department of state and municipal taxation throughout this nation. It was but this morning that I read in one of our journals that the experts were hard at work to see how much more revenue might be squeezed out of increased whiskey and tobacco tax through the internal revenue laws.

WOULD IT NOT LEAD TO REVISION OF PENSIONS AND SALARIES ?

There is another result of this movement against silver which Mr. de Rothschild pointed out in the monetary conference at Brussels, which is that pensions will have to be revised and cut down.

Here is a war against your pensioners; not against the fraudulent ones, but against the bronzed and war-beaten men of battle, whom every generous heart the world around loves to see crowned with their country's honors and receiving its just rewards. You will have to cut down their pensions if you cut down the values which support them. The salaries of all the Government officials will have to be reduced next under the accursed shrinkage of the world's property, under the immense weight of a debt to which you deny the means of redemption.

WOULD NOT UNCONDITIONAL REPEAL LEAD TO FURTHER CONTRACTION OF THE CURRENCY OR INCREASE OF THE PUBLIC DEBT ?

As soon as the Sherman law was repealed it would be immediately claimed that all of our silver money was a mere subsidiary money, to be redeemed in gold.

Our stock of gold in the Treasury available for redemption purposes is about \$103,000,000, and it is now charged with the redemption of \$412,000,000 of uncovered paper money. In addition to this, it would be instantly charged with the redemption, also, of some \$600,000,000 of silver certificates and silver dollars, making over \$1,000,000,000 of subsidiary money resting on a gold basis of \$100,000,000, or an inflation of a billion of paper money on the unbankable basis of 10 to 1.

If there be lack of confidence now in silver money, would not that lack of confidence be immediately intensified? Would it be possible for this slender and overstrained stock of gold to redeem this vast volume of other money? Might not the shock which we now feel be merely a tremor compared to that which would possibly result from the contraction of our metallic base, it being impracticable with present resources in gold to support the redemption of so large a volume of money? Confronting that condition, two alternatives would be presented to us to follow:

(*First*). The Congress and the President would be urged to withdraw the greenback circulation of \$346,000,000, an idea which was recommended by Daniel Manning, when Secretary of the Treasury, and which may now lurk behind the silent statesmen who demand unconditional repeal of the Sherman act and no more, although none are bold enough to say that it was the cause of this trouble.

(*Second*). If this further contraction of our currency, with all the miseries in its train with which we are familiar, is not the mysterious plan behind this movement, then the increase of the national debt must become the other inevitable alternative.

In order to provide gold to save the Treasury, should there be a rush of silver or greenbacks for redemption, the issue of bonds would be proposed. Will confidence then be restored when the already overtaxed gold resources are thus assailed? On the contrary, confidence will be weakened, and those who have been urging the President to order or recommend the issue of bonds to provide gold will renew their demand, and it must be granted or the attempted gold system will collapse and fall and bury the honor of our country in its ruins.

PANICS CAN NOT BE ALLEVIATED BY CONTRACTION

A panic can not be arrested by a contraction of the currency any more than a panic in war can be arrested by the abolition of troops. It occurs from lack of money; and if we were now to contract the currency by stopping the emission of silver or silver certificates under the Sherman act, and put nothing in its stead we would do a thing unprecedented in the history of

financial legislation, and the very reverse of what England did when the recent failure of the Barings occurred.

HOW WE TREATED THE PANIC OF 1890

In 1890, when the panic that has now burst upon us was threatening, it was retarded and prevented from then coming to a head by the action of the Secretary of the Treasury, who used the surplus to buy bonds, and threw a million dollars of fresh money into the New York market for seventy days successively.

This \$70,000,000 which went from the Treasury was reënforced by the Sherman act, which sent nearly five millions a month, as the *Bankers' Magazine*, which I have before me, states: and such was the demand in New York for the notes that were printed under the Sherman act that the printers' press had to print them in hundred and thousand dollar notes. So eager was New York to devour them in the money famine that she could not wait for the press to turn them out in small bills. So we come to the rescue of the panic of 1890 with more money, and Great Britain recognized her emergency in the same way.

HOW GREAT BRITAIN TREATED THE PANIC OF 1890

On September, 1890, when the Bank of England received notification of the difficulties of the Baring Brothers, they went at once to work to reënforce the falling market and supply it with money. By the 15th of that month the Bank of England had secured from a syndicate composed of the great London houses, and guaranteed that it would be protected from loss to the amount of £4,000,000 if it would liquidate the Barings' account, and had also secured from the British Government the right to issue seven millions of notes, provided that sum was used to loan the Barings.

Thus on both sides of the water, and according to universal experience, practice, and wisdom, they did not attempt to put out the fire by pouring on the oil of contraction, but they did help to assuage its flames by turning on the hose with more money.

PROOFS THAT WE NEED MORE MONEY

We are constantly told by many of our advisers that this country does not need more money, that there is abundance in existence, and that the only trouble is that those who own it will not allow it to circulate, preferring to hoard it. The phenomena of the present situation, as well as certain settled conditions of the country, alike show that they are mistaken in their diagnosis.

THE MAKESHIFTS ARE SUBSTITUTES FOR MONEY

That we need more money is evidenced by numerous current circumstances:

(*First*). That all sorts of makeshift contrivances and inventions are issued to take its place—certified checks, interest-bearing duebills in large but unknown amounts, and in New York and Boston alone as much as \$50,000,000 of clearing-house certificates.

THE NATIONAL BANKS HAVE INCREASED CIRCULATION

(*Second*). It is proven by the fact that the United States bonds are being hurried from all directions to be hypothecated at the Treasury as a basis of national bank notes, and that the national bank circulation based upon them has increased \$20,000,000 since this panic began.

THE NATIONAL BANKS ARE ASKING FOR MORE CURRENCY

(*Third*). By the fact that the national banks and their patrons are all urging Congress to issue to them 100 cents on the dollar of currency instead of 90 cents, which they now have. Surely, if we had plenty of money these institutions, who would be the first to command its use, by reason of the guaranties which they can give to depositors, would not be knocking at the doors of Congress clamoring for more.

SOLVENT SECURITIES CAN NOT COMMAND MONEY

(*Fourth*). That there is not enough money is evidenced by the fact that the most solvent and certain securities can not command it. I have heard a gentleman within sound of my

voice declare that he had offered \$150,000 of first-class securities for a loan of \$30,000, thus making the collateral 5 to 1. The situation is such that in all the money centers the question of safety in the security has no effect in commanding currency.

NO DISTRUST OF CURRENCY OR SILVER MANIFESTED

(*Fifth*). If it were distrust of the currency which led to its abstraction from the marts of trade, surely those who are afraid that it would spoil on their hands over night would be rushing, like a green grocer who wishes to sell his perishable fruits and vegetables while the dew of the morning is on them and ere they wither during the day. But, Mr. President, the people who are charged with distrust of their currency are hoarding away their silver dollars in their stockings and cherish them as the one thing in life to stick to now. Furthermore, it is said, there are capitalists who have got money and are afraid to risk it for fear of payment in silver. Why do they hoard it when there are millions of men who are ready to give them gold notes in return, and it is perfectly legal to do so?

THE HIGH PREMIUM FOR MONEY

(*Sixth*). If there were plenty of money, how is it possible that money commands so high a premium? How is it that if the silver dollar is avoided and distrusted, men are ready to pay a premium of from 3 to 5 per cent. to get possession of it? How is it that the Secretary of the Treasury tells you that gold has been tapping at the door of the Treasury during this panic, begging to be exchanged for the silver dollars that lie there un-circulated and disused? How is it that the rate of discount is so high in London? All these phenomena point unmistakably to the fact that there is not enough money in the country or in the world.

SETTLED CONDITIONS SHOW WE NEED MORE MONEY

The settled condition which needs to be relieved, and that which lies behind all of these phenomena, and most rivets the conclusion that there is not enough money, is the fact that there has been a continuous fall of prices in the staple products of the

soil for a quarter of a century, the greatest fall of prices in such a time ever known in the history of the world.

Whatever tendencies of modern society may exist to promote the fall of prices, whether it comes from the increase of productiveness by machinery or the increased area of production or otherwise, the fact that prices have fallen from whatever cause, the fact that debt has so greatly increased from whatever cause—these two things reveal to you that between credit and redemption there is now a gap which the gold bridge can not cover, and it is necessary, no matter what may have been the causes of this recognized ill, to address yourselves to the unhappy condition and to endeavor to meet its equities in enabling the world to better bear its burdens.

UNCONDITIONAL REPEAL WOULD STRENGTHEN MONO-METALLISM

Would not unconditional repeal vastly strengthen the cause of monometallism, and put bimetallists at a disadvantage? I will read just here from the report of Edward Atkinson, who was a special commissioner sent by President Cleveland to Europe during his first administration to investigate the conditions of finance, and whose report, with Secretary Bayard's approval, was submitted to Congress some years ago.

It has seemed to me suitable to use every means in my power to remove the discredit of silver, and to call attention to the powerful forces which are now just beginning to act, but which can not fail to increase the demand for silver coin over great continents.

I have reason to believe that my efforts in this direction may have partly removed the dread of a prospective "avalanche of silver," as it is sometimes called from the continent of North America, especially from the United States, and that this fear, which has been perhaps the most potent cause of the unwillingness even to consider the question of bimetallism may be wholly removed by the further investigation as to the relative production of silver and gold which may ensue.

Another dread may also have been removed, to-wit, that of a sudden change of policy in the United States leading to the cessation of silver coinage, and also to the possible attempt to dispose of a considerable part of the present stock of silver coin. The people of Great Britain are so wholly unaccustomed to the use of any representative paper money of less denomination than the five-pound notes of England or the one-pound notes of Scotland, that I think there has been no real appreciation of the manner in which the silver certificates of the United States have been passed into the circulation, or how easily they are now maintained at par in gold, taking the place of bank notes as they are disused, and of legal tender notes as they may be of necessity, rather than choice, withheld in the Treasury.

Thus it will be seen that he recites the European dread of our cessation of silver coinage and ensuing sale of discarded silver as one of the great impediments to bimetallism in Europe. This dread, which has so long retarded the opening of European mints to silver, would now become a realized fact and an immediate impending danger, for with the vast sum of discarded silver in our Treasury we would be enabled at any time to deluge Europe as she was once deluged by Germany, and she would understand and interpret our action as an abandonment on our part of bimetallism, and a falling into line with her movement to monometallism.

Those who in America have masqueraded as bimetallists would instantly unfurl the flag of monometallism. It would be heralded over the boards of exchange: it would be rejoicingly boasted by all the organs of the money power, that this country had deliberately discarded silver, and turned the prow of the ship of state toward the mainland of monometallism.

That honest and sincere bimetallists would abandon their cause, I do not believe; but instead of being masters of the situation, as they are here and now to-day, if they will but stand by the convictions which they have so often professed, they will be at the mercy of their enemies: instead of being nearer the end of their goal, they would have to begin anew their battle.

It would require an Act of Congress to restore the field, and we would be where we were in 1873, when silver was first demonetized, with the disadvantage of knowing that it had taken place openly and deliberately.

MR. A. DE ROTHSCHILD'S VIEWS

In this connection let me read the words of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild in the monetary conference.

To sum up the situation in a few words—

He said—

London being the center of the financial world, we have to be doubly careful to protect our stock of gold: but if bimetallism were introduced throughout Europe we should have much greater difficulty in doing so and should be obliged to increase our stock of silver whether it suited us or not.

So if America stands by bimetallism, England will have to stay nearer to bimetallism in order to protect her stock of gold;

but if we go to the sole gold basis, with a knowledge that English investments in America may at any time contract the gold market and plunge us into a panic, it will be we who will be at the mercy of the British money kings, and not they within the range of our control.

THE REMEDY SUGGESTED BY DEMOCRACY

Having now described the situation as I understand it, what should be the remedy? I will answer.

(*First*). In general terms, more money; and that it should be silver money, as there is not enough gold, and too much paper already, is the inevitable conclusion which, as I think, should follow.

(*Second*). Speaking specifically as to remedy, I would say the remedy which was recommended by the Democratic convention of 1892; that is to say, the coinage of gold and silver without discrimination against either metal, or charge for mintage.

(*Third*). The removal of the tax of 10 per cent. on state banks, that the people may employ their own energies in their own behalf; and, I will add, the banks, out of the very necessities of the case, have been employing them notwithstanding the tax.

(*Fourth*). The reduction of the tariff to a revenue basis.

These plans stood the assault of their enemies in 1892, and were approved by the people, and the initial step should be the restoration of silver, because all our paper currency, whether issued by Federal or state government, must rest on a metallic base.

A SOUND AND STABLE CURRENCY SHOULD BE ESTABLISHED

I am in favor of a sound and stable currency, every dollar of which should be maintained at par with every other dollar. This currency should consist of gold and silver, the hard metallic money of the Constitution to which our people have been accustomed for an hundred years, and also of paper money to such extent as it may be made redeemable and payable in gold or silver coin. Every unit called a dollar of the whole

money mass should be preserved of an equal value with every other unit, whether the material which represents it be gold, silver or paper. Any departure from these principles of sound finance is sure to bring confusion to commerce and to precipitate disasters upon all classes of the people.

As our mintage laws now stand no gold dollar pieces are coined, and our workingmen and retail dealers, who are compelled to take silver in quarters, halves, and dollars, by reason of the fact that gold is not coined in such valuations, are not guaranteed against their depreciation; they must inevitably suffer.

The power of Congress to pass all laws necessary to maintain the parity of all our dollars can not be questioned. The Constitution says it shall have power "to coin money and regulate the value thereof." This "regulation of value" should not stop short of the maintenance of the parity of all varieties of money.

THE PRESIDENT'S VIEWS IN HIS LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE COMMENDED

The Democratic party has never preached any other doctrine than this, and in the Chicago convention of 1892 it gave to this doctrine explicit and emphatic utterance. When the President accepted his nomination upon the Democratic platform, he expressed himself in terms well chosen. Instead of adopting the precise language of that platform, he adopted its principles and he declared for the coinage of both metals well guarded by wise laws "on equal terms," and for the equality of their "intrinsic value or their purchasing power."

That utterance of the President in his letter of acceptance I commend. It is in a straight line with the platform on which he was nominated, and is a decided improvement upon it in clearness of language. Indeed, I welcomed the President's words, for they took somewhat of the cloud out of the inapt phrase of the Democratic platform and put light in its stead; and it fixed his regard for bimetallism.

I was a member of the committee that framed the Democratic platform at Chicago, and at one time that committee had agreed that its declaration should read in favor of the "free coinage of

both gold and silver, without discrimination against either metal, but the dollar unit of both metals must be of equal exchangeable value," etc., etc., to my best memory.

But it was contended that there were many who were prejudiced against the word "free," and who attributed to it a deluge of silver, and a more enlarged meaning than was necessary; that the words, "without discrimination against either metal, or charge for mintage," meant free silver coinage, and that in that shape and form it would be acceptable to the country.

Mr. President, a distinguished gentleman from New York, Mr. John De Witt Warner, a near friend of the President, and who is now a member of Congress, and who attended the Chicago convention, has, in a recent speech, declared that this meant free coinage, and I presume there is no one who can read that language understandingly who can attribute to it any other meaning than that.

WHAT IS MEANT BY SOUND AND STABLE CURRENCY

When we use the adjectives "sound" and "stable" in reference to currency, we must remember that we are not applying them to an exact science. In the abstractions of mathematics we employ exact terms, and 2 equal to 2 is absolutely exact world without end. In things concrete equations can only express approximations. All men are equal, we say in political phrase. That means "before the law" only, for we know that in no respect are any two men equal otherwise. Even twins differ in every faculty and feature. No two leaves in the forest and no two grains of sand upon the seashore are "exact" counterparts of each other.

The words "sound" and "stable" as applied to money, mean simply that money must have fixity in its materials and equality of function or faculty before the law; and that the units of the mass be preserved at their parity of "intrinsic value or purchasing power." This is what the President has defined himself to mean, and this is what intelligent men everywhere mean when they use those terms.

THE PARITY OF MONEYS A LEGAL AND COMMERCIAL TERM

The par of money or the parity of coins, it must be remembered, is a legal and commercial term. It does not mean that the law can or will maintain one gold dollar at all times and circumstances in parity with itself, for this is a world in which "the moth and rust doth corrupt," and the abrasion of the coin may destroy the parity with which it began with another gold coin of the same material and denomination, and may cause it to be rejected at its value.

When \$100,000 during the panic was tendered at the Treasury in coin it lost \$3,000 of its value by abrasion. So you do not mean by parity that you are going to preserve, guarantee, and keep at all times any dollar which you emit at a measurable equality with every other dollar.

A DOLLAR NOT A DEBT BUT A REDEEMER OF DEBT

Then, in the next place, parity of money does not mean that one metal dollar should be redeemed in another metal dollar. Such an idea has never had a place in the finance of any nation.

It is a modern invention, a reversal of all sound finance that ever existed, by the Republican party in order to destroy the value of silver. If the silver dollar be treated as a promise to pay a gold one, why not write the promise on paper? If the gold dollar is redeemable in a silver one why not write the promise on paper? The idea that one metal dollar is to be redeemed in another metal dollar is an utter destruction of the meaning of the terms and a revocation of the dictionaries of all languages. It is done upon the assumption that a dollar is a debt. A dollar has never been a debt. It is not made for redemption, but is made to be the redeemer. If the dollar is a debt, then the United States is a repudiator, for the Treasury is refusing to-day to give silver dollars for gold ones.

If the silver dollar is treated as a debt, then also the gold dollar must be treated as a debt, else the one dollar is not at parity of function with the other dollar. Then one has a quality that the other does not possess. Then the two metals are not treated on equal terms. Then there is no sound and stable

money, of which every unit is legally equivalent to every other unit.

If both gold and silver dollars be treated as debts, then the more dollars we coin the deeper we involve ourselves in bankruptcy. We would have to keep our silver money in the Treasury to redeem our gold dollars of debt. We would also have to keep the gold dollars in the Treasury to redeem our silver dollars of debt.

Then, too, bimetallism by which it is designed to make gold share the burdens of silver, and silver share the burdens of gold, would double the burdens it is intended to divide. Then our money, instead of being a sound and stable currency to circulate amongst the people, would become a stagnant Treasury pond.

BIMETALLISM AND ITS THEORY

Mr. President, I am in favor of bimetallism, and bimetallism can never be established except by following its theory throughout all of its legitimate conclusions. Bimetallism, as I understand it, is the use of both gold and silver as money at a fixed ratio of value and as a legal tender for all debts and taxes, with equal rights of coinage at that ratio. Monometallism is the use of one metal as money. There is also a mixed system in which one metal is used as a standard and the other as subsidiary coin.

This has been fitly termed humpbacked bimetallism.

TWO PREVAILING SENTIMENTS: 1. REPEAL THE SHERMAN LAW; 2. RESTORE BIMETALLISM

I will call attention just here to an important fact. There are two sentiments in this country which have had the approbation of every political party in it. We have been at the millenium for more than twelve months on two propositions. They are to be found expressed or implied in every political platform; they have been advocated by nearly all orators upon the hustings. There is a consensus of the American mind on these two propositions; that the Sherman law shall be repealed and that you shall use gold and silver not in humpbacked bimetallism, not as subsidiary coin, but as standard money of

redemption, sustained by wise laws, with a power to defend itself in the market and to discharge taxation and debt.

I stand here ready to carry out here and now both of these ideas. I repeat at this juncture what was said so aptly and well by the Senator from Mississippi [Mr. Walthall], that if you will but change the promise in the pending measure to the word "enact" I am now here to carry out the will of the American people as it has been interpreted through all three parties who have represented the people, and it can now be accepted so far as I am concerned without another word of debate.

THE ESSENTIALS OF BIMETALLISM

But, Mr. President, speaking of bimetallism, let me say that under existing humpbacked bimetallism it is not intended to nor can it keep the two metals at a parity, for the refuse of the one not coined as freely as the other must at once fall to commodity value. It is necessary to bimetallism that these things shall be established:

(*First*). That a ratio of value between the two metals be fixed by law;

(*Second*). That they be impartially coined at that ratio;

(*Third*). That they be made a legal tender for debts and taxes impartially;

(*Fourth*). That they be impartially collected and disbursed in payments;

(*Fifth*). That the more plentiful metal be freely used when there is a scarcity of one of them.

1. THE LAW MUST FIX RATIO

The ratio must be fixed by law. This is because there is no natural ratio between the two metals, either as to amount or value. The production and supply of them is constantly varying in quantity. The demand for them is constantly varying in intensity. Were there no ratio fixed by law and enforced by law, in so far as it deals with them, the mercury in the thermometer would not be more changeable as temperature rises and falls than would be the value of those metals as the supply and demand rises and falls.

As conservatories, dwellings, and hospitals are kept at a certain temperature to preserve vegetable and animal life, so a ratio is fixed by law between the metals to preserve the parity between the fixed units of the monetary mass.

2. COINAGE MUST BE IMPARTIAL—THE HAMMER TEST

Unless the two metals be impartially coined at the legal ratio, it is evident that the one or the other must sink in value, and the one that is preferred in coinage will rise, and the one that is slighted must fall. Impartial coinage may be "free coinage," or coinage at an equal seigniorage.

Seigniorage is charged for one metal and not for the other; the one that has to pay it will, of course, fall in value, and the one that is given free coinage will rise. If one is given free coinage and the other denied the right of free coinage, of course the preferred metal will rise and the slighted metal will fall. As our laws now stand the legal value of gold can neither rise nor fall, because the Government insures its legal value.

To say that it is stable is simply to say that measured by itself it is always the same before the law in the same measure. Any one who has the quantity of grains that make a dollar can take it to the mint and it is coined into dollars for him at the expense of the public. Any one who has the amount of silver which constitutes a dollar when coined can not have it coined in similar manner at public expense, or even at his own expense. In short, the law is partial to gold. Hit your gold dollar with a hammer and it becomes a shapeless piece of bullion. Take the disfigured lump to the mint, and at public expense it is re-shaped for you into a dollar. If you knock the life out of it, the law puts the life back into it; consequently, its life and legal value are guaranteed by law. Hit your silver dollar with a hammer, and the law will do nothing to restore it. It is flung aside as rejected and useless.

In other words, Mr. President, gold has a vitality and an immortal soul put into it by law. Silver is left soulless like the beasts that perish.

Edward Atkinson has written an article upon this subject in the *North American Review*. He says:

The only definition of good money is that it consists of coin which is worth as much after it is melted into bullion as it purported to be worth in the coin.

Admit it. He says "gold is good money because it is worth as much in bullion as it is in coin," and "silver is bad money because it is not worth as much in bullion as in coin." I admit all of the plain propositions of this great statistician and metallic philosopher. Why did he not add a word and say that the gold was as good in the bullion as a dollar because the American people would pay for putting it back into the dollar if the dollar was knocked out of it, and why did he not add the plain inference, that if the law will simply put the dollar in the silver it will always find sufficient silver in the dollar?

3. BOTH METALS MUST BE MADE LEGAL TENDER, IMPARTIALLY

Evidently this is necessary, for if a man may loan one of many kinds of currency, and require gold in return, it is easy for traders to turn the country on a gold basis while the laws are declaring for bimetallism. Legal tender is the balance-pole of money. We leave the country like a dancer walking the golden rope without a balance-pole if we do not make both moneys full legal tender for all debts, and especially should it not be allowed that one money be loaned and another demanded. All this has been pointed out by Justice Miller in an able opinion in the Supreme Court well known, in which he dissented from the statutory construction of our legal-tender laws, and announced the true philosophic view of the subject.

4. THE TWO METALS MUST BE IMPARTIALLY COLLECTED AND DISBURSED IN PAYMENTS

Unless there be impartial collection and disbursement one metal will be preferred by administrative influences disturbing the operations of an equal law.

5. THE MORE PLentiful METAL SHOULD BE USED WHEN THE OTHER IS SCARCE

To use that article which is most plentiful when another is scarce is the universal instinct of private and public economy,

else we make more scarce what is already so, and discard the bounty which is ready at hand.

Peculiar circumstances may vary the application of these principles, but they are principles not to be ignored.

THIS IS A BIMETALLIC COUNTRY

Mr. President, this country is in favor of bimetallism, and it is to its interest to be so. It produces about two-fifths of the silver of the world, and is the largest silver-producing and gold-producing nation.

The great men who framed our institutions were bimetalists. Our system was devised by Hamilton and Jefferson and approved by Washington; and it existed, flourished, and fulfilled its functions from 1793 to 1873, during a period of eighty years. While it led to some perturbations, these perturbations were readily corrected. When silver went away from us, gold stayed by us, and when gold went away from us, silver stayed by us, and using that metal which was more serviceable, we flourished as no other nation has ever flourished since time began.

BIMETALLISM CONTEMPLATED FLUCTUATIONS OF PRODUCTION

Bimetallism was not fashioned upon the supposition that there would be equal production of the two metals, according to the ratio of value fixed. Jefferson and Hamilton knew just as well as we know now that when the system was established the production would necessarily vary thereafter as it had varied before.

And it was because of the fluctuations in production of both metals that bimetallism, rather than monometallism, was adopted. If we had a monometallic gold basis, and our exchanges, assessments, and taxes were based solely upon gold, any decrease in the production of gold would be calamitous, and any hoarding or cornering of it would be equally so; for the moment the gold stream ceases to flow into the channels of trade there would be utter stagnation of commerce, with panic and bankruptcy impending.

So, if only silver were used as money, any causation which curtailed its supply would be disastrous.

One hundred years ago, when we stood upon the threshold of our career as a nation, these facts were fully comprehended by the sagacious men who framed our monetary system. They knew that, in the nature of things, the supply of silver would fluctuate, and they concluded that these fluctuations would be less shocking to society if our system were built upon two metals rather than one. If the supply of gold failed, the supply of silver might be bountiful. If silver failed, gold might be bountiful, while, in the long run, through the tract of many years, there might be an approximate equality in the production of the two metals. In the history of our country from 1792 to 1892 their wisdom is demonstrated.

For the first fifty years, or from 1792 to 1841, the production of silver in the world was greater than that of gold. From 1841 to 1848 gold predominated. In 1849 silver a little predominated. In 1850, owing to the discovering of gold, in Australia and California, gold production took the lead and held it for thirty-two years, until 1881, when the two metals were nearly equal. In 1882 silver took the lead and still leads it. But when we sum up the whole tract of time from 1792 to 1892 we find that throughout that period the production of gold has been \$5,633,900,000, the production of silver \$5,104,961,000, a total of \$10,738,869,000, in which vast sum gold exceeded silver by \$528,947,000. This small variation in so long a time shows that present troubles are not due to fluctuations in the production of the metals.

A SINGLE STANDARD CAN NOT MAKE A SOUND AND STABLE CURRENCY

The experience of the world has shown that a single standard of gold or silver can never make a sound or stable currency. In single-standard Great Britain the price of gold has varied thirteen times within a single year. Gold goes to a premium in itself at some junctures. Statistics show that there is more fluctuation in the value of one metal used as money than can occur with two metals used as money.

SINGLE STANDARD DOES NOT PREVENT PREMIUM ON GOLD

There seems to be some vague dread going on in this country that if you have the full coinage of silver gold will go to a premium. Gentlemen, you are dreading something that has already happened. You are afraid of a ghost which has already flitted before you. You are afraid of a ghost which the single standard does not prevent from troubling you again. If the premium on gold is not expressed in another metal it will express itself in gold, and while at the single standard. Although it would seem paradoxical to say so, you can never keep gold at a parity with itself. A premium of 13 per cent. on gold has recently obtained in gold-standard England. Why do you say, then, that you dread the coinage of silver because you will have to pay a premium on gold? Is it not already being required in all countries whether of the single or double standard, and does it not show the scarcity of gold? You will eventually reduce the premium gradually on gold if you have silver. Why? Because gold will not have that monopoly that it enjoys when you have silver.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MECHANICS AND NATURE

The bicycle turns over with the slightest jostling, and the two-wheeled carriage moves smoothly along, even if there be not mathematical exactness in the perimeter of the two wheels. A one-legged man must hop unevenly in his gait, but a two-legged man may go at an even gait, even if one leg is a little shorter than the other. The two ears of man are never precisely the same in detecting sound, but each ear rests the other, and both together are more astute than one. There is hardly any man who has not some stigmatism of one eye or the other, yet each eye rests the other, and human sight is keener and more enduring from the possession of the two organs than if we were a one-eyed Cyclops race.

The price of coffee is steadied by the production of tea; the price of corn by that of wheat, rye, and oats; the price of beef by that of pork; the price of wool by that of cotton; the price of brandy by that of whiskey and wine; the price of railway transportation by that of water transportation. In short, the value and use of everything in nature is affected by the value of

other things which have a similar use. And the Creator of the universe, wisely providing against perturbations, or reducing them to a minimum on their ill consequences, has not relied upon a single standard in anything for the continued processes and progress of the world.

DEAD SILVER BULLION AND LIVE SILVER MONEY HAVE NO
RATIO

The Senator from Oregon [Mr. Dolph] yesterday uttered a great argument against silver upon the idea that silver bullion was depreciated. What has silver bullion rejected and depreciated got to do with live silver? There is no more comparison between silver bullion refused and discarded and the silver that is invested with debt-redeeming and tax-paying power than there is between "the dark, deserted house" when the soul of man has gone from it and man created in the image of his Maker with his senses keen and his intellect bright and his energies summoned for effort and encounter.

WHEN IT IS MOST CERTAIN THAT REFUSE BULLION, IF
COINED, WOULD RISE TO PAR, IT WILL BE CHEAPEST.
UTILITY MAKES VALUE

The following proposition, which I now make, will seem at first blush a paradox, and yet no proposition is more capable of demonstration, either by logic or by the observations of experience. The proposition I make is this: That at the time when it is most certain that bullion, if coined, would rise to par value, that portion of bullion which is refused the right of coinage will be cheapest, and may indeed be cheaper than staple commodities of consumption, because it is a luxury and not a necessary of life.

At the time when money is most dear men are ready to make the greatest sacrifices to get it. They will sell property for a song. They will make superhuman exertions of labor. They will do anything in reason to get the one thing that will relieve them from oppression of debt and taxes. At such a time all property values are lowest, and as the bullion that is denied the right of coinage is mere useless property, unless used in the arts, it is quite certain that it will be lowest at the time when

money is most dear. Aye, it will then, in all likelihood, be cheaper in proportion than wheat or corn, or meat, which men must get in order to live, or than wool or cotton, which they must also get in order to be clothed. It becomes a mere luxury, useful only in jewelry and in the arts of ornamentation.

Men forego such uses in hard times, and hence the refuse bullion will fall below the plane of value of the things which they must have. It should be borne in mind by those who seek understanding of the money question that it is only the refuse bullion that is low in value. Let a man order a suit of clothes, and have a scrap of cloth left over; let him buy bricks for a house, and have a pile left over; let him order a dinner and leave a dish but partially tasted; let him build a bridge, and have enough timber to build a span left over. Does not every one know that although the intrinsic elements of cloth, of brick, of food, of lumber are all still there, that they have been, by the refusal of use in the manner for which they were procured, suddenly dropped in the scale of value, to be sold for a song to the junk dealer or the scrap hunter?

Who cares for the silver scraps that are not made into money? Who would turn on his heel to pick up the discarded and rejected metal? But, the next day, let the man who got the suit of clothes need more cloth and be unable to get it; let the man who built the house need more brick for an addition; let the men who feasted be hungry and without food; let a span of the bridge be swept away by high waters, and at once that which would have been thrown into waste finds its value restored by the circumstances which surround it. The muskets of Grant's and Lee's armies had every intrinsic element in them the day after the surrender of Appomattox that they had before, but where was their value? The old warships of the world had every element of intrinsic value when the ironclads came upon the deep that they had before, but where was commercial value when they were no longer useful? It is utility that makes value.

When we destroy the utility of silver you crush out of it the elements of value that it possessed before the destruction. It is we, not silver, that is to blame that it is discarded and refused to be made into money at a time when the hungry world is holding up its hands and begging us to give it the silver tool to work with the silver redeemer to relieve the bondage of debt.

FIXITY IN VOLUME OF MONEY DOES NOT MAKE A SOUND AND STABLE CURRENCY

Fixity in volume of money is not an element of a sound and stable currency. On the contrary, fixity in volume would destroy it. Population, business wants, products, increase every day. The volume of money is the measure of their value. If money remained at a fixed figure, while its uses increase, prices go down, money goes up, and soundness and stability are lost. A ship must be sound and stable in all its timbers, but if it is so rigid in its course that it will not rise and fall with the waves it is not a sound and stable ship, but one that will go to the bottom in the first storm. So with money. If it does not increase in volume with multiplied uses prices will fall, and if it decreases with falling prices panic is inevitable.

LIMITATION IN VOLUME OF MONEY NECESSARY

But while fixity is fatal to the beneficent functions of money, limitation to its volume is indispensable.

But for the limitation money would lose all value.

If golden or silvery apples grew on trees, who would care for them? If diamonds fell in rain showers or grew like daisies, who would care for them? Would their "intrinsic elements give them intrinsic value?" Oh, no. For if everybody had them in abundance they would give nothing for them in exchange.

The natural limitation upon the production of the precious metals induced mankind to make money out of them—that is to say, the two things combined: (*First*). Their intrinsic elements, which are capable of manifold uses; (*Second*). Connected with the limitation upon their quantity which nature has made—and out of their suitability for purposes of exchange grew up the almost universal theory and practice of bimetallic money. In this we contemplate and take the chances of nature, the equitable mother of us all.

IF NOT SILVER MONEY—WHAT?

If we do not increase our money in silver, what are we going to increase it with? What else is there to look to? There is a condition and not a theory for us to confront. If any are opposed to increasing the money of our country in silver, let the Chairman of the Finance Committee, let some of these able

statesmen who recognize their responsibility to meet this condition, answer my question and let me carry to my people some information or hope. If you will not take silver, tell me what will you take? Is there any one here who can answer me? "Don't everybody speak at once." In lack of information as to anything else, I must confront this condition as best I can with all my imperfections of information and experience.

SILVER OR PAPER THE ALTERNATIVE

It is either silver or paper we must choose. Then who is it who stands here for sound and stable money? It is not you who are proposing to embark this country now with its billion of paper money with only \$100,000,000 of gold to redeem it upon a still broader expanse of paper? You can not call yourselves advocates of sound and stable money with such a plan before you. It is the monometallist who proposes to carry our people again upon the dark, uncertain, unsound, and unstable waves of more paper money; without sufficient metallic base, or, in the other alternative, he does not propose to give the people any at all. It may be that this is the idea. If that is the proposition it has never been disclosed; but hope has been held out that we will come to silver after awhile. When?

GOLD INSUFFICIENT, WHY NOT SILVER?

Why shall we not have free coinage of silver, or coinage on equal terms, properly supported now; and why should trade be alarmed at the idea of restoring a money to which we were accustomed for eighty years? Evidently gold is insufficient as a basis of a larger amount of paper money. Then we have an insufficiency to sustain the volume of money necessary in the discharge of such vast debts as are due from our people.

In 1892 the United States produced \$33,000,000 of gold, of which \$16,000,000 was used in the arts, and there was little difference in the figures of 1891, leaving in each year not as much as \$16,000,000 to go into coinage from current stock.

The world's product of gold has only been \$130,000,000 in 1892, \$120,000,000 in 1891, and \$113,000,000 in 1890, and with probably about one-half of this quantity consumed in the arts. It is quite evident that if we are looking to gold alone to

rescue the world, and if the whole world should go on the gold standard—England on the gold standard, Germany on the gold standard, Austria on the gold standard, Australia on the gold standard, and France quivering upon the edge of the gold standard—if all these great nations are to be gathered around the small lump of \$60,000,000 of gold per year, this is indeed “a dainty dish to set before the king”—this is the seed of anarchy, despotism, and ruin.

The paper money of the world now is about \$2,500,000,000.

NO JUST FEAR OF SILVER DELUGE FROM EUROPE

Ah, you say, there will be a deluge of the silver of the world to America. I wish I could believe it. I should be still more in favor of silver than I am now, for I think a little deluge is just what the famishing and crying world is needing; but, Mr. President, there is no such hope. Are the opinions of our financial experts worth anything? Did Secretary Windom know what he was talking about when he advised the American Congress that there is no accumulation of silver bullion anywhere in the world; that Germany had long since disposed of her stock, and that there was no danger of an avalanche?

In a report which I have, but will not read in full, it appears that the fact is, so far as a deluge is concerned, that Europe has some reason to fear, but we none. Why? Because we are a silver-producing nation and a silver-possessing nation, while Europe is not silver producing and can not share what she is using.

THE EUROPEAN FEAR OF SILVER DELUGE NOT UNFOUNDED

Europe is naturally afraid that we are trying to unload our silver upon them, but we know that they have little or no silver to unload upon us.

Here is an instructive statement from Secretary Windom's report of 1890:

There is, in fact, no known accumulation of silver bullion anywhere in the world. Germany long since disposed of her stock of melted silver coins, partly by sale, partly by recoinage into her own new subsidiary coins, and partly by use in coining for Egypt. Only recently it became necessary to purchase silver for the Egyptian coinage executed at the mint at Berlin.

NO AVALANCHE POSSIBLE FROM PAST PRODUCTS OF SILVER

The Secretary continues in his report:

It is plain, then, that there is no danger that the silver product of past years will be poured into our mints, unless new steps be taken for demonetization, and for this improbable contingency ample safeguards can be provided.

Nor need there be any serious apprehension that any considerable part of the stock of silver coin of Europe would be shipped to the United States for deposit for Treasury notes.

There is much less reason for shipping coin to this country than bullion, for while the leading nations of Europe have discontinued the coinage of full legal-tender silver pieces, they have provided by law for maintaining their existing stock of silver coins at par.

In England, Portugal, and the states of the Scandinavian Union there is no stock of silver coin except subsidiary coins, required for change purposes, the nominal value of which is far in excess of the bullion value. Germany has in circulation about \$100,000,000 in old silver thalers, but ten years have passed since the sales of bullion arising under the anti-silver legislation of 1873 were discontinued. It is safe to say there is no stock of silver coin in Europe which is not needed for business purposes.

And I may well associate with this statement the following remarks and analytical statement of W. P. St. John, Esq., president of the Mercantile National Bank of New York. Says he:

Indisputable records prohibit the assumption of an excessive production of silver in the world. The entire world's coinage of silver during any period of five years, counting our Treasury absorption as coinage, has exceeded by average the annual production of silver. For the five years ending with 1889 the average annual coinage of silver has exceeded the annual production of silver by \$10,700,000. In 1889 the production exceeded the coinage; but in 1890 (for which I have not figures) our required Treasury absorption was enlarged. The world's records thus manifest a recoinage of foreign moneys by one or more nations, for which a sufficient explanation is India's and China's absorption of Mexican dollars.

Estimates, too moderate to be disputed, of the world's annual gross requirement of silver by average of the five years ending 1889 (ending 1890 for India), are as follows—all at our coin value:

Art consumption in Europe and the United States.....	\$ 32,500,000
Art and money use of silver in China, Japan, Ceylon, and Africa	17,000,000
Retained at home, of their annual production, by Mexico, Central and South America, exceeding.....	8,000,000
Spain and Austria's full tender and subsidiary, and the subsidiary coinage of the other continental states.....	12,500,000
British India's net absorption, exceeding.....	35,000,000
United States mint absorption prior to 1890, about.....	32,500,000
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World's average annual requirement of silver prior to our purchase act of 1890.....	\$137,500,000
Increase of United States requirement now 54,000,000 ounces, coin value \$70,000,000, less \$32,500,000.....	38,500,000
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Total average requirement	\$176,000,000
World's greatest annual production of record.....	165,000,000
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Average shortage of annual production of silver for present requirement	\$ 11,000,000

This present yearly excess of gross requirement over the largest production of silver in the world seems to be verified by the record of the United States imports and exports of silver for 1891. During the nine months to October 1st, our exports of silver have exceeded our imports of silver by \$5,526,846. It seems further to be confirmed by the year's decrease of about \$7,000,000 in the supply of silver bullion accumulated in New York. The New York accumulation of silver has been caused by fluctuations in the price occasioned by speculations upon the predicted legislation, and was greatest in amount before the act of 1890 became a law.

THE QUESTION OF WAGES

Ah, but it is said, you will hurt the laboring man and destroy wages if you give him a cheap dollar. I have never heard that argument from a laboring man, and silver can never be a cheap dollar. It has been invented for him and used in his behalf by those who wanted monometallism. Are wages higher in America, which has stuck to silver, or in gold-standard England, which has stuck to gold? Are wages better in the silver United States or in gold-standard Germany, which has stuck to gold?

The gold protectionists who would outlaw silver to enhance gold value use the same delusive arguments to workingmen that all protectionists use when they discuss the tariff. The tariff protectionist says, make the manufacturer rich at the expense of the people and he will share his profits with the workingman and give him high wages. This bubble burst in 1891-'92, and the story of lower wages that came on with the McKinley bill is now historic, and helped to overthrow the Republican party that preached the fallacy. The gold protectionist is now dressed in the old clothes of the tariff protectionist, and is saying, "Help me to protect the gold owners of Australian mines and gold creditors and I will give you gold wages." Have these protectionists of all classes forgotten that last year the workingman was told how low the wages were in England, a gold-standard country, and in Germany, a gold-standard country, and how much better they were here, where we were still clinging to silver? Has not the laborer yet learned that monopoly never does divide fairly with him, and that his chance in life is only under free and equal laws?

The Royal Commission of Great Britain, appointed to inquire into the changes in the relative values of the precious metals, in

1887, replied to the argument, "that low prices and dear money help the wage earner," and said:

That a fall in prices benefits the capitalists who have lent money for fixed periods at a fixed rate of interest, and in such cases a smaller share of the product of labor is left to be divided between the producer and the wage-earning classes. It is difficult to suppose that the latter can for any length of time receive larger real wages out of the smaller share of the gross product of labor which is divisible between themselves and the producer.

This argument seems to me to be conclusive that the interests of the wage earner is not on the side of those who are contracting and appreciating money, and who are leaving to the producers of wealth who employ them a less profit for division between themselves and their employees.

HONEST MONEY IS THE MONEY OF THE CONTRACT

But we are told that we must have honest money. So say I—honest money. What is honest money? "What is truth?" asked Jestling Pilate, and turned away, not waiting for an answer. I will give answer. I know of no money which can be described as honest except the money of the contract. The money which a man promises to pay is honest money, if that money, not another kind, be required in payment. It is quite obvious that, whoever else we may injure, it is impossible, in the present condition of things, to injure the creditor classes generally.

THE NATIONAL DEBT SCARCE A FACTOR NOW

I eliminate out of all discussion here our national debt. It is no longer a factor upon the question of our Federal currency. It is but \$585,000,000, and there are \$22,000,000 per annum of interest charge. Not by law, but by custom, we have reversed by Treasury interpretation the theory of bimetallism, and have given the creditors of the Government an option, which belongs to the people, and they have chosen gold.

So insignificant in proportion is the remaining volume of our public indebtedness, so misunderstood and misrepresented should we be if we at this late day adopt another rule, that I lay aside that common-law maxim, *malus usus abolendus est*; I

would do no injustice to any public creditor; I would not quibble over a forced condition, the reversal of which, at this late day, might injure our credit; I would not make enemies of those who should be friends; I would not revive a useless controversy.

MORE SILVER DEBTS THAN GOLD DEBTS DUE, AND NO DANGER
EXISTS OF INJURY TO THE CREDITOR CLASS

As to the great mass of general creditors, there are more men who hold debts that are solvable in silver than debts that are solvable in gold, and as to the great mass of credits that are solvable in any kind of metal, if the creditors could get to-day silver bullion, rejected, dishonored, demonetized, unstamped as legal-tender money, they would then generally get an equivalent in value for all they have loaned. Now, if you put the stamp upon it and make it a dollar, they would get something more in value than the dollar which they lent.

I agree that all creditors should get the value of the dollar loaned. But that value by the contract is to be in the dollar and not in other things. In short, a contract to pay a dollar is fulfilled literally, truly, and equitably by paying the dollar that the contract called for. If we go beyond the contract, and if it is to be contended that we are to give to the creditor a dollar, measuring its value by the things that a dollar will buy, if this is the construction to be put upon the contract, and we are to look beyond its terms for its solution, then the contract is twofold, and we are only required to pay the creditor the value of his dollar in other things.

Now, if we are to pay a dollar valued in other things for the dollar borrowed, my reply would be manifold:

(*First*). That silver bullion will to-day buy as much of anything that a man can buy with his dollar, as any dollar ever borrowed would have bought at the time it was loaned; for silver bullion will to-day get as much wheat, corn, cloth, or other commodities as it ever would.

(*Second*). If we make a dollar to pay our creditor out of silver bullion, the dollar function imparted to the bullion will

undoubtedly increase its commercial exchangeable value, and if we were to pay every creditor, private and public, in a silver dollar, we would pay him something that would buy him more of this world's goods than the dollar he loaned would have bought at the time; and there is nothing that we can do with regard to silver that will not through its agency return to the creditor as much or more value than he loaned.

(*Third*). If the creditor shall insist in looking beyond his contract to the alleged equity, and insist that he possesses a right extraneous to his contract, and demand the equivalent in commodities of the dollar he loaned, the debtor must, on the other hand, possess the like equity to look beyond the terms of the contract and pay the creditor, as measured by commodities, only the value that he loaned; and if the principle shall be applied of looking to extraneous equities, even the silver dollar that will be paid for anterior debts would have to be scaled and cut down in order to administer the equity between the parties.

HOLDERS OF BONDS AND STOCKS SHOULD SUSTAIN SILVER

The holders of bonds and stocks are now suffering from the financial conditions by which we are surrounded far more than they could possibly suffer if all the silver in the world were coined by the United States. If the banks that have failed—and their names are legion—could pay their depositors in silver money, how much more valuable would be their stock? If the railroads, which are in the hands of receivers, could pay their bondholders in silver, how much more valuable would be their securities? If the mortgagers, whose shrunken lands are now unable to bear the burden of the mortgages upon them, could only get silver to pay them off, how happy would be the mortgagees?

Mr. President, I have a statement here taken from the *Bankers' Magazine* for January, 1891, which gives a table of the decline in the leading railroad stocks during the six months preceding the panic of 1890, when this storm was getting its work well in:

Stocks	Highest price last spring	Lowest price December 8	Loss in value
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.....	\$50,746,373	\$25,626,919	\$25,500,052
Canadian Pacific	54,762,500	44,525,000	10,237,500
Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis	21,898,299	15,110,508	6,787,791
Chicago and Northwestern	36,711,494	30,749,798	5,961,696
Chicago and Northwestern, preferred.....	33,053,136	30,038,154	3,014,982
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.....	36,649,207	20,769,802	15,879,405
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, pre- ferred	27,090,836	21,277,823	5,813,013
Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific.....	44,771,320	30,462,960	14,308,360
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy.....	85,170,055	64,068,505	21,101,550
Chesapeake and Ohio	11,727,450	6,668,550	5,058,900
Central Pacific	24,820,000	19,645,000	5,175,000
Delaware, Lackawanna and Western.....	39,161,000	32,215,500	6,945,000
Delaware and Hudson	42,875,000	32,340,000	10,535,000
Erie Railway	23,010,000	13,357,500	9,652,500
Erie Railway, preferred	5,933,145	4,012,343	1,920,802
East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia.....	3,162,500	1,787,500	1,375,000
East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, pre- ferred	8,910,000	7,850,000	2,060,000
East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, sec- ond preferred	4,041,250	2,543,500	1,597,500
Illinois Central	47,620,217	37,488,259	10,131,958
Louisville and Nashville	44,400,000	32,049,000	12,360,000
Lake Shore	56,453,643	49,901,165	6,492,478
Michigan Central	19,628,264	15,552,706	4,075,558
Missouri Pacific	37,649,297	25,178,710	12,470,587
Missouri, Kansas and Texas	9,571,030	5,046,540	4,524,490
Missouri, Kansas and Texas, preferred....	4,046,250	2,275,000	1,771,250
Manhattan Consolidated	27,957,887	22,342,414	5,615,473
New York Central and Hudson	99,265,413	85,180,456	14,084,967
New Jersey Central	23,938,522	17,325,156	6,613,366
Norfolk and Western	1,741,250	910,000	813,250
Norfolk and Western, preferred.....	17,921,250	13,905,000	4,016,250
Northern Pacific	19,355,000	9,310,000	10,045,000
Northern Pacific, preferred	31,843,146	21,450,194	10,392,952
Now York, Ontario and Western.....	13,220,931	8,135,957	5,084,974
New York and New England.....	10,450,000	5,650,000	4,800,000
Ohio and Mississippi	5,150,000	3,575,000	1,575,000
Oregon Navigation	25,950,000	18,240,000	7,710,000
Oregon Short Line	13,906,578	4,461,242	9,405,336
Oregon Transcontinental	20,094,100	3,815,946	16,278,154
Pacific Mail	9,475,000	5,415,000	4,060,000
Philadelphia and Reading	19,089,965	10,334,362	8,755,603
Richmond and West Point Terminal.....	19,775,000	9,161,250	10,613,750
St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba.....	23,000,000	18,400,000	4,600,000
Southern Pacific	38,963,617	29,763,874	9,199,743
Union Pacific	41,542,751	24,347,400	17,195,351
Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf.....	12,032,314	5,373,668	6,658,646

Look at that table, with its shrinkage of millions upon millions of value. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company lost \$25,000,000 in trying to keep up to the gold standard. Look at my own state, where the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Company lost \$5,000,000. Look how the great Richmond & Danville line lost \$10,000,000 in the twinkling of an eye. Ah! if those stockholders and bondholders could only have a little silver money, or even silver bullion, to fill that aching void, would not they be happier than they are now, looking down the great gold canyon and seeing nothing at the bottom?

THE PRODUCTION AND THE VALUE OF SILVER

It is claimed by some, and not without plausibility to the minds of the uninformed, that the increased production of silver has been the cause of the decline in the value of silver bullion. In the case of commodities which are sold upon the open markets of the world at such prices as they may command, undoubtedly the law of supply and demand controls the price. When they are scarce the price goes up, and when they are plentiful the price goes down; but this law has little effect upon the value of the precious metals when they are allowed the right of coinage at a legal ratio.

That the existing increase in the production of silver is not the cause of the fall in its bullion value is abundantly demonstrated by the fact that silver bullion fell at a time when there was a continuous excess of gold production. In round numbers the world's production of gold and silver from 1870 to 1880 was as follows:

Year	Gold	Silver	Year	Gold	Silver
1870.....	\$123,000,000	\$64,000,000	1877.....	\$116,000,000	\$93,000,000
1871.....	119,000,000	68,000,000	1878.....	120,000,000	97,000,000
1872.....	113,000,000	71,000,000	1879.....	114,000,000	99,000,000
1873.....	112,000,000	75,000,000	1880.....	108,000,000	101,000,000
1874.....	111,000,000	79,000,000			
1875.....	111,000,000	82,000,000		\$1,258,000,000	\$817,000,000
1876.....	111,000,000	88,000,000			

In 1870, gold \$123,000,000, silver \$64,000,000; 1871, gold \$119,000,000, silver \$68,000,000; 1872, gold \$113,000,000, silver \$71,000,000; 1873, gold \$112,000,000, silver \$75,000,000; and so on all down the line, showing that in the decade between 1870 and 1880 there was produced \$1,258,000,000 of gold and but \$817,000,000 of silver. Thus in one decade the production of gold exceeding silver was nearly \$500,000,000.

Nevertheless, silver bullion did not increase in value, which would undoubtedly have been the case if excessive production of gold necessarily cheapened it and lesser production of silver necessarily enhanced its value.

Clearly we must look beyond the relative productions of the two metals for the cause of depreciation in silver bullion. Between 1687 and 1873 the lowest ratio of silver to gold was 16.25, in 1813, and the highest ratio was in 1760, 1 to 14.14.

As long as mints were open to both metals and debts could be paid in either metal, there was stability in price regardless of the variations in production. The yield of silver between 1800 and 1840 was forty times that of gold, yet there was but slight variation in the metals from the legal ratio, and when, as between 1850 and 1870, silver was but 4.5 times that of gold, there was also but little variation.

In the forty years between 1833 and 1873, which include the period of the great gold discoveries and the consequent increase in the available supply of that metal, but little change in the gold price of silver can be observed.

In the ten years from 1831 to 1840, the proportion which the value of the silver produced bore to that of gold was 1.86 to 1. In the five years from 1851 to 1855, the proportion had fallen to .288 to 1; the market value of silver only varied between 15.75 to 1 in the first period, and 15.41 to 1 in the last.

In the five years between 1871 and 1875, when the production of silver, as compared to gold, was .710 to 1; and in the five years from 1876 to 1880, when the proportion was .794 to 1, the change in production was insignificant, and yet in the last five years the market value of gold was 17.81 to 1, while in the first it was 15.97 to 1.

From 1861 to 1872 gold diminished and silver increased without any variation in the price of silver.

CAUSE OF DECLINE IN SILVER CLEAR—ACTION OF LAW THE CAUSE

Evidently we must look for the causes of variation in value of the bullion metals for causes extrinsic to that of ratio of production; and these causes are obvious when we look for them. "He that hath eyes to see, let him see."

In 1871 Germany suspended free coinage of silver and adopted the gold standard. In 1873 the United States suspended free coinage, provided for an issue of trade dollars, and stripped silver coins of legal-tender function in sums exceeding \$5. In 1873 Germany threw a great mass of demonetized silver bullion on the market, purchased gold, and provided for the retirement of silver coins, while France the same year restricted silver coinage.

In 1874 Norway and Sweden demonetized silver; in 1875 Holland suspended it; in 1876 Russia, France, and Spain discontinued it. In 1892 Austria-Hungary adopted the gold standard and began to buy gold, and recently, in June of the present year, India suspended free coinage.

In parallel lines to these movements of the law against silver, its bullion price declined, although in perpendicular lines the gold production was in excess through the period of its declination up to 1882.

The royal commission of Great Britain, composed of financial experts, who in 1887 inquired into the causes of changes in the relative values of the precious metals, showed conclusively that the depreciation of silver was not due to its increased production. They called attention to the fact (page 78) that in the case of other commodities, the effect of changes in supply and demand was more marked and more immediate; that those commodities are generally produced for the purpose of consumption at an early date, or within a comparatively short period; that the supply at any time available for the market, or being capable of being placed on it, was, therefore, a very important element by which its value is fixed. While, on the other hand, the precious metals were but to a slight extent consumed, and the available supply consisted of the accumulation of previous years.

They also declared that an important consideration with regard to the precious metals was the relation between the total stock then in existence and the then existing demands upon it. The increased demand for gold, made by the extension of the gold standard, and the decreased demand for silver, caused by its demonetization, are obviously the causes which have put silver down and gold up.

Mr. de Rothschild said before the International Monetary Conference that the action taken by Germany and the action of the three great money powers and the several minor powers had materially tended to accentuate the downfall in the prices and value of silver.

The great Humboldt, whose master mind read and interpreted the secrets of nature, declared that the enormous mass of precious metals already accumulated in Europe render any considerable or continued variations in the relative value of gold and

silver impossible. Experience, he says, has shown this. In England, for instance, in the ten years more than 1,294,000 marks of gold, \$180,959 (in dollars), were converted into money, and yet this monopoly of gold only raised a proportion of it, that of silver from 1 to 14.97 to 1 to 15.60.

Humboldt did not anticipate, and neither could he take into account one new factor, which has come into the world's economic concerns contemporaneously with the factor of falling prices and depressed trade, the change of law which operated upon the base of credit and disorganized all things which depend upon that base to be sustained.

THE RATIO OF COINAGE SHOULD NOT BE CHANGED

The existing ratio between silver and gold ought not, in my opinion, to be changed.

It would involve the re-coinage of our present mass of silver money at the immense cost of \$112,000,000, as shown by the letter of Secretary Carlisle; but more important than this are the philosophical considerations.

No other nation of the whole world has proposed to change its ratio. We would not be in closer affinity with any one else by changing our ratio than we are now. On the contrary, we would be moving away from those affinities and likenesses of commerce, which have so much more force in old countries, like those of Europe, than in our own. The silver and gold of England are coined at a less proportion than we have now. It is so with the silver of France, of the Latin Union, of Germany, and all the European nations. Why, then, should we further complicate and confuse this problem by moving further away from existing conditions rather than by moving closer to them?

Indeed, Mr. President, I believe that a change of ratio and the putting of more silver in the dollar would be an increased impediment to bimetallism. It has been pointed out by all financial writers and experts that if any European nation were opened to the free coinage of silver to-day our silver dollar would go to Europe, go into coinage, and make at least 3 per cent. by turning into foreign money out of our own; and it is the fact that we are now putting too much silver into our dollar which has helped to close the mints of Europe to the free coin-

age of silver, because over there they fear not only the silver bullion which comes from our mines, but also that our silver money will go there to convert itself into their silver money at a premium of exchange of not less than 3 per cent.

Albert Gallatin originally advocated the ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. That ratio would to-day be far better than an increased ratio and would put us in closer relations with the great silver-using nations. It would create a money level, in which the money of one nation would have no intrinsic motive to go to another nation's mint for profit in exchange.

In the report of the British Indian Currency Committee, page 48, these views obtained for reasons well stated, and I quote their comments against the change of ratio in India. They said:

The coinage of a new rupee of greater weight than at present existing has been suggested as a remedy for the difficulty. If for this purpose the plan were adopted of recoinng the existing rupees it is evident that the expense, which must be calculated on at least 1,000 to 1,500 millions of rupees, would be very heavy, even if the measure did not attract to the mints boards in excess of the amount in circulation; and after the recoinage had been completed there would be no security that it would be effectual, since a further fall in the gold value of the rupee would produce difficulties of the same kind as have now arisen. If, on the other hand, in addition to the existing rupees, heavier rupees were issued, there is the objection that, for some time at any rate, two kinds of coin would be in circulation, of different intrinsic worth, yet professedly of the same value; and there does not appear to be any advantage in this plan over that proposed by the government of India.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM

A few words, Mr. President, about the platforms. Everybody in the United States, as matters stand to-day, is committed to silver as standard money. I will speak now of the Democratic platform. It said: "We denounce the Sherman law as a cowardly makeshift." A makeshift is a kind of bogus substitute. Now, the Sherman law was a makeshift and a bogus substitute, but for what? For the free coinage of silver. So, if you take the language in its proper and accepted sense and inject into it the meaning of the thing that it applied to, it means that you denounce the Republican party for making a "cowardly makeshift" for the free coinage of silver and for not

giving us the genuine article. The next sentence is equally significant:

We—

The Democracy—

hold to—

“Hold to,” Mr. President. A good word that—“hold.” Whatever other meaning “hold to” may have, I beg to suggest to the learned grammarians that it does not mean “let go.” If it be acknowledged that “hold to” does not mean “let go,” we ought to hold on to the silver that we have and look forward faithfully and hopefully to that which we desire, for we said—

We hold to the use of both gold and silver—

Now, I say you promised to hold on. Let us hold on—to what?—

both gold and silver—

In what character?

as the standard money of the country—

“The standard money of the country!” How long has the patron of the Sherman law been trying to convince this people that we want the single gold standard? How long has he been trying to subvert all ideas of historic finance by regarding dollars as debts redeemable and convertible into each other? We are not on the gold standard and we do not intend to go to the gold standard, but we hold to gold and silver “as the standard money of the country.” Now, how are we going to sustain the standard?

and to the coinage of both gold and silver—

For that is the way it reads. They would coin both metals. They were not going to float a lot of paper on bullion uncoined. That is what the Republicans had wanted to do, but the Democrats were going to coin both metals. They said: “We are going to coin both metals,” and I say do it. How are they going to coin them?

without discriminating against either metal—

Without discrimination against either. The Republicans have been discriminating against one metal, but the Democrats

would not do it, and not only without discrimination against either of the metals, but the platform says:

or charge for mintage.

That is, they were going to have free mintage without charge.

But—

They said—

the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value.

I did not like that language, because if a dollar is of equal exchangeable value it is all one wants, commerce is exchange, and value is ratio in exchange, and there is an equal ratio between the dollar and exchange; but some gentlemen like to accumulate words; they are fond of a little ambiguity; and they put in the words "intrinsic value."

EQUALITY OF PURCHASING POWER IN DOLLARS THE THING NEEDFUL

It was just there that the President of the United States, in his letter of acceptance, put a little of the white of an egg into the coffee grounds and clarified them by a clear expression. He said that he was in favor of "equal intrinsic value or purchasing power." There is the true theory of the proposition. If the money has the same purchasing power we do not care about intrinsic value. If both metals have the same intrinsic value they will always have the same purchasing power. The purchasing power is the thing that is looked to, whether it is a national bank note resting on a bond, whether it is a greenback resting on the Treasury, and on taxation, whether it is silver, or whether it is gold.

Then, be it noted, the Democratic convention did not insist it should be positively and absolutely of equal intrinsic value, but the platform added:

Or—

With emphasis on "or."

It was going to get gold and silver money without discrimination, and if it could not get there by one road it was going to take another, and it said:

Or be adjusted through international agreement—

Let it be remembered that an international convention had been called: it was about to meet; and if it could be adjusted there, well and good. But it was not adjusted there, and the Democrats at Chicago contemplated that it might not be adjusted there, and they added another clause:

Or by such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar, at all times, in the markets and in the payment of debts.

These are the words. If other nations did not do it this nation would do it; and as this is the nation that is responsible for its promise, now is the time to perform it. It can not be performed unless we restore bimetallism with all the legal-tender functions of, and tax-paying functions of, all metal dollars, in debt payment and in exchange.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN INTERESTS CONFLICT

Mr. President, many of the early people who settled and conquered England came over there under what they called the raven flag, and they boasted in styling themselves the ravagers of the world. I think the present financial conditions show that the breed of the ravagers of the world is not extinct and that the raven flag is still flying.

There are certain characteristics of the English people that make them our natural economic foe:

(*First*). Great Britain is a creditor nation and this is a debtor nation.

(*Second*). Great Britain is a consumer of our agricultural products. We are the producers.

(*Third*). Great Britain is a gold-producing nation and this is more than gold producing, a silver-producing nation.

(*Fourth*). It is the interest of Great Britain to make silver low. It is the interest of Great Britain to make gold dear.

(*Fifth*). It is the interest of Great Britain to make wheat, cotton, corn, and produce cheap.

(*Sixth*). Our interests are the antitheses of hers.

Now, then, I propose to make good the three assertions with which I began this discussion. I propose to prove that Great Britain seeks to enrich her creditor class by opposing silver.

1. PROOF THAT GREAT BRITAIN PROPOSES TO AGGRAUNDIZE
HER CREDITOR CLASSES BY DESTROYING SILVER

England always goes to battle with drums beating, colors flying, and bugles blowing. She avows her purpose to conquer when she declares war. It is sufficient proof that she is warring upon our silver to enrich her creditors, to take the avowals of her prime minister, William E. Gladstone, made in February last, in the House of Commons. It is a confession, it is an avowal, and he who runs may read. His speech will be interesting to those who are still deluded to follow the *ignis fatuus* of international conference.

A motion being made looking to the re-assembling of the Brussels conference and to the restoration of silver money, Mr. Gladstone replied to the member who made it in plain, open British fashion:

The honorable member spoke rather with ridicule—

Said he—

upon the proposition of this country as the great creditor country of the world. It is the great creditor country of the world; of that there can be no doubt whatever; and it is increasingly the great creditor country of the world. I suppose there is not a year which passes over our heads which does not largely add to the mass of British investments abroad. I am almost afraid to estimate the total amount of the property which the United Kingdom holds beyond the limits of the United Kingdom; but of this I am well convinced, that it is not to be counted by tens or hundreds of millions.

One thousand millions probably would be an extremely low and inadequate estimate. Two thousand millions, or something even more than that, is very likely to be nearer the mark. I think under these circumstances it is rather a serious matter to ask this country to consider whether we are going to perform this supreme act of self-sacrifice. I have a profound admiration for cosmopolitan principles. I can go a great length in moderation in recommending their recognition and establishment, but if there are these two thousand millions or fifteen hundred millions of money which we have got abroad, it is a very serious matter as between this country and other countries.

We have nothing to pay to them; we are not debtors at all; we should get no comfort, no consolation out of the substitution of an inferior material, of a cheaper money, which we could obtain for less and part with for more. We should get no consolation, but the consolation throughout the world would be great.

“We would get no consolation, but the consolation through-

out the world would be great," says Gladstone. Yes, how great it would be here!

He continued:

This splendid spirit of philanthropy, which we can not too highly prize, because I have no doubt at all this is foreseen, would result in our making a present of fifty or a hundred millions to the world. It would be thankfully accepted, but I think that the gratitude of your benevolence would be mixed with very grave misgivings as to your wisdom.

I have shown why we should pause and consider for ourselves once, twice, and thrice before departing from the solid ground on which you have within the last half century erected a commercial fabric unknown in the whole history of the world—before departing from that solid ground you should well consult and well consider and take no step except such as you can well justify to your own understanding, to your fellow-countrymen, and to those who come after us.

England will not be philanthropic to us.

Should we not be philanthropic to ourselves?

The effects of closing the mints of India to silver coinage are acknowledged by the British commission to be "such as result from an appreciating currency, namely, first, to make prices lower than they would otherwise have been; then, though more slowly, to lower money wages and to increase the burden of debts and all fixed payments."

Mr. President, that is the program that is laid before us for adoption. This is the music that the American people are asked to dance to: appreciation of money at the time of a money famine, lower prices at a time when prices are on a bankrupt scale, increased burdens of debt when labor is less able to bear it, lower wages when wages are most needed, more poverty in the great industrial substratums of society, more riches in frescoes on the beautiful dome!

2. PROOF THAT ENGLAND WOULD DEPRESS OUR PRODUCTS

I have a second proposition. England wants to depress the prices of our agricultural products by opposing silver. Sir Rivers Wilson, a delegate of Great Britain, announced in the Brussels conference for himself and colleagues—and I was glad that my distinguished friend from Oregon [Mr. Mitchell] yesterday gave to his remarks attention—that—

Our faith is that of the school of monometallism, pure and simple.

This movement here is the echo of that cry. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, of the great Rothschild house, gave the reason of this British faith by saying that whether the fall of silver had

reduced prices or not, he could not see that the fall in the prices of commodities was a misfortune for England or the world, and added the blunt but significant sentence:

I hold that wheat at 30s. a quarter instead of 45s. is rather a blessing than otherwise.

Of course he and his can not see that it is a misfortune to America to sell wheat at 55 and 60 or 75 cents a bushel, and cotton at 7 cents a pound, and pork, beef, silver, and all the products of our soil below the cost of production, for it is as old as the hills that, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." But what do our farmers see? What do American statesmen see?

Mr. Alph. Allard, delegate of Belgium and delegate of Turkey, characterized the proposition of Mr. de Rothschild in the conference to consent to small silver purchases as a sort of homœopathic consolation, intended to work upon the faith of the patient and not upon the disease. He pointed out that the crisis now extant was no birth of yesterday, and added significantly:

It dates from 1873, the moment when free coinage of silver was suspended in Europe.

The true remedy, he said, would be the reëstablishment of free coinage, though he acknowledged that for the moment it had no chance of being accepted.

Well did he answer Mr. de Rothschild's question of the prosperity of England by saying:

It seems to me that the depression of trade would not have caused such uneasiness if this were so.

And he added these words:

Unfortunately Mr. de Rothschild is not troubled by the fall in prices. He is disposed to think "that wheat at 30s. a quarter, instead of 45s., is rather a blessing than otherwise." But, I ask him, what do the British farmers think of it? In Belgium, I can assert, agriculture is suffering from this deep evil; and as for England, I do not think Mr. de Rothschild's views are shared by Mr. Chaplin, formerly minister of agriculture, who has traversed the whole of England in the search for remedies to be applied to these evils. It appears, too, from the reports contained in the English newspapers a week ago, that Monsignor Walsh, the archbishop of Dublin, is concerning himself with the monetary question, on account of the disasters which are befalling Ireland. When giving evidence before an English commission on the subject of Irish evictions, he spoke in an absolutely bimetallic sense. He pointed out the evils which had been produced in England by the scarcity and the appreciation of gold, and also the extremely difficult, embarrassing, and disastrous position in which the Irish farmers were placed by the same cause.

I need not amplify facts. All know that England wants our produce cheap, and is trying to kill silver in order to get it cheap.

3. PROOF THAT ENGLAND WOULD DESTROY OUR SILVER MINES TO BUILD UP HER GOLD MINES

Mr. President, I have one other charge to make against the policy which is opposing, in my judgment, the wise policy for this country. I will begin by reading a brief statistical table:

	1890		1891		1892	
	Gold	Silver	Gold	Silver	Gold	Silver
United States	\$32,845,000	\$70,465,000	\$33,175,000	\$75,416,500	\$33,000,000	\$74,989,900
Australasia	29,808,000	10,781,300	31,399,000	12,929,300	33,870,300	17,375,677

Great Britain guards her own. She is like an eagle in a dove-cote with American interests. I have the proofs before my eyes, avowed and open, that she is striking at silver in order to crush out the silver interests of this country and to build up the growing gold interests in Australasia. Here is what the royal British commission of England itself says on this subject:

It must be remembered, too—

Said the commission, telling the Queen and Parliament what should be British policy—

that this country is largely a creditor of debts payable in gold, and any change which entailed a rise in the price of commodities generally—that is to say, a diminution of the purchasing power of gold—would be to our disadvantage.

And then this royal commission adds these words:

The interests of our Australian and other gold-producing colonies, at which we have already glanced, must also be considered. Their deposits of gold are one of their principal sources of wealth, and any measure which tended to check gold-mining or to depreciate that metal would, in all probability, injuriously affect the prosperity of the colonies and react upon the trade of the mother country with them.

THE WESTERN STATES

Colorado and the silver-producing states of the great West have not the good fortune at this juncture to be colonies of the

British crown. Thank heaven they are our people, and we should be their friends. They have higher appeals for our consideration than the colonies of Great Britain have on her. A stronger consideration than any personal appeal or any local interest controls my advocacy of silver. Long before I held communication with them, long before I even knew the men who represented the West, at a time when there was not one amongst them who was not my political foe, I had a deep and abiding conviction that this should be and remain a bimetallic country; that we should build up our own national interests and restore the people's money.

But, Mr. President, I am glad that my conviction of what is right, long entertained and sincerely cherished, moves on in the same plane with personal enthusiasm and admiration for the men of the great West, who in the American Congress have shown that they represent no sectional interest, but regard all America and every American as under the ægis of their protecting care; the men of the young, fruitful, generous West; and I shall not forget, whoever else in this land shall fail to remember them. When my distinguished friend from Indiana [Mr. Voorhees] drew that beautiful picture of the harmony of all sections in this glorious country, of the union of all hearts and all hands for common prosperity and the common good, I could but look from the eloquence of the lips that pronounced the words to the other side of the Chamber, and I could but feel my heart going out in gratitude to the noble champions of civil liberty from the great West, who stood by the Democrats here in the hour of their country's need and did not permit a President of their own party to shake them in their faith of free America and her free Constitution.

These men of the West have more claim upon this country and all of her sons than the representatives of any other peculiar interest. Would any think that my distinguished and worthy friend from Louisiana [Mr. White] would be doing an improper thing if he should stand up and speak for the subsidy to the sugar men of the South? Am I supposed to do anything that I may not do openly if I ask you to relieve the tax on the tobacco in my state which has shrunk from a production of \$11,000,000 a year to \$3,000,000? Are they to be looked upon

as mere champions of peculiar interests when they do what all do openly and avowedly for a policy that they deem for the general good?

But the silver men of the West, they stand upon a much higher plane than other advocates of similar interests. This Government did not sell to the people of Virginia their tobacco lands. This Government did not sell to Louisianians their sugar lands. But this Government did sell the silver mines of the West to men whom they invited to go there and get the silver out of them.

But, Mr. President, suppose there be answer to this argument, there is another and stronger one. They had a stronger right to look to the protecting care of this Government about mines of gold and mines of silver than any one else has to look to their peculiar interests, because gold and silver were implanted in the Constitution of our country.

The great Webster, as we were reminded by a Senator from his own state a few days ago, expounded that Constitution to mean that whatever else was done you could not demonetize either gold or silver and strip the people of the right to use that legal tender money to discharge debts when they had created their indebtedness in it. So these men of the West do not stand here as we do. They are not defending mere local interests. They are standing for interests upon lands which were sold them under the protecting ægis of the Constitution of their country, which they had a right to believe you would continue to regard and respect.

WE MAY ADMIRE GREAT BRITAIN BUT SHOULD NOT, THERE-
FORE, BE SUBSERVIENT

I do not doubt, Mr. President, that Great Britain is the great nation and that her people are the great people the Senator from Ohio says they are. I am of the same blood that you are, and come from them. But the fact that they were our brothers, the fact that we admire them, does not result in any logical conclusion that we must agree with them for their interests and against our own. When General Washington rode upon the field of Trenton he caught sight of the red line of British veterans standing steady under the Continental fire, and, ad-

miring their valor, he said, "Look at those noble fellows; how they fight. Oh, that our men were disciplined like they." But although he admired and honored them, and paid his tribute to courage, it did not prevent him from giving them a good thrashing, and telling them to go home and mind their own business, and let the American people alone.

So there was another man in this country who had great admiration for British valor, and knew of British genius and British arts and letters, and all that sort of thing. But one fine day down at New Orleans he felt compelled to give the British red coats another lesson, and he did not forget the maxim of Scripture, to "spare the rod and spoil the child." General Andrew Jackson not only stood up against the British, but he stood always for the gold and silver money of his country, and his name will go sounding down in history as a great American who never at any time failed to believe in an American interest or in an American cause.

THE GREATNESS AND POWER OF OUR COUNTRY

What and who are we, Mr. President, who must adopt a policy because it is in conformity with the policies of Europe and because we must put ourselves in line with the markets of the world? Other nations need us more than we need them.

You might build a wall around America, and she could thrive on all the necessities and luxuries of life and live apart from the world.

Build a wall around Great Britain and she would starve to death.

I heard with pleasure some days since the declarations of the great Senator from Indiana who is now the Chairman of our Finance Committee, as to the power and greatness of our country. I have no quarrel with him, neither have I any criticism to pronounce upon his course. Thirty years' faithful service to the people of this country, in which he has borne his office with the purity with which a judge wears his ermine, in which he has become illustrious as one of the foremost defenders of civil liberty that this world has ever known, has so imbued me with confidence in him that he could do nothing that would for a moment destroy my affection or abate my admiration or make

me feel otherwise than his friend. His great heart has always throbbed in sympathy with the people. But, sir, if I venture to differ with him on this legislative incident, it is with diffidence, and yet I recall the great fact which he related :

Sir—

He said—

it may be stated as a fact that the interstate commerce of the United States alone is greater in value than all the foreign commerce and carrying trade of Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, Holland, Russia, and Belgium put together.

Mr. President, this vast interstate commerce which has increased and is daily increasing in bulk and volume is a business in which silver is the chief money used ; and shall we cut down our volume of money which supports this immense trade to sustain the comparatively insignificant foreign trade which he refers to ?

Look at the great lines of our commercial transportation. The United Kingdom has 20,000 miles of railroad ; the United States 175,000, nearly eightfold.

The area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is 2,970,000 square miles ; as great as that of Great Britain and Ireland, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, and European Turkey, Palestine, Japan, and China proper.

If you want an international conference to settle this question here and now, here is the greatest international conference that ever sat in the world, with mastery over the grandest area, the most varied and richest resources and the noblest and most energetic people.

Our 1,500,000 square miles of arable land, one-half of our total area, could feed over a billion of people. For over a decade we have been, in mineral products, at the head of all the nations, and are to-day acknowledged to be the richest and most powerful nation in the world.

Well might Gladstone say that we have the “natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man,” and he might have added the natural base for the soundest, most stable, most ample, and self-sustaining currency.

Our wealth, as contrasted with that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, is of the most permanent and of the most productive form. The value of our lands exceeds

theirs by \$1,000,000,000; the value of houses by \$400,000,000; the value of cattle is threefold.

The United Kingdom produces neither silver nor gold, while we are the greatest producers of both in the world. Our population exceeds hers by 22,000,000, and while we are independent of her in all things, she is dependent upon us both for the food she eats and for the clothes she wears.

In his Balance Sheet of the World, Mr. Munhall, statistician of the Royal Society of England, says:

It would be impossible to find a parallel to the progress of the United States in the last ten years. Every day the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of \$2,500,000 to the accumulation of wealth in the Republic, which is equal to one-third of the daily accumulation of all mankind outside of the United States.

Thus one-third of the world in daily productive power is here represented, and will it be argued that such a power can not sustain its ancient, its much-needed money?

GO FORWARD AND FEAR NOT

So, Mr. President, if our souls are only as great as the bodies in which our Creator has placed them, if our national soul be as great as the body of the nation, instead of standing upon the edge of this panic trembling, helpless, afraid, we should walk upon the field with the proud mastery of a marshal who knows that he has troops who are ready to do his bidding, and instead of leading a retreat, we should order the advance of all of our American forces, blow the bugle, and sound the charge for Americans to stand together, to give back the money of the people which they want.

THE GOLD TRUST—ITS AUTHORS, ITS OBJECTS, AND ITS VICTORIES

Mr. President, we pass laws against trusts and combines organized to monopolize and enhance the price of the necessities of life. The press, the rostrum, the state legislatures, and Congress abound in denouncements of sugar trusts, binding-twine trusts, meat trusts, wheat corners, oil combines, and the like.

The Senator from Ohio [Mr. Sherman] is the author of an act against trusts now upon the statute books, but which, so far

as I know, is a barren fig tree—it has borne no fruit. The Senator from Ohio and those who oppose trusts alike overlook the fact that the gold trust, of which they are the defenders, is the widest spread, the most dangerous, and the most oppressive of all. The despots of the earth are its organizers. The so-called shoddy aristocrats of the earth are its supporters; the usurers of the earth are its profit-takers; the people of the earth are its victims. The true Democrats are everywhere its opponents. The scheme of the gold trust is this:

(*First*). To increase the value of money.

(*Second*). To effect this, they would decrease the volume of money.

(*Third*). To decrease the volume of money, they would permit but one metal to be freely coined. That metal now is gold. But they would as soon demonetize one metal as the other, and the only reason that they are now warring upon silver instead of gold is because Great Britain is not a great producer of silver, while America is, and Great Britain, their leader in the movement, they must follow.

In short, the gold trust would increase the value of money by limiting its supply. The demand for money increasing every day as population and business increase; and, the supply being limited or decreased proportionately, the gold trust knows full well that the value of dollars will thus be made greater and the value of labor and its products, as measured by dollars, will be made lower. As a necessary result, they know full well that the rich possessors of money are made richer and the poor producers of commodities are made poorer day by day, week by week, month by month, and year by year.

Certain features of European society indicate the inevitable trend, the increase of debt, the increase of standing armies, the increase of millionaires, the increase of paupers, the increase of failures, increase of liabilities, increase of bankruptcy, and increase of tramps.

All of these features appear contemporaneously with falling prices, all of them come from squeezing the world of finance into the little gold jacket of monometallism.

That is “the new factor” of destruction. That is “the error in the compass” which we must correct.

THE MEMBERS OF THE GOLD TRUST

England having overthrown Napoleon I. at Waterloo, found herself greatly involved in public debt to pay the expenses of war, and the Rothschilds, the Barings, and other great banking houses had supplied the funds to sustain her. The house of Rothschild had its agent in Brussels watching the fortunes of the great fight. It was this agent, and not the courier of Wellington, that bore to England the news of victory. Before the public knew it this great house had made enormous purchases of English securities, and when the public learned it, they had accumulated great riches by the rise of those securities. To still further increase their value, they at once supported the movement to demonetize silver, and reaped by their astuteness a second golden crop.

Germany imitated the example of England when she had overthrown France at Sedan. One by one the monarchies of Europe have joined the gold trust, and the few republics or quasi-republics that live by their side have been compelled into unwilling submission to the greed and avarice of the money power until now Europe lays prostrate at the feet of the money power, and finds in the increasing miseries of her people and in increased standing armies the inevitable consequence of their conquest.

AMERICA MAKES A STAND AGAINST THE GOLD TRUST

One great nation of the earth has not yet completely surrendered to the gold trust. There is one nation as yet where the flag of the people flies, though rent and torn, it is true, and now at half-mast; and never in all its history did it more need the united action of the sons of liberty than it needs them now. Like all great battles in which immense forces are struggling for ascendancy, the tides of this battle have ebbed and flowed. At one moment they who carry the standards of the people's money have borne them over the bulwarks of the gold trust in triumph, and in the next they have been stricken down. The people triumphed in the House and in the Senate in 1878, when their representatives voted for the free coinage of silver. Do you not wish now they had tried that experiment then? All do; but we can not recoup upon the past.

A Republican President vetoed the bill, and the Bland-Allison makeshift was the compromise. The people triumphed again in the Senate in 1890. Their cause was lost in a Republican House. They triumphed again in 1891 in the Senate, and were again suppressed in the House of Representatives. With an unparalleled majority they renewed the assault for the third time. They triumphed in the popular election of 1890, and a great majority of their representatives came to Washington on their side in the winter of 1891. They elected a Speaker of the House committed to their cause, passing by, to accomplish this result, the great leader of tariff reform from Texas, who had been a great leader for silver, too, but who in that campaign first gave indication of weakening in his advocacy of the white metal.

Again, free coinage triumphed here in the Senate for the third time since I have had the honor to be a member of this body, and on the eve of its complete legislative victory in the House it suddenly collapsed by a political combination between a minority of Democrats and the main portion of Republicans.

ANY MEASURE IS EXPERIMENTAL—WHAT IS SAFER THAN SILVER?

Mr. President, silver comes again to the field. I would not have this country to make any too perilous experiment, but let us look at the cold facts and confront them. An experiment now is all that we can make. Anything that we may do can not rise above the dignity of experiment. Under no standard of money can we demand a "bond of fate." We are like a solid square of troops in an open plain, with "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them"—and cannon behind them, too; and these cannon of falling prices, increased debts, and demolished money are decimating their ranks. We can not retreat; we can not stand still. All we can do is to die in our tracks or advance. Shall we advance on the uncertain sea of paper money, whose great billows now overtake our gold, or shall we go back to the traditions of our fathers, to the laws of our fathers, to the customs of our people, to the promises of our faith, and restore that which for eighty years gave us victory, prosperity, and peace?

Mr. President, I have no war to make upon the banks, which are a most useful part of our public economy. I have no desire to array one class of the people against other classes, neither have I any desire to do anything which might possibly injure the success of this Democratic Administration, or endanger the prosperity of our country. I have loyally supported the President of these United States in three campaigns. I expect in many days of battle yet to bear his colors and to defend his cause. I honor him as a great American of honesty, intelligence, patriotism, and courage, and as the captain of the host in which I train. I shall not pay him, however, the poor tribute of the courtier who only says, "Behold a brave and honest man who has convictions." I shall imitate that example as I understand it and esteem it, and feel that we should demonstrate, too, that American Senators have their convictions and are brave, honest, and true to defend them.

FORTIFY SILVER AND GATHER GOLD

Now, fortify silver and gather gold. I would sum up in advancing this idea—fortify silver by coinage on equal terms with gold, that is free coinage; if necessary levy the tariff in gold; if necessary, issue gold bonds and buy gold and hoard gold. Do not let our gold be taken from us, and do not let our silver be discarded and disused. If it is thought we can compel international agreement, do not let us disrobe ourselves of our money to do it; do not let us aim our missiles at Europe through the bodies of our own people. In order to squeeze Europe let us not squeeze ourselves. Let us sustain ourselves with silver, and through our vast resources let us also accumulate gold, and through these means reach international agreement without starvation at home to accomplish it.

Consider these notions, Senators, modify them, and mould them, and let us grasp the situation with commensurate measures.

It is not for a class, but for all this people; not for a section, but for all this Union; not solely for a special interest, but separatively and collectively for the mutuality of support and progress in all our social and national interests that I speak.

SILVER NECESSARY FOR THE WHOLE PEOPLE

In behalf of the impoverished farmers of our abundant land, who provide the feasts of wealth and get but poverty in return, whose products sustain our foreign commerce without affording them competence at home, and who are now sustaining our public credit with foreign gold and are without silver to sustain their own; in behalf of the great masses of labor who turn the machinery of the world's progress, and get but scanty share; in behalf of our retail merchants who behold the profits of business absorbed by the few who dictate gold notes, while of necessity they must take silver in exchange for their goods; in behalf of our wholesale merchants and manufacturers, to whom successive years of business bring successive seasons of depression; in behalf of our banks, whose creditors, sinking under the burden of gold, can not enable them to pay their depositors, and in behalf of the depositors, who find the shrinkage of payments destroying the means of redemption; in behalf of the railroads, whose freights from field, mine, and factory would increase if bountiful money enabled them to thrive, whose stocks and bonds are shrinking in their holders' hands, and forcing them to find terminal facilities in bankrupt courts; in behalf of the miners, whose machinery rusts in mines of wealth, and who have been scattered and driven from their homes to enrich their foreign rivals, and to pander to British avarice; in behalf of the myriad investors, whose only hope of recovering the billions lost by the accursed sinking of price lies through an ample volume of money to sustain them; in behalf of peace, that strikes, lock-outs, and bread riots may not disturb society, and that standing armies may not become its guardian and its menace; in behalf of the great West, whose advancing footsteps have been halted, whose progress has been paralyzed, whose generous and high-spirited people have never turned a deaf ear to the cry of patriotism against the fanaticism of section, and who will never wear the yoke of any party that makes them "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" in behalf of the South, which is without mines of precious wealth, and without the hoarded riches of accumulated bonds, and which only asks that you divorce not man from nature and tie not the hands of labor, but stand out of her sunshine and give her a chance to gather the fruits

of her honest toil; in behalf of the East, that those of our citizens who are broad minded, liberal, and brave may not be overcome by the magnates of fortune, whose polite and accomplished society is now making the same mistake that Great Britain made when she mocked at the petitions of her weaker brethren, and is drying up the fountains from which she has gathered succor; in behalf of the Union, that it may be a union of hearts and hands, in which every citizen shall feel that his cause is the cause of his countrymen; in behalf of both political parties, Republican and Democratic, who have the public indebtedness of their plighted faith to redeem by performance here; and especially in behalf of the Democracy, the party of the people, that has carried the people's standards through storm, adversity, and defeat, and has ever found truth and fidelity its comforts in disaster, its ministers in weakness, and the heralds of its final triumph; in behalf of America, the day star of the world's hope, that it may not abandon its great traditions, dissolve its ancient policy, and become subservient to British dictation and to British power, I pray you, Senators, here and now in this accepted time, to deal with this great world-wide question in a great way, and to fulfil the great hopes which center upon the action of the American Congress. If great powers we have to resist, when did America ever shrink before them? If great efforts we have to make, when were we ever incapable of making them? If great difficulties must be overcome, have we not the genius to overcome them?

Let us renovate our entire financial system with justice to all interests and partiality to none, respecting every obligation of our public faith as it is interpreted, and let us stand together without any interest of section or interest of class, in the broad spirit of American brotherhood, with the motto, Each for all, and all for each, and America against the world!

JUBAL A. EARLY

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia:

By your invitation, which I could not regard as less than a command, I am here to speak to you of Lieutenant-General Jubal Anderson Early; one of the great soldiers of history, second to none that ever lived in valor and devotion; second to but few in military ability—and second only to Lee and Jackson among the chieftains of the war for Southern independence.

But this is not his sole title to renown. He has a higher claim. The men who hold the world at peace as long as peace is tenable with honor, and who bear the burden of the battle when duty demands the sacrifice, are mankind's truest heroes and benefactors. And he who, being overtaken by adversity, meets it with equal fortitude and a reassuring hope, is indeed a noble example. This is his triple distinction: that he was a man of peace before the war, a hero in the war, a hero in fidelity and fortitude after the war, and the very incarnation of its glorious memories.

It would doubtless be more entertaining for the passing hour did I rehearse the congenial reminiscences, incidents, and anecdotes that cluster around the name of this unique, original, and remarkable man, and did I depict the thrilling adventures and vivid scenes through which he passed. But this Association has for its object the vindication of the truth of history. A people's right is the only just warrant for war, and the honor of the soldier's name is the only reward that war can bestow that is worthy to be cherished. General Early not only made history, he preserved history and wrote history, and he had that prophetic forecast that prefigured history before it was enacted. He was the vindicator of the people's rights as well by pen as sword, and if I may collect from records and memories such testimony as will put in a faithful light the nobility of the man and the greatness of his deeds, I shall feel that I shall render

An address delivered before the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia in Richmond, Virginia, on December 13th, 1894.

to history its best tribute and be more content than were I to engage and charm your fancy. Follow me then, Comrades, with some of the patience you have often shown upon the weary march. I will appeal to facts, and by them shall hope to vindicate my theme.

GENERAL EARLY'S BATTLES

Let me lay before you, to begin with, some of his most important and distinguished services. He was a graduate of West Point, a veteran of three wars, and he took part in the Civil War in well-nigh fifty battles and skirmishes. He was engaged therein at Bull Run, Manassas, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, Groveton, Fauquier Springs, Bristoe, Second Manassas, Ox Hill (or Chantilly), Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville (or Second Fredericksburg), Salem Church, Winchester, Gettysburg, Second Bristoe, Rappahannock, Mine Run, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, the Po, Bethesda, Lynchburg, Monocacy, Washington, Parker's Ford, Shepherdstown, Kernstown, Winchester again (or Opequon), Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, and Waynesboro, and in many lesser affairs, such as Auburn, Summerville Ford, Fairfield, and Port Republic. Some of these names stand for several days of battle. I doubt if there was an officer or soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia who, in the open field, was oftener under fire. He was the right-hand man of Jackson, in his corps, and the right-hand man of Lee, after Jackson had fallen, and he enjoyed the abiding confidence of both. He was successively a colonel, a Brigadier-General, a Major-General, and a Lieutenant-General, each promotion coming to him unsolicited and unsought, and he commanded with equal ability a regiment, a brigade, a division, a corps, and an army.

It was his brigade which, after a swift march from right to left, at the first battle of Manassas, broke the last front of resistance offered by the enemy; and General Joseph E. Johnston says of Colonel Early, in his narrative of the war: "He reached the position intended just when the Federal army was apparently about to assume the offensive, and assailed its exposed front. The attack was conducted with too much skill and

courage to be for a moment doubtful. The Federal right was at once thrown into confusion. A general advance of the Confederate line, directed by General Beauregard, completed our success, and won the battle." This gave Early promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General.

WILLIAMSBURG AND SHARPSBURG

At Williamsburg on the 5th of May, 1862, he led the Twenty-fourth Virginia and Fifth North Carolina regiments of his brigade in an assault upon a six-gun battery and redoubt, defended by the brigade of General Hancock, and was badly wounded in the charge. The movement was so bravely made that it won from the chivalrous Hancock the compliment which President Davis quotes in his history of the Confederacy: "The Twenty-fourth Virginia and Fifth North Carolina regiments should have the word immortal inscribed upon their banners."

He reported for duty at Malvern Hill before he was well of his wound, and made his mark at Cedar Run, Groveton, and Manassas on Jackson's northern march to Sharpsburg.

Critical conjuncture was that of the Confederate army there on September 17th, 1862—the bloodiest day in American history. With a river at his back and his entire command in the front, without reserves, Lee, with less than 40,000 men, resisted McClellan all day long with his heavy masses, including two corps that never fired a gun. Jackson's Division, under J. R. Jones, and Ewell's Division, under Lawton, were nearly annihilated by the tremendous assault of Sumner's and Hooker's corps. Jones was wounded; Starke, succeeding him, was killed; Lawton was wounded, and Early, succeeding him, found but little more than his own brigade left in fighting shape. Assisted by Grigsby and some 300 men of Jackson's Division, he, with his brigade, repulsed one assault, when suddenly Green's Federal Division penetrated our lines and appeared on his right flank. Promptly facing his men by flank to meet it, and marching behind a rocky ledge, he repelled these intruders, and then, reinforcements arriving, he joined them and beat back Sumner's Corps.

FREDERICKSBURG AND CHANCELLORSVILLE

It was a splendid scene when the fog lifted December 13th, 1862, and revealed on the plains of Fredericksburg in martial array Burnside's army of 100,000 men and 200 guns, confronting the hills crowned with the batteries and bayonets of the Army of Northern Virginia. That day Early was put in the most difficult position that ever tests the soldier's metal.

Sumner's grand division threw itself upon the Confederate left and was dashed to pieces against the lines of Marye's Hill. Franklin's grand division was now launched against our right held by Jackson's Corps, and Early was just executing orders from Jackson to hold his division in readiness to move to our right flank, then being threatened. But there came galloping to him the adjutant of Walker's Artillery Battalion with the startling information that the enemy had made "an awful gulf" between Archer's and Lane's brigades on our front, and unless immediate assistance came our artillery would be captured. In this emergency Early assumed the responsibility of disregarding Jackson's orders, and instantly advanced to the rescue amidst the shouts of the Confederates: "Here comes old Jubal, he'll straighten that fence." And he did straighten it, driving the enemy far out on the plain, and having the satisfaction of presently receiving Jackson's orders to do just what he had done.

Early commanded the right wing of Lee's army during the battle of Chancellorsville, while Lee and Jackson surrounded Hooker with less than half of his numbers. With his division of four brigades and Barksdale's Brigade, and the reserve artillery, all told less than 10,000 men, Early held a line four miles long against three corps at first, then against two, and at last had it out with Sedgwick 30,000 strong. The latter, by a sudden rush in the afternoon, captured Marye's Hill, but at dawn next day Early straightened that fence, and later joined in the assault at Salem Church, which led to the discomfiture and retreat of the enemy.

On the 15th of June, 1863, Lee telegraphed from his headquarters: "A dispatch from Ewell dated 5 A. M. to-day states that Early's Division stormed the enemy's works at Winchester, capturing their cannon, etc., with little loss on our side." This

is the brief summary of the flank movement and brilliant assault suggested and executed by Early, and of the splendid victory that sent Milroy routed to Harper's Ferry and cleared the path for our northward march.

PENNSYLVANIA AND GETTYSBURG

Early commanded the vanguard of the Army of Northern Virginia that now penetrated Pennsylvania. It was his division that made the decisive charge in the first day's battle at Gettysburg when the scales were trembling in the balance; it was he, who, when that charge had so largely contributed to win us the victory with 5,000 prisoners of war, urged that our forces should pursue the attack; it was his division that took Cemetery Hill in the second day's assault with the batteries that defended it and had to give back because others failed. This division was the rear-guard that covered Lee's retreat, and I have never seen it present a sterner front than that 4th of July morning, 1864, when it stood ready to meet Meade on Seminary Ridge. In this campaign a part of Early's infantry, under Gordon, but Early himself being present, went farther north than any troops of the South during the conflict, and at Wrightsville, on the Susquehanna, June 29th, 1864, the Confederate war shot forth its pinnacle of flame.

THE WILDERNESS

At the Wilderness, May 5th, 1864, Grant made his first assault on Lee. It fell suddenly at our extreme left on General Edward Johnson's Division of the Second Corps, and it was pressed back in confusion. There were no reinforcements on the field. The fate of Lee's army was imperilled. Happily Early had ridden ahead of his troops which were marching in the direction of the sudden battle; and he sent post haste for Gordon's Brigade, the nearest at hand. At double-quick it came; under Early's eye it was formed amidst shot and shell, and thus that magnificent field marshal, John B. Gordon, led the counter-charge which restored the fortunes of a lost field. The next day, May 6th, Early, with Gordon leading again, assaulted Grant's left flank, and put the boot on the other leg,

for the result was the capture of 600 prisoners, including Generals Seymour and Hayes.

Early was with Lee in both of his northern invasions, and is the only other Confederate General who himself led two invasions.

He won the only battle ever won by Confederate arms beyond the borders of the Confederacy, as witness the defeat of Wallace, on the Monocacy, July 9th, 1864.

His three victories in 1864 were the last in which the Army of Northern Virginia drove its foe from the battle field, as witness Hunter's flight from Lynchburg, June 19th; Wallace's from Monocacy, July 9th, and Crook's from Kernstown, August 23d.

He led the expedition which, though the smallest in numbers, came nearest of all to capturing Washington.

He made the greatest march of the Civil War or of modern war.

He was not finally overcome until the army of his adversary numbered on its rolls more men than the Army of Northern Virginia, under Lee, inclusive of Early's own troops and those of Beauregard at Petersburg; not until those in his immediate front were more than threefold his own in numbers; not until the cavalry of his enemy were more numerous than his own infantry, and reported more men present than his entire command; not until he had killed, wounded, and captured more men than he ever mustered upon a field of battle.

FOUR YEARS OF CONFLICT

He who fought this good fight was amongst the last of the statesmen to cling to peace and union, and he was among the first when his state was invaded, to enter the ranks of war, offering his services the very day the convention adjourned, and making no condition of rank as to their acceptance; and, the sword once drawn, none wielded a trustier blade or returned it more slowly or reluctantly to the scabbard.

Amidst the thunders of Manassas in the victorious dawn of the young nation struggling to be free, he won his first renown; and from that day to the sunset guns of the Lost Cause he illustrated its genius, its self-sacrifice, and its prowess with

deeds that will live as long as pure hearts are open to receive the story of a patriot's devotion, a General's skill, or a hero's valor.

Swift marches and desperate encounters, brilliant manœuvres, stubborn defences, and fiery onsets mark his career all along the pathway of the four years of conflict, and you have only to follow their fiery and bloody trail to find him. In the last of those years—in terrible 1864—when the flame of the incendiary lit the pathway of the reeking sword, he led the forlorn hopes of his country in such splendid fashion that it seemed as if "Stonewall" lived again. He "swept across the field of Mars" with his meager and decimated battalions as if invincible hosts trailed at his back and assured victory beckoned him to a feast of conquest.

In the midsummer of that year, when the army under Lee lay in the trenches around Richmond, confronted by the Army of the Potomac under Grant, and Hunter with 18,000 strong concentrated upon his rear to capture Lynchburg and compel surrender, it was then that Early rushed upon him with such precipitate steps that with half his number he drove him into the wilds of West Virginia, and when the one paused panting on the banks of the Ohio the other was thundering at the gates of Washington, and Grant was hastening troops from his army to defend it. Twice during that year did he penetrate into the North with a band scarce more than a skirmish line compared to the masses that were marshaled against him, treading in the dying days of the Confederacy with a firm and equanimous step the paths which Lee and Jackson had trod in the days of strength and triumph, and winning victory where even their conquering footsteps had been halted.

HOPE—DISAPPOINTMENT—JUSTICE

So high, indeed, did he elevate the hopes of his countrymen by the brilliant audacity and the tremendous energy he imparted to their last struggles that the catastrophe which he so long averted was scarce expected, and was all the more afflicting when it came; and so did he conceal his own weakness of numbers from the enemy, such alarm and terror did he arouse

among them, that they scarcely yet believe with what a handful he opposed, retarded, and menaced them.

If the soreness of defeat made him for awhile the scapegoat of that impatient and intolerant criticism which ever springs from sudden disappointment and passionately demands a victim, such criticism was the mere frothing of a frantic hour. It gradually subsided in the calm of peace, its rude tunes were transformed into those of praise and admiration, and as truth has slowly unrolled the scrolls of history with even pace, justice has demanded and will give reparation.

The history of the late war will be written as the history of no war ever was written before, so ample are the records preserved, and so carefully have they been collected, that it has been well said by General William H. Payne, who served under General Early, and than whom I know no more gallant officer or competent judge, that the publication of these records which has destroyed so many reputations, will only add to his.

It has been said by Colonel Sir W. Butler, the biographer of General Charles George Gordon, that "it is the victor who writes history and counts the dead, and to the vanquished there only remains the dull memory of an unnumbered and unwritten sorrow." But in the case of our war we shall at least have the consolation of numbering the dead, as well as the survivors, and the official reports published by the Government of the United States, as well as the opinions of Federal officers who are familiar with his campaigns, are in themselves sufficient to place the name of Early amongst the greatest soldiers of this or of any age.

VALLEY CAMPAIGN OF 1864

Thus have I given you some of the salient points in the military history of General Early, but I am not unmindful of your request that I should discuss his Valley campaign of 1864. You may have been under the impression that I participated with him in it, but such was not my good fortune. I became the Adjutant-General and chief of staff of Early's Division a few weeks before the battle of Chancellorsville, in 1863, and was with him until May 6th, 1864, when I was wounded and disabled in the second day's conflict in the Wilderness. I

can not, therefore, speak of the Valley campaign from personal experience, for while I followed my old commander and comrades through their heroic struggles with unfaltering interest, I could only toss on a sick bed while the sound of distant guns was borne upon the breeze, and grieve over my inability to be with them.

Conscious that I do not possess the ability to do justice to him or them, I am also conscious that I owe the honor of the invitation given me to my association with them, and to no source could I trace your partiality with greater satisfaction. I will now attempt to give you the outlines of that campaign, for more than this is impossible during this brief hour.

The Valley campaign of 1864 had its beginning yonder at Cold Harbor, in sight of the spires of Richmond. From May 5th to June 3d Grant, with 138,000 men, and Lee, with 52,000, had wrestled with each other from the Rapidan to the Chickahominy. Grant had telegraphed to Washington May 11th that he "would fight it out on that line if it took all summer." On May 12th that "the enemy seems to have found the last ditch," and on May 26th that "Lee is really whipped." But now June 3d had dawned, and as he hurled his masses, six miles long, upon Lee in general assault, another tale was told. Thirteen thousand men were sacrificed in vain, while Lee's loss was comparatively trivial. The bloodiest repulse with so small a loss that had occurred during the war had taken place, and when another assault was ordered, the remarkable spectacle was presented by the Army of the Potomac standing silent, sullen, and immobile in "emphatic protest against further slaughter." Grant in his memoirs regrets that he ever made the assault, for in it he found the last ditch of the overland campaign, and on June 12th he commenced withdrawing from Lee's front to the James. Four days later his entire army had passed over, the siege of Petersburg had begun, 59,000 of his troops at a cost of 18,000 to Lee had been wasted to put him where he might have gone without a battle.

PLANS TO RAISE THE SIEGE

From the 8th to the 21st of May, in this campaign, owing to the sickness of General A. P. Hill, Major-General Early, by

assignment of Lee, commanded his corps. But Hill, returning to duty, Early had scarce gone back to his own division when Ewell, who had become an invalid from the loss of his leg at Second Manassas, became disqualified for field duty, and Early succeeded to his place. Soon after Cold Harbor Lee communicated to Early that he was maturing plans for offensive operations against Grant, and desired him to take the initiative with his corps. "We must destroy," he said, "this army of Grant's before he gets to James river. If he gets there it will become a siege, and then it will become a mere question of time." But while Grant was slipping off to Petersburg a new danger now threatened Lee in his rear; for war in the Valley again lifted its angry head.

On the 15th of May Breckinridge had sharply repulsed Sigel's column at New Market, the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute making a gallant charge, to the admiration of both armies, and capturing guns from veterans, at a loss to themselves of one to every five killed or wounded. Breckinridge had hastened with his slender division to join Lee at Cold Harbor, and after that battle had been fought, wheeled right about to meet the same force which, reinforced, and now commanded by Major-General David Hunter, was marching up the Valley from Harrisonburg, with 8,500 men. On June 5th Hunter had defeated and slain the gallant cavalry General, W. E. Jones, at Piedmont, in Augusta. Three days later, June 8th, Crook and Averill had joined him at Staunton with 10,000 men, and now with this united force, 18,500 strong, he was marching on four parallel roads to Lynchburg.

Meantime Major-General Sheridan had been sent by Grant with a corps of cavalry on June 7th to destroy the Central (now Chesapeake and Ohio railway), and Grant, expecting him to meet Hunter at Charlottesville, they were to return together to the Army of the Potomac. Neither of these commanders met at the tryst; for on June 11th Hampton had intercepted Sheridan at Trevilians with Fitz Lee's and Butler's divisions, and after the bloodiest cavalry battle of the war, Sheridan had retired all the way to the White House on the York river; Hampton, victorious, had returned to Lee; and Lynchburg, for the time being, had by him been saved. But Hunter was still

marching on, and on June 12th was within forty miles of Lynchburg, at Lexington, Virginia, where he burned the Virginia Military Institute and Governor Letcher's home, and sacked Washington College.

EARLY TO THE RESCUE

General Lee on that day ordered Lieutenant-General Early, commanding the Second Corps, to be ready to move at 3 A. M. on the morrow, with that corps and with Nelson's and Braxton's Artillery battalions, and General A. L. Long, as chief of artillery. Their orders were to move to the Valley, strike Hunter, destroy him if possible, and threaten Washington. Not aware that Hunter had advanced as far as Lexington, for the telegraph wires had been cut, his instructions to Early were to move by way of Louisa Courthouse and Charlottesville, and through Brown's or Swift Run pass in the Blue Ridge, as he might deem most advisable, strike Hunter's force in the rear and if possible destroy it. Then to move down the Valley across the Potomac at Leesburg or at or near Harper's Ferry, as he might deem most desirable, and threaten Washington city. General Breckinridge was to coöperate.

The battle-scarred and battle-worn veterans destined for this undertaking contained the men who, under "Stonewall" Jackson, had won the name of the "Foot Cavalry of the Valley." During the month of May Major-General Edward Johnson and a large part of his division had been captured at Spottsylvania; Major-General Early had succeeded Lieutenant-General Ewell, who had become an invalid, and Major-General Rodes was the only officer above the rank of brigadier who remained in his place. Of the twelve brigadiers but one of them was still at the head of his brigade, for Gordon and Ramsey had succeeded Early and Edward Johnson; Stafford, J. M. Jones, Doles, and Jules Daniel had been killed; Pegram, Hays, James A. Walker, and R. D. Johnson had been wounded, and George H. Steward had been captured.

The staff had been cut to pieces, many field officers had fallen, and the rank and file of the corps was now reduced to 8,000 muskets.

An hour ahead of time—at 2 o'clock on the 15th of June—General Early moved from Cold Harbor, Hunter being then within forty miles and he within 140 miles from Lynchburg, which was Hunter's objective point. On the 16th Early was at the Rivanna, near Charlottesville, having marched over eighty miles in four days, and there he received a telegram from General Breckinridge, at Lynchburg, that Hunter was at Liberty, in Bedford county, about twenty-five miles from that place. On the morning of the 17th Early seized a train at Charlottesville, pushed Ramseur's Division and part of Gordon's on board, Rodes and the rest of the corps and the artillery moving along the railroad to meet the train, which was to return after it had delivered the foremost troops in Lynchburg.

AT LYNCHBURG, JUNE 17TH

Quite a number of distinguished men were now giving attention to this important point—a railroad center, with factories, foundries, hospitals, and stores. There was Breckinridge, ex-Vice-President of the United States, but he was disabled from a fall off his horse at Cold Harbor, and unable to be in the saddle. General D. H. Hill, who happened to be in town, assisted in preparing hasty entrenchments. General Henry T. Hays, of Louisiana, there wounded, aided in arrangements. General Elzey was there to take Breckinridge's place, and General Robert Ransom had arrived to command the cavalry. On the other side were Hunter, with General R. B. Hayes, afterwards President of the United States, commanding one of his brigades; and with General Cook was Major William McKinley, of Ohio, on his staff, who may be President of the United States unless something else happens. But he already knows from his Lynchburg observations that "there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip." Most important of all, presently there was "Old Jube."

At 1 o'clock, June 17th, Early reached Lynchburg. Not a moment was to spare, for as Ramseur's and Gordon's troops went at quick time through the streets of the town, Hunter was in sight advancing in line of battle on its southern border, and McCausland's and Imboden's brave but weary cavalymen were being driven back. The few troops of Breckinridge, under

Wharton, invalids from the hospitals, the old men of the town in an extempore battalion of silver grays, with five or six guns of horse artillery and the reduced cavalry brigades of Imboden and McCausland, and the battalion of cadets from the Virginia Military Institute, constituted our whole force. The post commander, General Francis Nichols, of Louisiana, since governor of that state, one-armed and one-legged, rode out upon the lines to cheer the men with the news that the reinforcements were coming. As Hunter's skirmishers were pushing close to the town, and as the cavalry were falling back before them, a few pieces of artillery near the toll-gate, under Lieutenant Carter Berkley, were doing their best to stop the oncomers. In this condition Tinsley, the bugler of the Stonewall Brigade, came trotting up the road, sounding the advance, and behind him came the skirmishers of Ramseur's Division with rapid strides. Just then the artillerists saw through the smoke the broad, white slouch hat and the black feather of "Old Jube," who rode amongst them and looking toward the enemy, exclaimed: "No butterinilk rangers after you now, damn you," an expression not to be found in tactics, but of a kind sometimes mixed with gunpowder.

Poor Tinsley! his last bugle call, like the bagpipes of Lucknow, foretold the rescue of Lynchburg; but on that field he found in a soldier's duty and with a soldier's glory, a soldier's death.

"WATER AND A GOOD REST"

On the afternoon of the 18th, Hunter, with his cavalry on each wing, his two infantry divisions and his artillery in the center, advanced to the assault, but the attack was feeble and quickly repulsed, and Hunter's career was over. Rodes' Division arrived that afternoon from Charlottesville, and, though the artillery had not yet come, Early had determined to attack Hunter at dawn on the 19th; but, between two suns, Hunter vanished, having lost 100 killed, 500 wounded, and 100 missing. Early was hot upon his heels, McCausland leading, with his cavalry. The night of the 19th Ramseur drove his rear guard through Liberty, twenty-five miles away. On the 21st, McCausland, always enterprising, struck him again at Hanging Rock, in Roanoke county, capturing some guns and

prisoners, and Hunter passed on through Craig county to West Virginia. The Northern historian, Pond, says in his account of this campaign: "The night of June 24th—having passed Sweet Springs—the column reached White Sulphur Springs, and there had delicious water and a good rest." Had Hunter advanced from Staunton June 8th to Lynchburg, through the mountain gaps north of the James, it is hard to tell how he could have been foiled. Had he marched as fast as Early, or been bold enough to assail after he arrived, all the chances of war were in his favor. Had he either marched by the right flank from Lynchburg and joined Grant at Petersburg, or retreated through Southwest Virginia, where he might have done infinite damage and easily subsisted, his campaign would not have been, as it is, blank record, and a minus quantity.

While Hunter's men were reposing under the great oaks at White Sulphur Springs, Early's men were moving to Staunton, where he arrived June 25th. Here he was joined by General Bradley T. Johnson with a battalion of Maryland cavalry, and that officer put in command of it, with the remains of Jones' Cavalry Brigade. His cavalry, under General Robert Ransom, composed of this brigade and of Imboden's, Jackson's, and McCausland's, now numbered 2,000 men, and his infantry, with Vaughan's dismounted cavalry, numbered 10,000. Breckinridge was now put in command of his own division and that of Gordon, while Early kept immediate charge of Rodes' Division and Ransom's Cavalry.

On the 28th of June this force started up the Valley; July 3d it was at Winchester; July 4th at Shepherdstown; July 6th it drove the enemy into his works at Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights. This force, under Generals Sigel, Staple, and Webber, was fully 6,000 strong, and leaving it in his rear, Early passed swiftly on through the gaps of the South Mountain, and on the 9th confronted General Lew Wallace, strongly posted with General Tyler's troops from Baltimore and Rickett's Division of the Sixth Corps, on the banks of the Monocacy, between six and seven thousand strong.

Right at this force Early hurled his men, and after a fierce, decisive fight that reddened the river for a hundred yards with blood, he drove it from the field, leaving its dead and

wounded and many prisoners in the Confederate hands. Wallace lost ninety-eight killed, 579 wounded, and 1,282 missing; total, 1,959. The Confederate loss was about 700, including a number of gallant officers. The classic author of *Ben Hur* had found an experience quite as thrilling, no doubt, to him, as the famous chariot race he has so graphically described, and General Early has intimated that his report of *Monocacy* is not inferior to *Ben Hur* as a work of fiction; but all the Federals were seeing Early in doubles and trebles about that time, and I hardly think that Wallace surpassed the average reduplicating view taken of him.

WASHINGTON, JULY 10TH, 1864

While the alarm-bells were ringing in Baltimore that Sunday morning, July 10th, Harvey Gilmore struck the Philadelphia and Wilmington railroad at Magnolia, and captured Major-General Franklin, while Bradley Johnson, with his brigade, occupied Towsontown, Westminster, and Reisterstown, and tore up the Northern Central railroad at Cockeysville, and Early pushed on to Rockville.

At 11 o'clock, July 11th, Early's head of column, the Sixty-second Virginia (mounted infantry), under Colonel George Smith, and McClenahan's Battery, appeared in front of Fort Stevens, on the edge of Washington, the National Capitol looming up in full view. At half-past 1 o'clock Rodes' skirmishers were deployed and the big guns of Fort Stevens sent them a loud reception. While the sturdy infantry that had trudged from Cold Harbor came struggling forward on the dusty, sun-baked roads, Generals Early and Rodes rode upon the field. Very different scenes were transpiring in the Federal lines. Down at the wharf President Lincoln was receiving the Sixth Corps and a part of the Nineteenth Corps, which was arriving by transports coming up the Potomac river. As Generals Early and Rodes, on horseback, surveyed the situation, a cloud of dust beyond the earthworks denoted the coming lines. Presently a line leaped over the works, and as their skirmishers deployed in the open field, General Rodes exclaimed, "They are no hundred-days men, General." A council of war was held that night between Early, Breckinridge, Gordon, Rodes, and

Ramseur, and it was resolved to storm the lines at daybreak, unless the revelations of the night should lead to a change of conclusion. Before dawn a message came from that enterprising officer, General Bradley T. Johnson, who had pushed on to the suburbs of Baltimore, that two corps of Grant's army had arrived at Washington, and, reluctantly, Early determined to withdraw. As he retreated a portion of the Sixth Corps advanced to attack, while President Lincoln and some members of his Cabinet looked on from Fort Stevens. This affair lost to General Bidwell, the United States officer in command, 280 men, with a slight loss to Early, who now turned towards Virginia.

General A. L. Long, the chief of artillery of the expedition, the gallant officer, who, notwithstanding the loss of his eyesight, spent his declining years in writing a history of his operations, in which he took a worthy part, says in his memoir of General R. E. Lee: "This campaign of General Early's is remarkable for accomplishing more in proportion to the force employed, and for having given less public satisfaction than any other campaign of the war. This is entirely due to the erroneous opinion that the city of Washington should have been taken, and this may be passed over as one of the absurdities of public sentiment on the conduct of the war."

The popular impression that Early could have captured Washington is only a case in which the wish was father to the thought. The city was defended by 700 siege guns, abatis of trees had been placed before the earthwork, the high banks of Rock creek formed a natural fortification, and a series of forts mounted with heavy guns covered all the approaches, and were so arranged that if one were taken the others commanded it. There was a superabundance of field batteries, for Grant had sent back in the spring a hundred guns which encumbered his army. Early had but 8,000 muskets, while there were over 20,400 men in the defences of Washington—enough to defeat him before Wright's Corps and Emory's Division arrived. And here was the Sixth and part of the Nineteenth Corps on hand. If he had taken Washington with so small a force it would have been futile and short-lived success. On the 13th of July, carry-

ing along with him all the prisoners of Monocacy, Early marched to the Potomac, and on the 14th, crossing near Leesburg, was again in old Virginia.

THE THIRTY-DAYS' CAMPAIGN

I count this thirty-days' campaign as one of the most brilliant of our own or any other war. Within that brief time General Early, with less than 14,000 men, all told, had—

(*First*). Driven out of the field the army of Hunter, 18,500 strong.

(*Second*). Bottled up Sigel at Harper's Ferry, with a force 6,000 strong.

(*Third*). Defeated Wallace at the Monocacy, and sent him whirling into Baltimore with an army of 6,000 to 7,000 strong.

(*Fourth*). Diverted from Grant's army the Sixth Corps and a part of the Nineteenth Corps, which just at this time, happily for Grant, was arriving at Fort Monroe from New Orleans.

(*Fifth*). Transferred the seat of war from Central and Piedmont Virginia, where it menaced the rear of Lee, to the border line of Northern Virginia on the Potomac, where it began three years before. Counting the men in the defences of Washington, Early had occupied fully 60,000 men to oppose him. All the objects of the campaign were, up to this time, roundly accomplished. No doubt there was hope that Washington might possibly be captured, and that Grant, like McClellan, might be forced to abandon operations on the James, and both his and Lee's armies transferred to the northern border. But this hope was never either a design or expectation.

The march of Early from Cold Harbor by Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Salem, Staunton, and Winchester across the Potomac and the Monocacy, and through the South Mountain passes to Washington, and back to Virginia between the 13th of June and the 14th of July, a distance of 510 miles, an average of sixteen miles a day, is, for length and rapidity, without a parallel in our own or any modern war. The fact that most of his men covered sixty miles, from Charlottesville to Lynchburg, on the cars does not alter this statement. It took Sherman

nearly three months to get over 300 miles, from Atlanta to Savannah, with less proportional impediment. Crawford's Division of Wellington's army marched seventy-two miles in twenty-four hours to Talavera; but never did Wellington, "Stonewall" Jackson, nor, that I have been able to discover, did Napoleon Bonaparte, achieve so great a consecutive distance in so brief a time. And, when it is remembered that Early had to thread his path into a hostile country, through the meshes of four opposing forces, two of which (Hunter's and Wallace's) he defeated, one of which (Sigel's) he eliminated and foiled, while the fourth he confronted at Washington with numbers trebling his own, and that he did not lose a gun—the exploit is marvelous; and is, at least, a worthy companion-piece of the Valley campaign of Jackson.

SECOND INVASION AND ITS SEQUEL

The "foot cavalry" paused near Leesburg, July 14th and 15th, and soon "march and fight" is again the watchword. Their situation is perilous, for a column, commanded by General H. G. Wright, consisting of the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, is moving on their rear from Washington, while Hunter's army, which had returned from the Ohio river by railroad, has united with Sigel at Harper's Ferry, and this force has moved under Major-General Crook, down into Loudoun county. To slip between them is the problem. Early solved it. On the 16th of July he moved through Snicker's Gap to the Valley, crossing the Shenandoah on the 17th, and taking position on the 18th near Berryville, skirmishing successfully, and repelling the advance of Wright's column at Castleman's Ferry. On the 20th, Ramseur had an affair with Averill's cavalry, which was threatening our trains from Stevenson's Depot, and was badly worsted, losing four pieces of artillery, Generals Lewis and Lilly being wounded, and Colonel Board, of the Fifty-eighth Virginia, being killed. Grant now wrote Halleck to send back to him the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, before Early could get back to Lee; but Early was too quick for him.

On the 22d Early posted himself across Cedar Creek near Strasburg. On the 23d news came which proved to be correct, that Wright's column had returned to Washington, where

transports were ready to convey them to Grant at Petersburg and that Crook and Averill had united at Kernstown.

Quick as an eagle swoops upon its prey, Early leaped upon Crook, who commanded the Army of West Virginia, consisting of Hunter's and Sigel's forces and Averill's cavalry, and there where Jackson and Shields had such rough work, he rolled up Crook's flanks, drove him from the field, Colonel Mulligan, a division commander being killed, between two and three hundred prisoners taken, twelve caissons and seventy-two wagons either burned or captured, and the whole army being driven across the Potomac to Maryland Heights and Harper's Ferry, in the tracks of Banks' frequent evolutions before Jackson.

This flying and broken army six weeks before had defeated and killed General Jones. It had now had a second defeat from Early's hands; and when Grant heard the news he sent another division of the Nineteenth Corps to Washington, instead of the troops there continuing their movements to return to him.

The 29th finds Early on the Potomac and McCausland at Chambersburg, where, in default of payment of \$100,000 levied upon the town, in retaliation for Hunter's excesses in Virginia, he, under Early's orders, put it to the flames. On the 5th of August Early crossed the Potomac, taking position near Sharpsburg, intending to threaten the enemy's country and keep troops from getting to Grant and to mystify Hunter as to his movements.

GRANT'S PLANS BROKEN UP

The result shows Early's sagacity. On the 30th of July, while McCausland was at Chambersburg, Grant exploded the mine under a portion of Lee's lines at Petersburg, and on that day Sheridan had joined him there with his cavalry. "The explosion," says Grant, "was a stupendous failure," and he lost 10,000 men in a vain endeavor; but the next day he ordered Meade to take a corps of infantry and the cavalry and to proceed August 1st, before Lee could get back to the Weldon railroad, and destroy fifteen miles of that important line. "But misfortune," says Grant, "never comes singly." He learned that afternoon, July 31st, of Early's movements on the Potomac, and he says: "I rescinded my orders for the division to go out and

destroy the Weldon railroad and directed them to embark for Washington city." Thus was Early's draft on Grant's lines again honored, the pressure on Lee to that extent relieved, the second invasion terminated as successfully as the first, and now we shall see Grant himself and an army larger than all of Lee's hurrying to look after the irrepressible, redoubtable, and ubiquitous Early.

Grant had been greatly stirred up by Early's movements, and Hunter infinitely mystified, just as Early calculated they would be. On the 4th of August Grant jumped upon the train for City Point, took a steamer, and posted direct through Washington to Monocacy. There he found Hunter, who had started to Richmond and landed at White Sulphur Springs, the Ohio river, and finally at Monocacy.

He asked Hunter an embarrassing question: "Where is the enemy?" He replied that he did not know, and was so embarrassed with orders from Washington that he had lost all trace of the enemy. Grant told him that Sheridan was in Washington with one cavalry division and another on the way, and suggested that he (Hunter) should make headquarters at Cumberland, Baltimore, or elsewhere and give Sheridan command in the Valley. Hunter asked to be relieved, and was relieved, to the equal relief of his foot-sore excursionists. The upshot was that Sheridan was placed in command.

SHERIDAN FORCED BACK TO HALLTOWN

Grant returned to Petersburg, Hunter passed away, and now for six weeks Early and his new antagonist are chess playing and skirmishing. We have cavalry skirmishes and infantry skirmishes without number. The 7th of August Averill takes four pieces of artillery and about 300 prisoners from McCausland's Brigade at Moorefield. On the 9th Sheridan's whole army is concentrated at Harper's Ferry, and Early hears that he is in command. On the 10th Early formed east of Winchester to cover the roads from Charlestown and Berryville, then goes to Fisher's Hill, Sheridan following. On the 17th Anderson, with Kershaw's Division and Cutshaw's artillery, approaches to reinforce Early, and Early in turn forces Sheridan back to the vicinage of Charlestown, skirmishing every day,

and is heartily commended by Lee in his dispatches. The Federal historian Pond says of Early's movements at this period: "Holding the line of the Opequon, Early had for weeks not only kept Maryland and Pennsylvania quaking with apprehension, but persistently maintained his grasp on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, checking every effort to open these conduits to the capital and greatly impeding thus travel and trade. His own communications meantime were not cut, and the Virginia Central railroad behind him was in free operation between Staunton and Richmond."

On the 25th of August a heavy force of cavalry is driven through Shepherdstown by Early's infantry and Fitz Lee's cavalry. On the 3d of September Kershaw's Division starts back to Richmond under orders from Lee, but is quickly recalled, the enemy being discovered in line of battle and fortifying. Early now posts himself on the west bank of the Opequon near Winchester, and on the 14th Anderson starts again to Lee, carrying his infantry and artillery. On the 16th Sheridan hears of this through a spy and prepares to advance and give battle. On the 18th Early is at Martinsburg, where he hears that Grant has again visited Sheridan at Charlestown. He divines that a movement is on hand, at once orders a concentration at Winchester, and snuffs battle in the air.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER

Early was none too quick in his divination, for at dawn on the morning of the 19th Ramseur's Division, at the crossing of the Opequon and Berryville road, is assailed, and from that time till nightfall grim battle raged. The Confederate army was posted across the Berryville pike on an elevated plateau between Abraham's creek and Redbud Run, about a mile and a half east of Winchester, with Lomax and three cavalry brigades covering our right and the Valley pike going southward, and Fitz Lee covering the Valley pike to Martinsburg on our north and left. Sheridan lost an hour in getting his troops well in hand, which Early, as he says, "was not slow to avail of." For, as he pressed upon Ramseur with the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, Wilson's Cavalry Division, which had preceded them as

a cover, passed to the Federal left flank to threaten our communications on the Valley pike. Early, who had brought up Rodes' and Gordon's divisions from Stevenson's Depot, hurled them upon his flanks in a moment of "imminent and thrilling danger," and concentrated upon them the fire of his artillery under Braxton and Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Carter, its chief. As the massive infantry of the enemy pressed on in three lines they broke and scattered under the counter charge, and were driven from the field. And "it was a grand sight," says Early, "to see this body hurled in utter disorder before my two divisions, numbering a very little over 5,000 muskets."

Lomax on the right had held Wilson's Cavalry Division in check, and with part of his force had gallantly charged the infantry when pressing Ramseur's line. Fitz Lee, from across the Redbud, poured a hot fire into them with his sharpshooters and Breathed's Artillery, while Nelson's and Braxton's battalions under Colonel T. H. Carter, their guns double-shotted with canister, ripped broad gaps through their lines when they had got close enough almost to feel the hot breath of the tongues of flame upon their cheeks.

VICTORY FOR A TIME—RETREAT

At midday a splendid victory had been gained; but, alas! that brave and accomplished officer, Major-General Rodes, had fallen; the gallant General Godwin, of Ramseur's Division, had also been slain, and General York, of Gordon's Division, with hundreds of others of brave men, lay stricken. At 2 o'clock Breckinridge, with his division and King's and McLaughlin's artillery, had arrived, and Sheridan was preparing another assault. He had intended to send Crook to cut off Early's retreat southward by the Valley pike, but Lomax there had so checked Wilson's progress, and Early had now given him so rough a handling, that he determined to concentrate his three corps on Early's left, while Averill and Merritt, with their two cavalry divisions, were to sweep down the Valley pike, also on our left, and in touch with their infantry, and the whole force, with the exception of Wilson, were to decide conclusions there. The most massive concentrative charge of the war by Federal troops on the open field in Virginia followed.

As this tremendous cavalry force, nearly 10,000 strong, came thundering down the pike to the very skirts of Winchester, Fitz Lee fell wounded while gallantly striving against them, and our cavalry, with Patton's Brigade of infantry, were forced back. In double-quick time the two brigades, under Breckinridge, and King's Artillery was thrown into line at right angles to our main line, and the cavalry was again and again repulsed; King's Artillery in the angle firing at the same time to front and flank, until their ammunition was exhausted, and still then sticking to their guns. But our men in front heard the fire rolling to the rear, and with it came the pressure of three corps of 30,000 infantry upon their front, while they were but three meager divisions. The front line began to wither away—Evans' Brigade broke—and it became evident our men could hold out no longer. Early was everywhere. As the enemy pressed to the very muzzles of Carter's guns, and his officers stood like statues, pistols in hand, for close encounter, there was Early; and now, as the crisis came on the left, he sat his horse amongst King's guns coolly surveying the scene. "Joshua has the sun by the heel," exclaimed some of the men—for it was yet lingering over the weary combatants, and there was no Blucher to come. Early now gave the order to retreat; and, with Wharton on the left and Ramseur on our right, maintaining organization and covering the movement, he deliberately in good order retired with all the honors of war, losing but three guns, which could not be brought off, because the horses were killed. The enemy reported five.

AFTERMATH AT FISHER'S HILL

On the 20th Early took position at Fisher's Hill, and on the 22d Sheridan again attacked him, Crook's Corps getting in rear of his left flank and his whole army retiring in confusion. But the artillery again distinguished itself by great courage, fighting to the last, and Early had to ride to some of them and order withdrawal of their guns before they would move. Their pertinacity in holding out led to the loss of eleven guns. Otherwise the loss was not great, but Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Pendleton, the distinguished and gallant Adjutant-General of the corps, who had served so long with Jackson, Ewell, and Early, fell mortally wounded, leaving a vacancy which it was

indeed difficult to supply. Early slowly retired down the Valley to Rude's Hill, between Mount Jackson and New Market, in line of battle, checking the enemy as he advanced, the troops behaving admirably. Sheridan's cavalry followed as far as Staunton, but Early had simply stepped aside to Port Republic while they passed on, and then moved to Waynesboro on the 30th of September.

In early October he is moving down the Valley again and meditates attacking the enemy at Harrisonburg on the 6th, but he in turn retires. By the 13th he is again at Fisher's Hill and Hupp's Hill, and finds Sheridan posted on the north bank of Cedar creek, and there boldly defies him on the field of his late reverses. The enemy, sending a division across the creek, is met by Conner's Brigade and repulsed, losing their division commander, Colonel Wells, and the gallant and accomplished General Conner on our side losing a leg. On the 15th General Early remains at Fisher's Hill and sends Rosser on a cavalry reconnoissance. On the 17th he displays his full force in front of the enemy's lines to cover Rosser's return, but he is without provisions, and he must either retreat or fight. Well did he appreciate the inspiration of being the assailant, and he determined to assail.

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK

As the sequel shows, Sheridan had concluded that Early was pretty well used up, and had gone to Washington. General H. G. Wright, of the Sixth Corps, who commanded in his absence, was informed on the 18th that Early had retreated, and the Federal army lay with a feeling of security on the north bank of Cedar creek; but Early was only crouching to spring. Unable to attack the fortified position of the enemy, he determined to take him by flank, and by surprise if possible. He had sent General Gordon, with Captain Hotchkiss, chief engineer, to the signal station on Massanutten Mountain, to examine the enemy's position, and General Pegram to examine the creek on the enemy's right. Hotchkiss returned with a sketch designating the roads on the enemy's left and rear, and with information that it was practicable to move the infantry between the base of the mountain and the Shenandoah river, into which the creek there empties, to a ford below the mouth of the creek.

Next morning General Gordon confirmed Captain Hotchkiss' report, expressing confidence that an attack could be successfully made on the enemy's left and rear, and Early resolved to move over the ground designated by Hotchkiss' sketch to the assault. That afternoon the division commanders met at Early's headquarters for final instructions, and Early directed that Gordon should proceed immediately after dark to the foot of the mountain, crossing the river, and move for a house on the west side of the Valley pike called "Belle Grove," where Sheridan had his headquarters, taking with him the Second Corps—namely, Gordon's, Ramseur's, and Pegram's divisions. Early in person, with Kershaw and Wharton and all the artillery, was to move along the Valley pike from Strasburg and attack the enemy's front and left as soon as Gordon was engaged. Rosser, with his own and Wickham's brigades, was to cross Cedar creek on the enemy's right flank and attack simultaneously with Gordon, while Lomax, with his division, was to move to Front Royal across the river, thence to the Valley pike, and strike the enemy wherever the firing might indicate his presence. Colonel William H. Payne, with his small brigade of 300 to 400 men, was to go with Gordon and endeavor to capture Sheridan, who was supposed to be at "Belle Grove."

"THE SUN OF MIDDLETOWN"

At the appointed hour, everything was in motion—Wharton going with Early, at 1 o'clock, towards Strasburg; Rosser starting before day, to attack at 5 A. M.; while Gordon has gone to get in position at nightfall. General Pegram having discovered from the signal station an entrenchment across the road over which Gordon was to advance, Early thought Gordon might have greater difficulty than had been anticipated, and adopted Pegram's suggestion to move toward the enemy's left to attack simultaneously with Gordon and Rosser. The artillery concentrated at Fisher's Hill, at 5 A. M., was to move at a gallop to Hupp's Hill, being thus held back that the rumbling of wheels might not be heard on the macadamized road, and canteens and swords were left in camps, that no sound might startle the enemy.

At 3.30 o'clock in the morning Early, with Kershaw's Division, came in sight of the enemy's fires, and, as the moon was shining, their sleeping camps were in plain view. At 4.30 o'clock, the word forward was given, and Kershaw crossed the creek at Bowman's Hill, and, at exactly 5 o'clock, swept over the enemy's works, taking seven guns, which were at once turned upon them. Rosser was now heard opening up on the left, and as Early, with Wharton's troops, came hurrying to Hupp's Hill, according to appointment, the musketry of Gordon broke out in the enemy's rear; and presently Early and Gordon met in the enemy's camp, for success so far had crowned every effort. Payne's troopers, followed by Gordon's infantry, had swept through the camp, driving and capturing the panic-stricken enemy, for they and Kershaw had been alike victorious. The Nineteenth and Crook's corps, upon which they had fallen, were in complete route and flying the field, abandoning their equipments, with many small arms, and over forty pieces of artillery. As the sun rose, Early, contemplating the wreck, exclaimed: "There is the sun of Middletown."

The Sixth Corps, perhaps the steadiest body in the Federal army, however, had gotten under arms, and could be seen like a long, black serpent, moving slowly to the rear. Pegram, attacking one of its divisions, was checked; Wharton's Division was also thrown into some confusion, but Colonel Carter, chief of artillery, concentrated upon it twenty guns, and soon it was in full retreat, Ramseur and Pegram advancing to the position from which it was driven. Some sixteen hundred prisoners had now been taken, and Early was anxious to press forward.

SHOULD WE PRESS FORWARD?

Early now sent Lieutenant Mann Page, of his staff, with orders for Gordon and Kershaw to attack, but he soon returned and informed Early that Kershaw stated his division was scattered and not in condition to do so and a cavalry force was pressing on his front. He also stated that Gordon's Division was re-forming in the rear of Kershaw, and that it was too scattered to attack. The enemy had now formed their line across the Valley pike two miles north of Middletown. A heavy force of cavalry was pressing upon our right and Early

rode to Middletown to meet this menace, putting Pegram's and Wharton's divisions and Wofford's Brigade in line and repulsing several cavalry charges. He also sent a message to Lomax requiring him to move to Middletown, but the message miscarried, and Lomax, hearing the firing so far in the rear, concluded that the enemy were being forced to Winchester, and had moved accordingly in that direction. Early had now gotten Ramseur and Kershaw in line with Pegram's Division, and Gordon coming up, was placed on their left with orders to advance. Without reserve and with more than half his cavalry absent, it was Early's intention to charge with his whole army and stand the hazard of the die. The advance was made for some distance, when Gordon's skirmishers came back reporting a heavy line of battle in front behind breastworks, and Early having given him instructions that if he found the enemy's line too strong not to attack he did not do so. Did Early err in not urging the assault? Some officers of high character, intelligence, and rank, whose opinions are entitled to weight, think so; and it is difficult for one not present to judge. But it is not to be forgotten that his men had been up all the night before and had been fighting over rough ground from the early hours of the morning, and were much jaded; that their ranks had been disordered by their assault, and some of them, alas! had scattered to seize the rich plunder of the enemy's camps. An unavoidable delay in the morning of an hour in Gordon's movements, for which he was not to blame, the miscarriage of the message to Lomax, the strong position which the enemy held, and the fact that he had a cavalry force which hung upon both flanks quite as large as Early's infantry, while we had but 1,200 under Rosser to meet them, that we had on our hands 1,600 prisoners, with many wagons and stores, and had gained a great victory, all these considerations induced Early not to press his men farther. Above all we should not forget that Early was one of the boldest as well as the coolest of men. We had no such opportunity here as we had at Gettysburg when he wanted to advance, and those who exonerate his superiors for not pressing forward upon that occasion should remember his character and be slow to criticise him now.

HIS ARMY IN FLIGHT

As it happened, Sheridan was in Winchester when Early's attack was delivered, on his return from a visit to Washington. As he rode out of town that morning towards his army he heard the firing, and, galloping towards the field, nearly twenty miles distant, was met by its fugitives. As he arrived on the field he found Getty's Division and the cavalry resisting Early's army. He at once ordered all his troops in line, and late that afternoon, knowing Early's weakness of numbers, he ordered an advance. An interval between Payne's Brigade on our extreme left and the rest of Kershaw's line having been penetrated, the troops there gave way, and presently the whole line followed. Vainly did Gordon try to stay the steps of his thin and weary but now receding lines. Vainly did Ramseur, with a few hundred men, and Major Goggin, of Conner's staff, with as many more of his brigade and Cutshaw's Artillery, try to stem the tide. For an hour and a half they held it in check, but Ramseur fell mortally wounded, fighting like a lion, the artillery ammunition was exhausted, and they, too, fell back. Pegram and Wharton and Wofford, on our right, had successfully checked the enemy, but as they now attempted to retire the disorder spread, and the last organized force dissolved into general rout. Vainly did Early try to rally his men on the south bank of Cedar creek and at Hupp's Hill, and he declares that if 500 men had stood by him all his artillery and guns would have been saved, as the enemy's pursuit was feeble, but the bridge broke down at Strasburg, blocking all passage, and they were lost, and Early's army was in disastrous flight from the field of battle.

Thus are we left with the reflection that so often arises, that "war, however crowned by splendid strokes, is commonly a series of errors and accidents;" and thus was illustrated what Napier says, that "without fortune, which is only another name for the unknown combinations of infinite power, the designs of men are as bubbles on a troubled ocean."

And so "the sun of Middletown" that had risen so gloriously went down behind the storm clouds that had spent their wrath upon the field of its illumination.

The enemy was terribly shattered, his footsteps weary, his

pursuit feeble. Sheridan complains of his cavalry, and that they did not get the full fruits of victory. Terrible as was the shock to Early—wonder 'tis did not crush him—he was quick upon his feet again, and November 11th, lo! his tattered banners flew again in front of Sheridan north of Cedar creek, near Newtown, the latter retiring to Winchester. At this time Sheridan had 60,000 and Early 14,000 men.

November 27th Rosser suddenly swept down on New Creek, a fortified port on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and captured 800 prisoners, eight pieces of artillery, several hundred cattle, and many stores. In December Sheridan sent back the Sixth Corps to Grant, and Early soon sent Kershaw's Division and the Second Corps back to Lee; and then made his headquarters at Staunton, with Wharton's infantry and Rosser's cavalry, which he alone retained.

Thus ended 1864. Early having some 3,000 men at Staunton, and Sheridan at Winchester, with 43,000, the enemy holding, as President Davis says in his history, "precisely the same position in the Valley which he had before the beginning of the campaign in the spring." Meantime, Sherman had marched through Georgia, and was at Savannah.

WAYNESBORO AND THE END

On the 27th of February Sheridan started from Winchester with his cavalry, Early having Rosser, with a few hundred men, and Wharton's two small brigades, and Nelson's Artillery, to meet him. Rosser could only hang on the skirts of the column, ten thousand strong, for he was powerless to check it; and Early retired to Waynesboro, where he placed Wharton, with a thousand muskets, and Nelson, with six pieces of artillery, on a ridge, some sixteen hundred men all told. He did not intend to make this his battle ground, but only to cover the getting-off of his equipments; but here he was attacked on the 2d of March. His orders to post artillery, in anticipation of the attack, miscarried, as did also his message of warning to Wharton; and, as the event disclosed, most of his command and his artillery was captured, he and General Wharton barely escaping. Sheridan now rode roughshod through Virginia, destroying as he went, and joined Grant

at Richmond. Early, after several narrow escapes, reached Richmond, after passing twice between the enemy's camps and his pickets, and, consulting with General Lee, was sent to Southwest Virginia to organize with General Echols what force might be collected in that section. There, on the 30th of March, he received a telegram from General Lee relieving him from duty.

Notwithstanding the gloomy close of a great career, it can not be denied that Early demonstrated the qualities of a great commander. No one whose mind is open to light can fail to see in him quick divination of his enemy's plans, prompt and unhesitating decision, indefatigable energy and industry, cool, discerning judgment—the quickness of the eagle's flight in movement, the fearlessness of the lion's heart in action.

He assumed the gravest responsibilities when he might have easily avoided them. He was never dilatory or belated in execution of an order. He never clamored for reinforcements when he knew there were none to send. He detached troops obediently, without complaint, when he knew the peril to which it subjected him. He was never chided, reproved, or blamed by his superiors.

No better fighting was ever done than that of Early at Winchester; no more brilliant plan was ever conceived than that at Cedar creek. Nothing could have shown more boldness than Early's giving battle at Winchester, nor more cool deliberation than his steady retirement. "He deserves," says Pond, the Federal historian, "the credit of great vigor and skill in fighting the battle forced upon him, and in moving his trains and his army out of the ruin his opponent had prepared for him."

That he rallied so speedily after Fisher's Hill, and struck so splendidly at Cedar creek, and that he always came back with unrelenting and elastic courage is as true a picture of a great man struggling with the storms of fate as the heroic tragedy of human nature has ever presented.

THE ODDS AGAINST EARLY

In reviewing his campaigns we realize the truth of General Lee's saying, "that it will be difficult to make the world believe the odds against which we fought," and the wisdom of Early's

philosophy of the war, when he declined to "speculate on the causes of Confederate failure, finding abundant reason for it in the tremendous odds brought against us." Everything about his campaign has been exaggerated; his numbers, his defeats, his losses, the prisoners taken, and the extent of his disasters.

(*First*). I have said that Sheridan's army was larger than Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, with Early's and Beauregard's troops included.

Here is the proof in Sheridan's return of his muster-roll for August, 1864 (see Serial 90 of the War Records, page 974), showing 173,624 aggregate, present and absent; 114,501, present; and 94,026, present for duty, with 736 siege-guns, and 397 fieldpieces.

This was more than Lee had—all told.

Many of Sheridan's men were at Washington, Baltimore, and Chambersburg. But here is the return of what he had actually in the field with him, showing 62,740, aggregate, present, with 37,752 infantry, 14,734 cavalry, and 4,691 artillerymen, aggregate, 57,177 for duty. (See Serial 90, War Records, page 974.)

(*Second*). I have said that Sheridan's three infantry corps each outnumbered by average Early's whole infantry force. Here is the proof. In Serial 90 of the War Records, page 61, you will find Sheridan's return of September 10th, showing present for duty, 45,487; the Sixth Corps having infantry for duty, 12,696; the Nineteenth, 12,810, and Crook's army of West Virginia having 7,140; aggregate, 32,646, or an average for each corps of more than all of Early's infantry.

And in Pond's History, page 267, you will find the returns for the month of September, showing the Sixth Corps with 10,067 infantry for duty. The Nineteenth, with 10,862 infantry for duty; Crook's army, with 10,297; aggregate, 31,226, with the same result.

Sheridan says in his memoirs (I, page 471): "The Confederate army at this date (September) was about 20,000 strong, and consisted of Early's own corps, with Generals Rodes, Ramseur and Gordon commanding its divisions, the infantry of Breckinridge from Southwestern Virginia, three battalions

of artillery, and the cavalry brigades of Vaughan, Johnson, McCausland, and Imboden."

The statement as to the infantry commands is correct; but as to numbers it nearly doubles the force of Early. The latter was remarkably accurate and reliable, and he says of this period (September 19th, 1864): "The Second Corps numbered a little over 8,000 muskets when it was detached in pursuit of Hunter, and it had now been reduced to about 7,000 muskets by long and rapid marches and the various engagements and skirmishes in which it had participated. Wharton's Division had been reduced to about 1,700 muskets by the same causes. Making a small allowance for details and those unfit for duty, I had about 8,500 muskets for duty."

Vaughan's cavalry had at this time been sent to Southwest Virginia, and says Early: "Such had been the loss in all the brigades in the various fights and skirmishes in which they had been engaged that the whole of this cavalry now under Lomax numbered only about 1,700 mounted men. Fitz Lee had brought with him two brigades—to-wit, Wickham's and Lomax's old Brigade (now under Colonel Payne), numbering about 1,200 mounted men." (Early's book, pages 85, 86.) I have accepted each commander's statement as to his own troops, and they abundantly sustain me.

(*Third*). I have said that Sheridan's cavalry equalled all of Early's infantry, and was sometimes more than his whole army. The returns show that Averill had in August 6,472 present for duty, and Torbert in his corps 8,262—aggregate, 14,734.

This was more than Early's whole force for duty, and more than three times our cavalry. And if you choose to pursue the investigation you will find in Serial 90 and 91 of the War Records reports of cavalry strength by divisions fully demonstrating the correctness of my statements.

(*Fourth*). I have said that Early in his campaign killed, wounded, and captured more men than he had ever mustered on a battle field. Here is the proof.

Hunter lost at Lynchburg 700, Wallace at Monocacy lost 1,959, and Sheridan reports his losses at 16,952. Total, 19,611.

Early had on his rolls 15,949 present and absent, counting Kershaw's Division, which was not at Winchester; but with it present, August 31st, his whole infantry for duty was 14,485.

This was before the battles at Winchester and Fisher's Hill, and he never had more at any time.

Nor did his whole army ever equal in number the casualties reported by Sheridan, nor did Early's cavalry ever amount to 5,000.

LOSSES IN THREE BATTLES

I now present the casualties of losses in the three battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar creek, compiled by Lieutenant-Colonel Fox, of the United States army, and given in his book of war statistics, pages 547-551.

Sheridan:

Battles—	Killed.	Wounded.	Captured or missing.	Aggregate.
Winchester or Opequon.....	697	3,983	338	5,018
Fisher's Hill	52	457	19	528
Cedar Creek	644	3,430	1,591	5,665
Aggregate	1,983	7,860	1,948	11,211

Early:

Winchester or Opequon.....	226	1,567	1,818	3,611
Fisher's Hill	30	210	995	1,235
Cedar Creek	320	1,540	1,050	2,910
Aggregate	576	3,317	3,863	7,756

This does not include Early's losses in cavalry, but during all September they were 60 killed and 288 wounded. Putting them at 1,000, which is very excessive for the three battles, they would show that Sheridan's loss in killed and wounded was much greater than Early's, and Early's losses greater in prisoners, yet all told for the three fights Early's aggregate loss more than 2,000 less.

What such a man could have done with resources to match his genius can be left only to inspire the imagination.

As to prisoners, Grant says, in his memoirs, that Early had lost more men killed, wounded, and captured, than Sheridan had commanded from first to last. How such an absurd statement could have gotten into printer's ink is unaccountable. This is contradicted by Sheridan himself, for he reports that from August 1st, 1864, to March 1st, 1865, the prisoners re-

ceived by his provost-marshal were about 13,000. (See War Records, Serial 91, page 60.) Grant forgets he had instructed Sheridan to consider citizens under 50 years old as prisoners of war, and not as citizen-prisoners (see Grant's order of August 16th, 1864, Sheridan's Memoirs, first volume, page 486), and this 13,000 embraced all deserters, stragglers, furloughed soldiers of Lee's army, army agents of all kinds, and all citizens who were carried to Washington, whether soldiers or otherwise. The truth is patent that I have made good my statement that Early killed, wounded, and captured from Hunter, Wallace, and Sheridan more men than he could ever muster upon any battle field against either of them, and Grant has turned the truth of history upside down, in a manner that no one who reads its records can explain.

CRITICISMS UPON EARLY

To say that Early had faults is to say that he was human; and, as Marshal Turenne reminds us, "to say that he made mistakes, is to say that he made war." But even at this day it is difficult to take his problem and its resources and say where or when he might have better brought them into conjunction—the one to solve the other. To figure on his case at any time was to demonstrate failure; and so many heroic virtues postponed that failure and glorified it that I leave it for others to search for the mistakes and faults. For my part, I am too much filled with honor for the man and the deed to look for or to exploit them, and most of the criticisms upon him are easily answered.

It was said that he should have attacked Hunter on the 18th of June, the day after he got to Lynchburg. Suffice to answer, while he and half his corps were there, Rodes and the other half did not get there until the afternoon of the 18th, and Early arranged to attack next morning. Meantime between two suns Hunter gave leg bail. It was said he should have captured Hunter; this is equivalent to saying that Lee should have captured Pope after Manassas, or Hooker after Chancellorsville, or Grant after Cold Harbor. It was said that he should have captured Washington; this absurdity has been exposed. Grant criticises Early for sending Anderson's troops back to Lee

before the battle of Winchester, and two of his own divisions to Martinsburg. As to this criticism Lee, as Early states, requested him to send Anderson back, and he obeyed. Sheridan and Lee alike vindicate him from the second. Early, in fact, got all his troops concentrated for that battle, and Sheridan says in his report: "I had from early in the morning become apprised that I would have to engage Early's entire army instead of two divisions." General Lee writes to a critic of Early, October 10th, that so far as he can judge, Early has conducted the military operations in the Valley well; and again, October 14th, that according to his information, General Early has conducted his operations with judgment, and I am reliably informed that he spoke of Winchester as one of the best-fought battles of the war.

Finally, some say Early was reckless to meet Sheridan at Winchester, and to attack him at Cedar creek. In both cases it was fight or run. To run was to disclose and confess weakness. In the latter case, to stand was to starve, for he was without rations or forage. Early had the problem that confronted the Continentals in the Revolution. He knew he was weak, but when would he be stronger? "It may be asked," he says, speaking of Cedar creek, "why, with my small force, I made the attack? I can only say we had been fighting large odds during the whole war, and I knew there was no chance for lessening them."

Those who dispute this logic had better reassemble the Secession Convention of 1861, and submit the question. Early was heard upon it before the war was resolved on. After that he took the consequences uncomplainingly. And well did he vindicate "Honest John" Letcher's opinion, when he, as governor, appointed him a colonel. Some secession members objected on account of Early's stubborn Unionism. "I know Early," replied Letcher, "and if you gentlemen will do as well in the coming struggle, your state will have reason to rejoice." If none but those who did as well threw the first stone, it would remain long unflung.

LEE'S FAITH IN EARLY

General Early had the satisfaction of retaining the confidence and good opinion of his great commander, R. E. Lee. After

all reverses in the Valley Lee, on the 20th of February, 1865, extended his command to embrace the department of West Virginia and East Tennessee, previously commanded by General John C. Breckinridge, who had now become the Secretary of War. This brave and excellent officer's service under Early had familiarized him with his merits; he had testified to General Lee in high terms of his capacity and energy, and of his excellent disposition of his troops, and to Early's critics Lee had responded in language, which I have already quoted. (See War Records, Serial 91, page 897.) But Early had now to accept the fate of war, for public opinion, unadvised of his difficulties and extremities, clamored for a new leader. Lee himself had seen and felt its frequent injustice, and has stated that public opinion is more likely to be erroneous on military affairs than any other, because of their secrecy preventing complete knowledge.

It clamored against him when he did not win victory in West Virginia; against Jackson before the Valley Campaign; against Albert Sidney Johnston before he fell at Shiloh; it demanded Joe Johnston's removal when he retreated before Sherman, and as loudly demanded his restoration when Hood advanced and failed. On the other hand, when Thomas was defeating Hood, at Nashville, the message was on its way to supersede him for not fighting, and was drowned out in the shouts of his victory. While he yielded to the current of opinion respecting Early's operations General Lee, in addressing him the letter relieving him from duty, on March 30th, 1865, declared therein his own "confidence in his ability and zeal and devotion to be unimpaired," and concluding with an expression of thanks "for the fidelity and courage with which you have always supported my efforts, and for the courage and devotion you have always manifested in the service of the country."

One week before that, on March 24th, 1865, Lee had made a last effort to break Grant's lines in vain, and the Second Corps, under Gordon, had stormed and taken Fort Steadman. There happened then what would have happened had Early taken Washington, and what did happen at Cedar creek. Our troops were brave enough to take; they were not strong enough to

hold. The enemy concentrated numbers and drove them back. On the very day of Early's removal Grant moved on the Petersburg lines; March 31st Five-Forks was lost; Petersburg was carried April 2d, and a week later, April 9th, the matchless Lee and the remnant of his matchless army surrendered. When Early heard the news he was sick in an ambulance going home from Wytheville. He said, "without the slightest irreverence I will say that the sound of the last trump would not have been more unwelcome to my ears."

Comparisons have been made between Jackson's and Early's campaigns, sometimes to the detriment of the latter. The differences in their situations should be remembered.

FOUGHT UNDER A PALING STAR

First, Jackson fought when the prestige of the Confederacy was in the ascendancy. Early, when it was on the decline. Atlanta fell before Sherman the day before he defeated Crook, at Kernstown. Our misfortunes at Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Missionary Ridge, and Knoxville had taken place before Early's campaign began. The waning resources of the Confederacy and the collapse of its finances had changed the face of affairs. With Mississippi, Kentucky, and Tennessee overrun, the Trans-Mississippi cut from us, and the lower basin useless, the enemy could concentrate at will against our forces in Georgia and Virginia.

Second, the Valley was a garden and a granary when Jackson fought. Early fought in a desert, where "the crow flying over it would have to carry his rations." He had to practice the art of Napoleon—scatter to subsist, and concentrate for battle. He had men seizing and grinding stacks of wheat while battle raged about them. What shall we eat and wherewithal shall we be clothed was the problem of his men, and if they plundered battle fields it was hunger and nakedness that prompted them.

Third, Jackson's cavalry was not overmatched by the enemy's, as Early's was, three to one. The Valley, now denuded of fences and swept by fire, was a splendid field for cavalry operations; and Early felt and expressed his sense of deficiency in cavalry. His own was more overnumbered than any other arm of service; it was terribly overworked and overstrained—for

instance, Payne's Brigade was under fire every day for a month before the battle of Winchester. The Federal Government supplied its troops with good mounts and bountiful forage, while our cavalry had to make-shift to get horses as best they could, many being absent at all times in search for them. When they got them, it was equally difficult to feed them; and more than once brigades were disbanded to get horses, while their remnants fought dismounted. When Sheridan mustered a cavalry corps that reported over sixteen thousand for duty, finely mounted and equipped, with sabers, pistols, and repeating rifles, our troopers had to procure any kind of weapons they could, while their half-famished steeds reminded us of the poor jades of Henry the Fifth at Agincourt:

The gum down roping from their pale, dead eyes,
And in their pale, dull mouths the gimmel bit
Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows, fly over them
All impatient for the hour.

It must be remembered that Early's first chief of cavalry, General Robert Ransom, was compelled to retire, from ill health, and that he also lost the valuable services of General Fitzhugh Lee by his wound at Winchester. That Rosser and Lomax, McCausland, and their subordinates did so well under the circumstances is wonderful, and I wish I had time to refer more at length to their various exploits. Rosser's movements at New Creek and Beverly—where he lit up the closing scenes of disastrous war with signal victories—deserve especial mention.

Many splendid deeds and names have I left out of my recital which well deserve historic praise. What a glowing page might be made of the brave partisan Mosby's remarkable movements in Sheridan's rear, where, with less than 500 men, he kept many thousands occupied guarding communications of the Federal army and the approaches to Washington. But these will not be overlooked or forgotten. They would adorn, but they would not vary, the thread of my story.

OUR ARTILLERY DID WONDERS

Our artillery distinguished itself everywhere. At Winchester, says Early, "it did wonders." It overdid itself in tenacity at Fisher's Hill; it strove desperately at Cedar creek.

Its chief, Colonel T. H. Carter, who was wounded at Winchester, but again in battle at Cedar creek, knew his business. In Braxton and other battalion and company commanders he had able assistants; and though Sheridan had 100 guns and Early never had fifty on any field, they were never overmatched on any field.

Our infantry suffered for officers often, for such had been the fatality that the remnants of fourteen Virginia regiments had been put in one little brigade under Terry; Hays' and Stafford's brigades had been consolidated likewise—and often there was not even a field officer in a brigade—while regiments were under lieutenants. Not a single brigadier of the Second Corps who commanded in the beginning of the campaign was there scathless to witness its close.

No reflection, indeed, can be cast upon Early's soldiers of any arm of the service. They could well say:

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
We have done better—we have deserved it.

Nor did soldiers ever have a truer friend than Early. He was untiring in making provision for them, and his eulogy of them is praise indeed. "I believe," says he, "that the world never produced a body of men superior in courage, patriotism, and endurance to the private soldiers of the Confederate armies. I have repeatedly seen these soldiers submit with cheerfulness to privations and hardships which would appear to be almost incredible; and the wild cheers of our brave men (which were so different from the studied huzzahs of the Yankees) when their lines sent back opposing hosts of Federal troops, staggering, reeling, and flying, have often thrilled every fiber of my heart. I have seen with my own eyes ragged, barefooted, and hungry Confederate soldiers perform deeds which if performed in days of yore by mailed warriors in glittering armor, would have inspired the harp of the minstrel and the pen of the poet."

Through the vista of vanished years I seem to see them now. There they go along the road and over the fields with almost shoeless feet, their slouch hats, their gray jackets, and their battle flags, all tattered and torn; but their steps proud and elastic and their high, expectant faces all eager for the fray. Hark! There rings out o'er the rattling musketry and the

thundering cannon their lofty cheer—yonder they are—we see them through the smoke drifts now as they stand defiant and dauntless amidst dead, dying, and falling comrades, weather-beaten and bronzed, sweat-begrimed, and powder-stained, half-starved, half-clothed—without reward, without complaint, asking for nothing but orders—fearing nothing but defeat, hoping nothing but victory. I believe them entitled to eternal glory and everlasting life.

COMPARED TO ENGLISH COMMANDERS

I have counted Early amongst the great soldiers of history, and as our Mother Country ranks amongst the great military nations, I would ask you who are her great soldiers who might be put before him? Who, in her centuries of battles, would you name as great commanders in the sense of those who have led great forces, and found the delight of battle with their peers? Marlborough, yes; Wellington, yes. Who next? Trying to discover the next you begin to realize how scant is British history in the names of great commanders. I believe Virginia alone in the late war produced more men for whom that title could be claimed than Great Britain in all her history. Heroes in abundance and accomplished officers she has produced; but her wars have been for the most part against inferiors—against Hindoos, and Persians, Afgans, Zulus, Chinese, Egyptians, Arabs, and Matabeles. The greatest army of her own that she ever mustered was the 30,000 of Wellington at Waterloo. Her forces have generally coöperated with allies; or been swelled by hirelings and dependents, under her well-trained officers; her position has not been such as to develop campaigns such as we had in the late war, or to afford opportunities for such leaders as Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Ewell, A. P. Hill, Jackson, Stuart, and Early. The fact is that since the battle of Sedgmoor, fought August 5th, 1665, between the Duke of Monmouth, some 6,000 strong, and the forces of King James II., under John Churchill, afterwards the Duke of Marlborough, in which Monmouth lost a thousand and Churchill some 300 slain, “no conflict deserving the name of battle has been fought on English ground.”

SECRET OF ENGLAND'S DEMONSTRATION

While it is true that during this domestic peace of over 200 years, the British "have carried the English flag victorious from the Seine to the Indus, from Calcutta to Quebec, from Madrid to Cairo," it has been more by the skill of diplomacy and strategy, and especially more by sea power than by the movements of great forces. If we except the American campaigns and Wellington's operations against Napoleon, all the English fighting done in two centuries would scarce amount to that of General Lee in the single county of Spottsylvania, and would not amount to the fighting done by Early. "A sea shell," says Emerson, "should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also because of the hard finish of the men." She is mistress of the seas; she is the dictator of finance and commerce—there is the key of her ascendancy.

Who, then, would you say next? Would you say Clive, the military statesman who conquered Hindoostan? He, who at the battle of Plassey, on the 23d of June, 1757, in Everett's fine words, "laid the foundations of a subject Empire to Great Britain at the gates of the morning?" When it is remembered that he dispersed the army of the Indian Nabob, estimated at sixty or seventy thousand, with a thousand European soldiers and two thousand Indian Sepoy troops, and that his training was that of a government clerk, his genius and accomplishments are plain indeed. But when we reflect that his loss was twenty-two killed and about fifty wounded, and that his superior artillery broke the masses of the effeminate foe, we see how ridiculous it is to compare such exploits to the great movements of the Confederate war, and how ridiculous it would be to rank their heroes as military commanders with the leaders of such armies as those of Lee, Grant, Early, or Sheridan. What matters it to the wolves how many the sheep be? And how can a romp of the wolves among the cattle be compared to the combats of lions?

Would you say Havelock? Christian gentleman, gallant officer, true hero, I admit, but only a little Clive, a Brigadier-General who fought the same manner of men and overlaid them with superiority of every kind.

Would you say Charles George Gordon, "Chinese" Gordon, as they call him, who was only a captain of engineers in the Crimean war, and who while we were fighting in the Confederacy was helping the Emperor of China to suppress the Taiping rebellion, and who was finally killed in the Soudan by a handful of Arabs? Brave man he was, indeed; but he never commanded even an English brigade. To compare his skirmishes with the semi-barbarians to such actions as we had in war, or him to any great Confederate leader, would be to belittle—aye, to abandon all ideas of military criticism.

Who would say Lord Raglan, who commanded in the Crimea? He died of disease after incomplete experiences, and can not furnish a subject of comparison.

LATE ENGLISH MILITARY MAGNATES

Let us glance at some late English military magnates, General James Thomas Bruenel, Earl of Cardigan, who led the Light Brigade in the famous and fatal charge of the 600 on the Russian guns at Balaklava, "while all the world wondered," was never in a fight before or after the Crimean war, but he was made Lieutenant-General, Knight Commander of the Bath, Commander of the Legion of Honor, and lionized generally.

General Sir James Yorke Scarlett, who commanded "the heavies" and succeeded Lucan, had a similar record, and became, too, Lieutenant-General and Knight Commander of the Bath.

General George Charles Bingham, Earl of Lucan, who commanded the cavalry division, consisting of these two brigades, beyond some amateur soldiering with the Russians in 1828, never smelt powder before or after the Crimean war, but he became Knight Commander of the Bath, Lieutenant-General and field marshal.

What do these cavalymen know of war compared to Forrest, Stuart, Hampton, Wheeler, or the cavalry Lees?

Robert Cornelius Napier, Lord Napier of Magdala, as he is familiarly called, had served well in India and China, and he received an annuity of £2,000, was made field marshal, Knight Commander of the Bath, and a catalogue of honors for a little skirmish with and a general demolition of King Theodore in

Abyssinia. There were many skirmishes in Early's campaigns, the names of which I have not called, that exceeded all his fighting. His Royal Highness George William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge, field marshal and long time Commander-in-Chief of the British army, was in two fights, the Alma Inkermann.

General Sir Garnet Joseph Wolsley, viscount, K. P., K. C. B., G. C. M. G., D. C. L., LL. D., fought the Burmese, the Russians in the Crimea, the Ashantees on the African Gold Coast, and finally Egyptians and Arabs. He is a scholar, a gentleman, and a gallant soldier, twice wounded, and has skirmished around the world in good shape, getting £25,000 from his government for undoing a poor African king, and no end of military and civic honors, and is now Commander-in-Chief of the British army.

"John Bull" has bullied the world. He has done the largest real estate business on the smallest piece of land; he has conducted the largest wholesale trade on the smallest retail capital; he has stretched out the longest lines with the fewest men; and has got more military distinction for the smallest lot of fighting, than anybody else that ever lived.

In four years the Confederates fought 2,261 battles, an average of nearly two a day. Six hundred of them were fought on Virginia soil. Our American transactions have been on so great a scale; we have produced so many great captains, that we often fail to realize the magnitude of our accomplishments and the greatness of our home-bred heroes. How great a figure would they fill in the world's eye if they were celebrated as the older nations have celebrated theirs with titles and estates, and with artistic and literary monuments?

Wellington's Generals in the Peninsula did real fighting. They would furnish the nearest resemblance to our own; but time forbids that I pursue the parallel with other English Generals and I leave you to pursue it for yourselves, confident that you will tarry a long time with Marlborough and Wellington, and will stand puzzled to answer my question, "Who next?" None, I will confidently say, that you will be willing to rank above Jubal A. Early.

SECOND TO LEE AND JACKSON

I have said, and I have heard it said by one of the best officers that served under Early, that amongst our Confederate army commanders he was second only to Lee and Jackson. And who, I pray you, may dispute that precedence? We could not say Albert Sidney Johnston, for he never fought a single battle from start to finish; he fell at Shiloh delivering a well-conceived and brave attack; and victory passed from the field with his fall. He lived a glorious hope; he died a glorious martyr; he lives yet a glorious memory, but the deeds he might have done are not.

On the same principle, and for like reasons, though in far less degree, we could not say Joseph E. Johnston or Beauregard. They divided honors in our first glorious victory at Manassas, and are entitled to the highest distinction therefor. Johnston manœvered well at Yorktown, struck McClellan a parting blow with fine address at Williamsburg, and then, like Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, fell wounded as he was pressing the enemy at Seven Pines, when opportunity vanished. For two years he was not again in battle until 1864, when he took command of a defeated army at Dalton, and conducted a masterly retreat to Atlanta, fighting as he fell back at Dalton, Resaca, New Hope Church, and Kenesaw, and, indeed, all along the way, with courage, skill, and effect. Unfortunately removed from the command, ere his plans matured, there was no chance to judge them by the event; and when he returned to a broken but undismayed army, and led it in its last gallant fight, at Bentonville, it was only the prelude of surrender.

General Beauregard defended Charleston and Savannah with great gallantry and engineering skill, but he was engaged in but three great actions during the war—Manassas, in 1861; Shiloh, in 1862, and Petersburg, in 1864. He was victorious in the first, fortune failed him in the second, it perched again upon his banner in the last, when he saved the Cockade City, the very day Early saved Lynchburg, after a three-days' fight against enormous odds, in one of the best-fought battles of the Civil War, which followed his skillful "bottling up" of Butler at Drewry's Bluff. But in his case, as in Joseph E. Johnston's, the record is too fragmentary. After Manassas neither of them

tried conclusions with an adversary in general engagement (Beauregard at Petersburg excepted), neither of them drove an enemy off the field of conflict—and, whatever their abilities, which undoubtedly were great, they were never put to final tests by uninterrupted campaigns, and can hence not be the subject of satisfactory comparison.

Battles unfought and campaigns untried must be left with deeds undone and songs unsung. We may talk forever about the real or assumed greatness of men, but war has one only measure—What did they dare? What did they do? Summing up Early's four years of bloody deeds, of unsurpassed daring, and of long continued and sustained travail and pointing thereto, who, I pray you, presents a record superior in all that tests the soldier and the man?

SUSTAINED BY MILITARY TESTS

By whatever test you try him, Lee and Jackson stand alone before him amongst Confederate army commanders.

If marching be the test, no one in a given time marched so much, so far, so fast.

If fighting be the test, no one fought so steadfastly, so continuously, so frequently, so daringly, so stoutly.

If difficulties and odds encountered be the test, no soldier of the war occupied so many to oppose him, or met such great odds man to man in open field fight.

If damage done an enemy be the test, none other but Lee killed, wounded, and captured as many men as he had.

If success be the test no one can count the names of more victories; or of victories that had more effect.

If result be the test, let this be said, that his desperate campaign of 1864 prolonged the life of the Confederacy a year—the very day he left the field Grant marched to victory—and when he fell at last, the general crash came down upon us all. On these deeds done, and well done, I rest his fame.

Will you tell me that Early failed, and does this bar the door of fame? Hannibal failed. Napoleon failed. Lee failed. If there be a Cedar creek there is also a Pontine Marsh, a Waterloo, and an Appomattox. A great young nation was extinguished like a dying star. A whole people, genius, valor, patriotism,

and renown, went down in calamity and ruin. Does not Providence cast down the great, the gifted, and the good to demonstrate virtue, and to instruct us to be careless of fortune? A soldier must take his fate, whether it comes with death, as it did to Charles XII., to Wallerstein, to Gustavus Adolphus, to Hampden and Sidney, to Jackson and Stuart, to Polk, to Cleburne, to Pegram and Pelham, to Wolfe, to Warren, and Sidney Johnston; whether it comes by wounds, as to Joe Johnston, and Ewell, whether in gloom and disaster, as to Hannibal, to Napoleon, to Lee and Early. But the deeds live. What did he dare? What did he do? "*Ad periclitum quis nihil iniquius est ac eventus famam habiturum.*" said Livy of old, of one who got fame not from his own deed, but from happy deliverance: and who in the chance medley and medley wear of this tumultuous sphere has not learned that the tricks of the fickle goddess which cast down are ever condoned and repaired by the slow and even hand of justice. Her harsh decrees in one age are revised by the equity of the next age; and all history tells me with its splendid tale of tragic grandeur and pathetic fate that immortality cherishes for its nurslings the wrecks and castaways of fortune. Failed! That was yesterday; to-day he stands glorious.

PERSONAL QUALITIES OF GENERAL EARLY

Let me say something, ere I say good-night, of some personal characteristics. Early's courage was supreme. Never did mortal breast hold a braver soul nor one more firmly set. It is as natural to die as it is to be born, and as natural to fear as it is to live, or love, or hate; and many of the bravest men that ever lived have been exercised by apprehensions that caused their hearts to thrill and their frames to quake. Frederick the Great is described by Macaulay as marching through Europe with "a bottle of poison in one pocket and a copy of bad verses in the other." He feared his fate. Napoleon carried an amulet of poison around his neck, and once took it. When Marshal Turenne, on one occasion, was leaping on his horse to meet a sudden assault, his legs shook as his feet sought the stirrups. "Ah, you rascals," he exclaimed, as he smilingly looked down upon them, "if you knew where I was going to take you you

would shake worse than that." "Chinese" Gordon, who, after a life of hair-breadth adventures, fell at Khartoum, writes in his diary that he has always been frightened, and very much so, not at the fear of death, but the fear of defeat and its consequences. "I do not believe," he says, "in the calm, unmoved man. I think it is only that he does not show it outwardly." Early had that supreme courage that shrinks before no responsibility and that dared with composure to face defeat and disaster for his country. Whatever pangs may have stirred his secret breast were never disclosed in outward manifestation. His hand never quivered, his face never changed when he launched the thunderbolts of war or received its rude shocks, and if ever he took account of danger or death or misfortune or blame or shame it was a matter left behind the mask of his impassive countenance between him and his Maker.

MAGNANIMITY, GENEROSITY, AND CHARITY

He possessed great magnanimity, generosity, and charity. His opposition to secession gave him a commanding political position, and the confidence of the people, when at last his forebodings were realized. But he never uttered the raven's croak, "I told you so;" he never reproached any secessionist that backed his opinions with his service, and he never sunned himself in the approving smiles of the conquerors. On the contrary, he contended that the subsequent harshness of our enemies justified the course that Virginia and the South pursued. It is well known, and I am a personal witness to the fact, that as soon as he occupied the town of Gettysburg in the first day's fight, he earnestly urged the immediate pursuit of the enemy. Unable for the moment to find Ewell, the corps commander, he sent a note to Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill, urging him to assume responsibility of ordering all the troops present to assail Cemetery Ridge at once; but before this could be arranged General Ewell, and presently, General Lee, appeared, and reports of cavalry threatening our left led to the determination to suspend operations until the morrow. Public opinion has generally concurred that a great opportunity went by; but Early, never pluming himself upon his prescience, has defended his superiors and endorsed the conclusion to which they came.

His austere manners made the world look upon him as a cold, hard man, but nothing was farther from the fact. Of his generosity I could name many instances, if delicacy did not forbid. In charity he was by long odds the most liberal man I ever knew, and I do not believe there lives in the Commonwealth a man who gave more in proportion to his means to worthy objects than he did. Indigent soldiers, comrades in arms in straitened circumstances, the widows and daughters of old Confederates, charitable societies, churches, and Confederate monument associations were the continuous recipients of his donations. Were his executor to reveal the evidences in his hands of Early's charities, it would astonish the world, but he avoided publicity, and gave for the deed's sake.

Early was always so active, enterprising, and diligent that he was often complained of for trying to do too much. He visited pickets and sentinels, and was ever riding around to test their vigilance. He went forward with skirmish lines, and was often his own scout. His soldiers were constantly warning him against exposing himself to danger. He was always aggressive, and he had that instinct of all great soldiers, which was so difficult to restrain in Lee and Jackson, to follow the guns. He believed in the maxim of Admiral Villaneuve, that "every captain is at his post who is in the hottest fire."

HIS INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER

Early was a man of great intellectual gifts. His grasp was broad and strong and comprehensive, his mind solid, rather than brilliant. He knew men, and he knew things, and he was an acute and discriminating judge. He attained eminence at the bar, not by eloquence, but by rare judgment and indefatigable persistence. He was not a student in the sense of regular and continuous application, but whatever he undertook he mastered. His memory was the most accurate and retentive that I have ever known. Whatever he once knew he always remembered. Whatever he attempted he never let go, and whatever he did was thoroughly done. It was said of Wellington that had he not been a great soldier he might have been a great financier; and such were Early's abilities, fine judgment, and force of character, that he would have succeeded in any great business or any great profession. He knew

his own lack of popular manners and popular ideas, but, with pleasing candor, declared that "those who knew him best liked him most." He would have been as successful in the political as in any other field, for the multitude, though often deceived by the demagogue who "kisses away his hand in courtesy," is always ready to pay tribute to the hero when it is sure it has found him. It loves Fredericks and Bismarcks and Earlys, "who can rule and dare not lie." In social circles of friendship, when care was laid aside, Early was an exceedingly attractive companion, and his company was much sought. His conversation was entertaining, mellowed by a genial sense of humor, sparkling with the sallies of wit, and shining with the thoughts and reminiscences of wisdom. Amongst ladies, he was the polished, courtly gentleman, abounding in the courtesies of life, speaking always with that deferential homage to the sex which marks the true man.

As a writer, General Early excelled. His speeches on Lee and Jackson are masterly expositions of their campaigns. In style, they are "pure wells of English undefiled." They stand, and will endure in the majestic simplicity of the Doric column. As his deeds were worthy of a Cæsar's sword, so his compositions in clearness, directness, and comprehensiveness were worthy of the Cæsar's pen. His account of his campaigns in the last year of the war for Southern independence is a volume which betokens the highest qualities of the historian. You will be pleased to learn that he has left in manuscript a biographical sketch of himself and the complete history of his campaigns, written some years ago, when he had opportunity to examine records and to add other valuable stores of information to his own. I have read much of this history, and I do not doubt that it will prove the most valuable contribution that has yet been made to the history of the Army of Northern Virginia.

HONEST, TRUTHFUL, AND SINCERE

Early was scrupulously honest; and so prosaically truthful that, like Epaminondas, he would not allow any departure from the accurate fact, even in jest. "What must a man do to deserve renown," once asked a disciple of his master Confucius. "What do you call renown," asked the master. "To be known among the nations and at home," replied the disciple.

"That is only notoriety, not true renown," answered the sage. "This last consists in straight and honest sincerity, in love of justice, in knowledge of mankind, and in humility."

This is a photograph of Early, if we except humility. That word, in a Christian sense, denotes great and modest virtue; but it often hides the fawning hypocrite, it has become, as we accept the word, ambiguous by misuse, and *Uriah Heap* has made it somewhat detestable to me. Early was modest, but humility, unless in this sense, I can not say he had, for he was the proudest spirited mortal I ever knew, the strongest willed and the stoutest hearted.

It was the instinct of Early's life to repress and not to express his feelings. He was more than a Roman. He was a Spartan. And "to be, not to seem, was this man's wisdom." His controversies led some to think him quarrelsome, but you never found Early quarreling in the war with any one but the enemy; not after the war with any who did not first assail him or some Confederate hero. These he defended, and if he ever came out second best I am not aware of it. His cold exterior gave to the stranger no sign of the warmth and tenderness of his nature. But once in my life did I ever see him exhibit emotion. This was at the Wilderness, when Captain Robert D. Early, Adjutant-General of General J. M. Jones' Brigade, was killed. He was a distant kinsman of Early, as he was a former schoolmate of mine. He and his noble chief had just left our side, when a sudden assault was made, in which both fell. As Early's troops were hurrying to reinforce the assaulted lines, a soldier rushed to our side, and said: "Captain Early is dead." "Poor Robert," was all the General said; but a tear rolled down his iron cheek. The next moment he was directing the splendid charge of Gordon, that saved the day. To have wrung a tear from Early's eye is sufficient tribute to my brave young comrade's fame. There are lofty peaks that lift their summits to the skies capped with eternal snows, but in the nooks and crannies of their vales, sweet waters flow and violets spring. They are but emblems of such great natures as that of General Early.

LAST DAYS, DEATH, AND BURIAL

How Early rode to Texas on horseback, and then went to Mexico, thence to Cuba and Canada after the war; how he re-

turned and upheld the manly spirit of the people, and how zealously he defended Confederate memories is a familiar story to you all. He was the warm admirer of President Davis, and frequently visited him, nor did he ever neglect opportunity to show him and his every consideration in his power. His reverence for Lee and Jackson was scarce less than a religion. He almost worshipped them. He was the first president of the Lee Monument Association, and the most liberal of all contributors to the monument. He was also president of the Virginia Historical Society. Especially we do not forget to-night that he was the first president of our own Association of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was always with us on Confederate memorial occasions, at the unveiling of the Jackson and the Lee statues and the reinterment of President Davis, and he never missed a meeting of this society but once in twenty-two years, and then on account of sickness.

We look around us now in vain for his familiar, gray-clad form; the noble, classic head; the keen, black, flashing eye; the long, white, patriarchal beard; the bent form; the shrewd, pat speech; the cordial greeting. We miss them here to-night. The mighty past of which he was so great a part recedes farther from us, and the chill of a lost friendship falls upon our hearts as we realize that we shall look upon his brave face and shake his honest hand no more.

When he died an epoch passed to its historic niche, and the world to those who loved him seemed colder than before. But he will come again in memorial bronze. Lynchburg, which he saved, owes it to herself to build his monument there. Richmond and Virginia, which he defended, owe it to themselves to build it here. Lee and Jackson and A. P. Hill, yon Howitzer upon your highway, and yon sentinel upon the hilltop will be lonesome till Stuart and Early shall join them here.

On March 2d last, in the town of Lynchburg, where he had resided since the war, in the 78th year of his age, he passed away. Floral tributes, telegrams, and letters poured in from all quarters. Delegates from this society and many Confederate camps attended his funeral. The flag of the state hung at half-mast over the Capitol, the governor and the legislature, which happened to be in session, paid every proper respect to his memory. As he lay majestic in the solemn repose of death,

clothed in Confederate gray, and as the coffin was about to close, one of his noblest and bravest followers stepped forward and kissed his marble brow. Services were held in the Episcopal church, and the Rev. T. M. Carson, a former chaplain in his command, who had witnessed his heroism at Cedar creek, pronounced a touching eulogy, taking for his text the words, "A Prince in Israel has Fallen." Amongst the chief mourners was that line of gray and wrinkled men, who followed his hearse, carrying a tattered flag that told its own story. I have never witnessed a more imposing scene than the outpouring of the people as his body was borne to the grave with military ceremonial. The streets and public highways were thronged, business was suspended, and thousands came to see the last of "Old Jube."

A beautiful site for his grave was donated by the trustees of Spring Hill Cemetery—an elevated spot, in full view of the mountains, and but a few yards from the point where he had his headquarters on the field of battle when Hunter was defeated.

The sun was sinking behind the Peaks of Otter and shedding its last rays over the scene as he was lowered to rest. The artillery and the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, the same gallant corps that had been with him upon this field thirty years before, fired a last salute, a grizzled bugler sounded taps near by the spot where Tinsley sounded the advance in 1864, and all was over.

As we turned away from the new-made grave, I thought of what the Indians said when Powhatan, the great king, was no more: "Our chief has passed beyond the mountains to the setting sun."

There was another thought that looked beyond the sunset's radiant glow—that the spirit of our mighty warrior had passed to Him who inspires "the ancient and eternal purpose of knighthood" to stand for the weak, to fight for them, and, if needs come, to die for them content.

Virginia holds the dust of many a faithful son, but not of one who loved her more, who fought for her better, or would have died for her more willingly.

Incorruptible hero, noble friend. Farewell! Farewell!

JOHN B. MINOR

Gentlemen of the Board of Visitors and of the Faculty of the University of Virginia:

Nations are accustomed to load with honors and emoluments those Generals who bring to their capitals the captives and the spoils of war.

Much more happiness should they find in celebrating those characters who instill into society the wholesome principles which inure to the establishment of justice, and to the peaceful settlement of public and private controversy. Such a character brings forth our meed of praise to-day.

I am commissioned by the present and former pupils of Prof. John B. Minor to present to you this animated bust of him, our beloved preceptor in the law. It is the image of a great teacher from the chisel of a great artist, and embracing his features, it embodies also the gratitude and affection which his pupils bear for him and for their alma mater.

The man and the institution stand together in their contemplation, and it was natural for their attachment to each to seek expression in a form that would preserve their association. How, indeed, could they be separated? Now is fulfilled the fiftieth year of their identification, and in the fond memories of the law student's life John B. Minor and the University of Virginia are indissolubly blended in the happy companionship of mutual dignity, usefulness, congeniality and honor.

WHO SHALL BE CONGRATULATED?

Well might we hesitate who most to congratulate upon this mellow anniversary. Should it be the state of which our honored friend has been so excellent a citizen? Should it be the University of which he has been so splendid a servant? Should it be the Faculty, which has found him so admirable a colleague? Should it be the Bench and Bar which he has strengthened and illumined? Should it be the students who

A speech delivered at the University of Virginia, presenting a bust of Prof. John B. Minor to that institution.

have derived such great advantages from his teachings? Or should it be him who has climbed on well-spent days to this altitude of years, and who may now look back as on some fine landscape of orchards and gardens in serene contemplation of his fruitful labors? I could not solve the question did I not remember "it is more blessed to give than to receive." His is that benediction; and to him must go our warmest and most cordial congratulations. The joy and accomplishments of life are so intermingled with sorrows, disappointments, casualties and short-comings, that few are those things which may be called "satisfactions." But here is satisfaction: a man and his mission so well met, an institution and its coadjutor so well conformed, a career so roundly run and a great work so consummately accomplished, that this day fills us with the contentment and exultation of a public triumph.

OF THE FIRST ORDER

And public triumph, indeed, it is, of surpassing interest. Right nobly has this august seat of learning, brought into being under the leadership of a great President, and under the patronage of that rare trio of Presidents—Jefferson, Madison and Monroe—right nobly has it fulfilled the benevolent dreams of its founder, as witness its flourishing schools, its eminent Faculty, and its great reputation. Well did that founder appreciate the saying of Bacon, "the sciences dwell sociably together," the genial thought from which universities spring; and that other saying, "the sparks of all the sciences are to be found in the ashes of the law."

For this University, the darling of his old age, he desired everything that could conduce to broad enlightenment. He would have no professor here, as he said, who was not "of the first order of service in his line." As such in all branches were not then obtainable in our young Republic, he would bring from Oxford the classical professor, from Cambridge that of mathematics, and from Edinburgh that of anatomy. But as to the law—the science that was taking new root and a fresh graft, on a new soil, he recommended an American—Francis Walker Gilmer, of this state, whom he described as "the best educated subject we have raised since the revolution." This

accomplished gentleman was the first appointee as professor of law in the University, but dying before the law school was opened, he was succeeded by John Taylor Lomax, who began his lectures here in 1825. Resigning in a few years to take a seat upon the Bench, John A. Davis took his place, and in 1840, upon his death, Henry St. George Tucker took his, to be succeeded in turn by John B. Minor, in 1845. For some years alone, but since 1850, with able associates and assistants, he has been here as a teacher of his profession; and rising to the full height of the Jeffersonian standard, he has proved himself "of the first order of science in his line." Who can measure the vast influence for good that such a teacher as he has been has exercised? The character and minds of thousands of students have felt his moulding and enlightening power; and forth they have gone from his lecture-room into the stormy masses of humanity in well drilled annual detachments as fresh recruits to the cause of justice.

The leaven of his instruction upon the most important topics that concern society, from the domestic relations to the greatest questions of constitutional law, has permeated through his disciples and his compositions into every commonwealth of the Union, to every department of municipal, state and Federal affairs, and has been felt in every council chamber, court room and legislative hall. Like Blackstone and Kent and Story and Cooley, he has been a teacher of teachers, a law-maker to legislators and a supreme court to judges.

HIS SUCCESS

That Prof. Minor has been eminently successful as a teacher of his profession is the universal verdict and a self-evident fact. "*Exitus acta probat*," the maxim of Washington, is the test of all human workmanship, and this success attests more than any eulogium the eminent abilities and virtues with which he has performed his arduous and delicate tasks. To add my testimony to them would only be to add a pebble to a monumental pile, yet I claim the privilege of stating what I have often said, that I do not believe his superior as a law teacher ever existed.

THE LAW THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

The great teacher must have an elevated conception of his mission, and character that furnishes constant sanction to his purposes and his labors. The great lawyers, whether at the Bar, in the lecture room or on the Bench, have been the men who stood for great moral principles and impressed them into the spirit of the law. The law, indeed, is the public conscience uttered as the public will, and sanctioned by the public power. It deals with rights in order to defend and preserve them. It deals with wrongs in order to repair them and prevent them. It ends in justice; and justice means peace and honor. What is that great system of equity jurisprudence which we see advancing its lines and enlarging its jurisdiction from generation to generation marching on and on, planing away the sharp angles and rough edges of the common law, supplementing its deficiencies, softening its rigors, fore-running its purpose, and governing its fruits? What is it but the expansion of the public conscience and the reaching forth of its hands to refine the standards of right and to perfect the remedies for the prevention and rectification of wrongs?

Plato has compared the progressive life of society to the prolonged life of a single man. The career of equity may be in like manner compared to the prolonged life of a single judge who fashioned his decrees according to the most favorable, beneficent and enlightened view of the times.

WHAT MINOR HAS TAUGHT

Blackstone gives us the ideal citizen in one who "lives honestly, hurts nobody, and renders to every man his due." Such has our preceptor been. Timocrates, the sublime philosopher, was once asked what his disciples learned, and he replied: "To do that of their own accord which they might be compelled to do by law." So has our preceptor taught. His highest aim has been to imbue his pupils with those instincts of right doing and right thinking without which they might become bookworms, phrase mongers, plea-jugglers, and money getters, but never lawyers in any reputable sense of the term. They have learned this not only from his life but from his

example, for they have seen him governing himself according to the rigors of the common law and dealing with others according to the principles of equity. When he has wished his pupils, after the manner of Coke, "the gladsome light of jurisprudence, the loveliness of temperance, the stability of fortitude, and the solidity of justice, he has invoked for them only what he himself possessed."

The lawyer's mission is the law's mission, the making of peace with honor. He who perverts it to the stirring of strife for profit is a disgrace to his profession, an Arnold to his country, and a Judas to his kind. It is force of character and height of opinion that makes the able lawyer. They can only be built up on the foundation of strict integrity, faithful courage and sound judgment, and these have been the things that John B. Minor has taught here.

PROF. MINOR'S ARTS AND VIRTUES

From his luminous and equitable character, as from the head waters of a river, have flowed into the various channels of Mr. Minor's professional life, the various arts and virtues which he has brought to bear in stimulating and ennobling the heart and mind entrusted to his care. Patience, prudence and punctuality; concentration and continuous attention to the business in hand; infinite tact and painstaking; sweetness of temper, mild and winning manner, unfailing courtesy and consideration, modesty withal—with what long and laborious fidelity has he exercised these virtues here!

With what fatherly interest has he followed his old pupils in their professional toils. Who amongst them, struggling with the responsibility of his first important case, or "corked" by some knotty question, has not imposed upon his good nature by writing to him to aid in unriddling the riddle? Had he been cold, selfish and indifferent, the waste-basket would have been the eager receptacle of such epistles, but he always took time from his exacting labors to give polite and learned response, showing the warm sympathy he felt in his pupil's success and a nobility of character beyond money and beyond price.

ANALYTICAL SYSTEM OF TEACHING

The method of imparting instruction pursued by Mr. Minor has placed his wisdom on a plane with his moral qualifications. Adopting the system of analysis which was delineated by Hale and amplified by Blackstone, he built upon it those expositions of common law principles and statutory alterations which reveal the law to the mind's eye as a topographical map of a country cast in bas relief. His pupils see the law in looking at his analysis on a blackboard or on the printed page as you will see on such a cast the outlines of boundaries and the courses of streams, and realize the relative importance of the main principles with their ramifications and exceptions, as they would realize the proportionate elevation of mountains and plains and valleys. To this analytical plan he added his oral lectures, as if a painter were to come along and turn the map into a picture, clothing the naked landscape with animation and verdure. Two great ends are subserved by this method. First he enables the student to grasp principles in detail with contemporaneous sense of their comparative importance, and to take steps with cleverness, firmness and precision. He has seemed to us to cut the law, as it were, into thin slices, and to cater it out in forms of appetizing delicacy and easy digestion. To those who like them, some think it is an acquired taste, he has even made tempting dishes of springing uses, resulting trusts, conditional limitations, executory devises and contingent remainders. He has also by this method given a valuable hint to the practitioner in preparing the argument of cases. There is something appalling in a great mass of tangled and contradictory testimony in a complicated case when it is laid before an inexperienced and untrained mind. It looks like "a mighty maze without a plan," an awful chaos. "*Nudis et indigesta que moles.*" But there is a clue to every labyrinth; there is a clarifier of every muddy problem; there is a sword for every Gordian knot; and a solvent for every difficulty. They are to be found in those "rugged maxims hewn from life" in which the common law is so abundant, and the analytical method of "Minor's Institutes" and Minor's lectures have seemed to me to probe at once into the dark places, to reduce and clarify the massive mysteries into

lucid order, to turn on the electric light of those maxims which have been well called "the condensed good sense of nations."

That remarkable work, "Minor's Institutes," can not be surpassed as a *vade mecum* of the law. It is like a statue—solid, compact, clean cut. Thomas Jefferson lamented that Matthew Bacon adopted the alphabetical, or dictionary system, in his abridgment. How a scientific mind like his would have delighted in a scientific work like this! It has been said of Francis Bacon's essays that of all compositions they contained "the most matter in fewest words;" and "Minor's Institutes" contain more law in fewer words than any work in legal literature with which I am acquainted. The Roman Forum had an empty place lacking Cato's figure; and a lawyer's library without these books has one also.

"MINOR'S INSTITUTES"

In the substance of his teaching, Professor Minor has impressed the fact that nearly all the principles of our jurisprudence are derived from the common law whatever may be the change of form. Following the maxim, "it is better to seek the fountain than to follow the stream," he has carried his pupils to the very sources of the law, and grounded them in the reasons which underlay its original base and its progressive development. The law is a living thing and not a dead one. All living things grow and change, and the law must ever grow and shift and change to conform itself to the conditions it has to deal with and to take on the improvement that time to time suggests. But the principle of its being rooted in social necessity remains the same, and no study of its recent changes can be profitably made without penetrating to the roots and analyzing the soil from which its stem and branches sprung. No improvements in explosives or fire-arms will ever rule Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte out of consideration to him who studies the art of war. No difference of language or lapse of time will ever dethrone the ascendancy of Homer and Shakespeare to him who studies the art of poetry. No new fashions will ever antiquate Demosthenes or Cicero to him who studies the art of speech, and no revolutions of government or revisions of the statutes will ever displace Coke and Blackstone, and Kent and

Minor, as the masters of him who seeks himself to master the jurisprudence of the English-speaking family. Were I going into a great case involving fundamental doctrines to-morrow I would be more apprehensive of the antagonist who was thoroughly versed in the works of these eminent expounders, than of one who had only collated recent cases. Take care of the principles and the cases will take care of themselves. I have seen a chancery case that had run on for years, with accumulated papers that would fill a barrel, ended by the suggestion of an elementary common law principle. I have seen a stoutly contested suit in ejectment involving title to real estate disposed of by a citation of a doctrine that might be found in the text-books of the common law, and which had been blurred and mutilated by an error started in one state report and perpetuated by decisions from state to state and passed on into text-books, all because the first court that decided the point made was ignorant of elementary distinctions. We may codify the statutes as much as we please, we may revise systems of pleadings as much as we please, we may adopt all the labor-saving inventions, and take all the short cuts to the Pierian springs that the wit of man may devise, but before the practitioner gets through dealing with them, when he meets a foeman worthy of his steel, he will need the weapons of these armories and long for the bed-rock learning to which we have pointed in "Minor's Institutes" as much as Wellington longed for Blucher's coming at Waterloo.

SUBSTANCE OF HIS TEACHINGS

There is something bewildering in the prolific brood of books that are poured forth from the reporters' hands, and the bewilderment gets greater and greater as time goes on. A hundred and fifty years ago John Strange lamented in his reports that the law was overwhelmed with such literature, yet in 1776, when our independence was declared, there were only about 150 reports, covering a period of five hundred years of English law. For the single year, 1894, the United States Digest contains quotations from 242 new volumes of reports; and the cry is still they come, not single file, but in battalions. What shall we do about them? I would answer as our teacher by his system,

"Out of the old fields cometh all this new corn." Like the Roman who looked to the westward sky to catch there painted the first reflection of the evening, so I would look to those old fields for the senses, the reasons, and the inspirations of our modern doctrines.

IMPORTANCE OF LAW LEARNING

To an American, more than to the citizen of any other nation, is law learning important, for he is himself a sovereign interpreter and creator of the law; and to him is the common law most important, for in it are to be found the roots and the safeguards of our liberties as a people.

Our bills of rights and our American constitutions are in large part but echoes from the ancient battle fields of English freedom. The James and the Potomac did not become sacred streams till the waters of Runnymede had emptied into them. The Italian priest and the Norman conqueror disrelished the common law because of its stubborn maintenance of individual right, its detestation for arbitrary power, and its proclivities to self-government; and it was for this reason that it was long excluded from the courses of instruction in English universities. The lectures of Blackstone delivered at first as a private adventure to the students of Oxford marked the renaissance of the common law, and all his eulogies of royalty could not extinguish those lambent fires of self-right and local right which flamed through them. His commentaries were the text-books of the fathers of the American Revolution, and if we prize our right of trial by jury, the writ of *habeas corpus*, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of persons and the rights of property, we must cherish their safeguards as we trace them in the literature of the common law.

A HUMAN BENEFACTOR

The teacher may not be able to signalize himself like a General on a battle field by a single exploit; or by a single great measure like a statesman in council; but one who has for fifty years laid siege to duty and maintained, illustrated and impressed with unsurpassed ability the cardinal principles on which the welfare of society rests, and on which our mighty

structures of free government have been founded, has done more for his country and his kind than a General of many victories or a statesman of many measures, and has placed himself on the highest pedestal as a human benefactor.

Such has been the memorable achievement of him whose work we celebrate, whose character we honor, and whose likeness in marble we present to you now.

Long may this University flourish, cherishing this effigy amongst the relics of the wise and great who have been its patrons and models. And that yet longer years of health and usefulness may be his, we devoutly pray. But long after he has passed to that blessed sphere where the spirits of just men are made perfect, the wholesome influences he set in motion will remain active and potent in the affairs of men.

As long—aye longer than the fine grains of this polished stone shall hold together—his work will stand; and longer than it shall retain its whiteness will endure his chaste and noble fame.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

The Senate having under consideration the joint resolution (S. R. 49) to enforce the Monroe doctrine—

Mr. President: I ask that the resolution submitted by the Senator from New Jersey be read.

The Presiding Officer. The resolution called up by the Senator from Virginia will be read.

The Secretary read the resolution submitted by Mr. Sewell on the 16th instant, as follows:

Resolved, That the Monroe doctrine, as originally propounded, was directed to the special prevention of the threatened action of the Allied Powers in reference to the revolted colonies of Spain, and the occupation, by way of colonization, of any supposed derelict territory on this hemisphere.

(*Second*). That the question of resisting any acquisition of territory by conquest was limited, as stated by Mr. Webster, to cases in which, by reason of proximity, such acquisition would be dangerous to our safety and the integrity of our institutions.

(*Third*). That the true ground upon which the Monroe announcement was based, and upon which any similar position has been taken rests for its justification upon what may be our interests, and our interests only; and that neither by the Monroe doctrine, nor any other official declaration, have we ever come under any pledge to any power or state on this continent that binds us to act merely for their protection against invasion or encroachment by any other power.

(*Fourth*). That when a case arises in which a European power proposes to acquire territory by invasion or conquest, it is then for us to determine whether our safety and the integrity of our institutions demand that we shall resist such action by armed force if necessary.

(*Fifth*). That the Executive has pressed the Monroe doctrine beyond what was contemplated at the time of its announcement, and that the resultant sequence of the positions thus taken seems to be a committal of this Government to a protectorate over Mexico and the Central and South American states; that this would be most unwise and dangerous, and would violate the sound and well-established policy that we should avoid all entangling alliances with foreign powers, whether they be European or American.

(*Sixth*). That this action was premature, looking to the history of the controversy, and inopportune in view of the business and financial condition of the country.

(*Seventh*). That neither Congress nor the country can be, or has been, committed by the action or position of the executive department, in reference to the Venezuelan boundary controversy, as to the course to be pursued when the time shall have arrived for a final determination. It will then be our province and our duty to adopt such a line of policy and to take such action as may be then demanded by our sense of duty to the country and by a due regard for its honor and dignity, the welfare and safety of our people, and the integrity of our institutions.

Remarks made in the United States Senate January 23rd, 1896.

Mr. President: Resolutions of the general assembly of Virginia indorsing the message of the President upon the Venezuelan complication with Great Britain were some days since laid by me before the Senate, and in venturing to-day to address the Senate upon that subject I have the gratifying assurance that I shall speak not only my own earnest personal convictions, but those as well of the honored constituency which I, in part, represent.

Least of all the nations of the earth can Great Britain fitly object to the assertion of the Monroe doctrine by the United States, for, in the language of Edward Everett, it was announced not merely with the approval of the British minister of foreign affairs, but had his earnest and oft-repeated solicitation.

Least of all nations does it become her to contend that it is not recognized as international law because it is not founded on the general consent of nations, for Great Britain herself invoked the United States to its utterance, not only without the consent, but as well against the strong menaces of France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia.

Least of all nations can Great Britain fairly controvert that governmental policy which underlies the Monroe doctrine, for she, foremost and most conspicuously of all nations, has intervened in the affairs of the world at large, not only whenever her peace and safety were even remotely involved, but also wherever and whenever her capital could be invested, her commerce expanded, or territorial aggrandizement be exercised.

Even as the existing dispute with Venezuela we perceive the outcropping of her own Monroe doctrine, so to speak, by her demand in a cession to Venezuela, at one time proffered, that no portion of the territory proposed to be ceded should be alienated at any time to a foreign power.

Yes, Mr. President, even the term "jingo," now derisively applied to Americans who would resist foreign encroachments on American soil, is borrowed from the nomenclature of our British kin across the sea, they using it specially to designate the followers of Lord Beaconsfield, who favored a vigorous foreign policy. The expression was caught up from a popular song which ran:

We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too.

The American jingoes are only chips of the old block, and very mild, moderate, abbreviated, and conservative chips at that, considering the block.

Least of all can the great nation from whom we derived "the language of Milton, the code of Blackstone, and the creed of Christ" flout the policy of arbitration. The main reason assigned by her prime minister for not accepting it—that is that many thousand British subjects have settled upon the disputed territory—begs the question. If they are there lawfully, an honest arbitrament would so ascertain and end the controversy. If they are but squatter sovereigns and land-grabbers, or within Venezuela's rightful borders, neither they nor their sovereign can take advantage of their own wrong; then they are a colony within the recognized denunciation of the Monroe doctrine, and even within the pale of the diluted resolutions of the Senator from New Jersey and the attenuated Americanism of the opposition.

ARBITRATION

Arbitration is the modern and the rightful method of settling differences between nations. It is the substitute for war. It appeals to humanity. It is necessary to civilization. It is Christianity.

The refusal of Great Britain to arbitrate a question, nominally one of boundary between British Guiana and the Republic of Venezuela, involving many thousand square miles of territory, has led to controversial correspondence between the British Government and the United States. In this correspondence our Government has stood for and recommended arbitration, but Great Britain has stood out against it and repelled it.

The circumstances of this controversy peculiarly impressed the policy of arbitration.

(*First*). Boundary lines must rest on historic evidences and are readily capable of demarcation. Every civilized nation has a system of jurisprudence under which such a subject is easily explored and adjudicated.

(*Second*). Venezuela is in possession of much of the disputed territory, and has been long in possession. The loss to her would be greater than the gain to Great Britain, for it would

be accompanied with all the humiliation and distress which are associated with the bereavement of national territory and the degradation of the national name.

(*Third*). Venezuela is the weaker nation. Would Great Britain treat Russia, Germany, France, or America as it treats her?

Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

This is a free translation into our language of the French phrase *noblesse oblige*.

The anxiety of the United States for a peaceful solution of the issue and their great concern in the interests involved have been continuously manifested, and, in every form of dignified diplomacy, have been communicated to the British nation.

Presidents have written messages, Secretaries of State have tendered the good offices of the United States, and Congress has passed resolutions, all in the spirit of conciliation, and all in vain.

In his message to Congress of December, 1891, Benjamin Harrison, then President, expressed his regret that the dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, touching the boundary of British Guiana, had not been disposed of, and that the friendly efforts of the United States in that direction had thus far been unavailing. This Government, he said, will continue to express its concern at any appearance of encroachment on territories under the administrative control of the American states, and he well added:

The determination of the disputed boundary is easily attainable by an amicable arbitration where the rights of the parties rest, as here, on historical facts readily ascertained.

President Cleveland, in his message to Congress of December, 1894, said:

The boundary of British Guiana still remains in dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela. Believing that its early settlement, on some just basis alike honorable to both parties, is in the line of our established policy to remove from this hemisphere all causes of difference with powers beyond the sea, I shall renew the efforts heretofore made to bring about a restoration of diplomatic relations between the disputants and to induce a reference to arbitration, a resort which Great Britain so conspicuously favors in principle and respects in practice, and which is earnestly sought by her weaker adversary.

In February, 1894, the Congress of the United States resolved:

That the President's suggestion made in his last annual message to this body, namely, that Great Britain and Venezuela refer their dispute as to boundaries to friendly arbitration, be earnestly recommended to the favorable consideration of both the parties in interest.

To all of those appeals—and to the appeals of the present administration, of which I shall more specifically speak—and well knowing the American policy and the American interests in the question involved, Great Britain has turned a deaf ear. We fix the responsibility of the first wrong on Great Britain and we range both Congress and the administration in their appropriate attitude as friends of justice and friends of peace.

Both the United States and Great Britain have been professed friends of arbitration between nations. They have both time and again added example to precept by so settling differences between themselves and by commending such plan of settlement to other nations. Twice has Great Britain arbitrated the question of her Colonial possessions with the United States, twice with Portugal, and once with Germany. When the Franco-German war was brewing, Great Britain urged upon the two great nations a conference with each other to settle by arbitration. France refused—Sedan was her awful penalty. It is within recent memory that the *Alabama* claims preferred by the United States against Great Britain were settled by arbitration, the United States winning the case and Great Britain honorably paying the penalty. The controversies over the fisheries and the Bering Sea were both settled between them by arbitration, and in this century the United States has settled over forty international questions in this manner and over three score and ten have been so settled among the various nations.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR WAR

Just in proportion as mankind progresses and the arts of peace surround him with the comforts and luxuries of life, so increase the interdependence of man upon man, state upon state, and nation upon nation. As civilization advances, the complexity of its mechanism grows greater, and war in the like degree becomes the more destructive and the more horrible. Sweep commerce from the seas, break up the railroad and telegraph line, sever the

electric line, cut the water pipe or gas pipe, and instantly hunger and thirst and darkness assail the city, while crops rot in uncultured fields and goods rot on deserted counters; while idle and famished throngs, demoralized and maddened, are ready to become a despot's tools. To bring upon the world the curse of war, or to provoke it, is a crime against God and man, a deed "to make all heaven weep, all earth amazed."

If so horrible a thing shall come to pass, be it remembered that the first step toward it was taken by Great Britain, when, being solemnly invoked for years to arbitrate a chronic question in which this Government felt deep concern, she refused to do it.

MINOR CRITICISMS

Some minor points should be eliminated from this discussion. The contention that the dispute covers but a narrow strip of territory, which is derided as "the mud flats of the Orinoco," is answered by the fact that between the extreme lines of boundary claimed by Great Britain and Venezuela are some 90,000 square miles of land, an area greater than any one of the thirteen original states of this Union as now bounded, and nearly twice as great as the Empire State of New York. Lord Salisbury describes the subject-matter as—

Large tracts of territory which, from their auriferous nature, are known to be of almost untold value.

We are told in one breath that the President has gone a bow shot beyond Monroe, and that he has adopted a jingo policy. In the next breath we are told that he has given the whole matter away by saying that—

Any adjustment of the boundary which Venezuela may deem to her advantage and may enter into with her own free will can not, of course, be objected to by the United States.

This is specific language applied to a specific condition of things. It was not destined to commit the United States to the doctrine that a foreign nation might be permitted to acquire American territory by any arrangement satisfactory to the grantor, and it is not fair to convert into the declaration of a general principle the mere utterance of a specific phrase containing a suggestion of adjustment, for as much was implied in the recommendations of both President Harrison and President Cleveland, and in the resolutions of Congress recommending

arbitration. The major proposition is "arbitrate by reference to a third party." It contains the minor proposition "agree with free will and in good faith without reference."

PENDING RESOLUTIONS

Two sets of resolutions are pending in the Senate. Those proposed by the Committee on Foreign Relations are now on the Calendar, and I shall not discuss them in advance of their due consideration, further than to say that I regard them as simply embodying a detailed statement of the Monroe doctrine as embraced in the more general language in which it was uttered, and as according with the view given by Mr. Jefferson to Monroe in that remarkable letter which has been heretofore quoted in this debate, and in which he used language which conveys all the meaning that the resolutions of the committee import. In that letter he said:

We will oppose with all our means the forcible interposition of any other power as auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext, and most especially their transfer [that is, of any of our American territories] to any power by conquest, cession, or acquisition in any other way.

SPEECH OF THE SENATOR FROM COLORADO

I heard yesterday, Mr. President, a most eloquent and engaging speech from the Senator from Colorado [Mr. Wolcott]. I imagined at one period of his speech, so high was his eulogy upon the British Empire and its heroes, and so severe some of his strictures upon the present administration, that he was in fact opposing the doctrine of Monroe, or anything like it, but when I came to read it in cold type, I perceived that, instead of being the subjects of his strictures, those who advocate this doctrine are in reality the subjects of his praise, for he says, as to the Davis resolutions, which have been favorably reported by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and which are so much misrepresented:

The phraseology of the resolutions reported by the committee, Mr. President, is as unobjectionable as any language could be which endeavored to assert in binding and final terms a policy to which this Government desired to commit itself in dealing with the relations of foreign countries to this hemisphere. It is moderate, it is clear, and it is comprehensive. The objection to it, in my opinion, is that Congress is not called upon to give its sanction to any policy to be pursued toward the Government to the south of us; and that at this particular juncture any legislation is unwise and can only accentuate existing difficulties.

So between the two Senators who have spoken to these resolutions offered by the Senator from New Jersey there is this difference, that the Senator from New Jersey thinks that his resolutions go far enough, while the Senator from Colorado characterizes those of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations as moderate, clear, and comprehensive, his only objection being not to what they contain, but as to the methods of dealing with the subject.

RESOLUTIONS NOW BEFORE THE SENATE

The resolutions offered by the Senator from New Jersey seem to me to misinterpret the history and to pervert the plain language of the doctrine of Monroe: and if they be a correct reading of the last seventy years of our history, then I can readily believe with the Senator from Colorado that this doctrine has been greatly misunderstood.

That it was directed especially to the prevention of the threatened action of the Allied Powers in reference to the revolted colonies of Spain and the occupation, by way of colonization, of any supposed derelict territory on this hemisphere may be true, but it is only a half truth, for the language of Monroe covers—

any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power.

So subordinate is the anti-colonization clause to this sweeping provision of Monroe's utterance that Mr. Blaine, when Secretary of State, in his letter to Mr. Logan of May 7th, 1881, gave the sentence I have just quoted as the American doctrine on the subject.

Why do Senators attempt to quote history, and quote but half of a sentiment or sentence?

To their statement that the acquisition of territory by conquest was limited, as stated by Mr. Webster, to cases in which, by reason of proximity, such acquisition would be dangerous to our safety and the integrity of our institutions, the answer is complete that Mr. Webster himself applied the doctrine to the South American republics, and that instead of being farther away from us now than they were at that time, they have practically grown closer by those bonds of civilization produced by rapid transit and communication.

It is admitted that the Monroe doctrine rests solely upon our interests, and that we have come under no pledge to any power or state that binds us to act for their protection. No one now desires to promulgate or to apply the doctrine with any other view than to act as an independent nation should act in furtherance of its own interests. But what resolution upon this floor or what Senator has suggested another idea; and why should the Senate resolve upon a question as to which there is no controversy?

The view of the resolutions offered by the Senator from New Jersey, which limits the doctrine to cases of invasion and conquest, is controverted by its own language, and as he has invoked Mr. Webster's name, let me reply to that resolution from Mr. Webster's speech in the Senate touching the transfer of Cuba by Spain to another European monarchy:

An honorable member from Kentucky [Mr. Wickliffe] argues that, although we might rightfully prevent another power from taking Cuba from Spain by force, yet if Spain should choose to make the voluntary transfer, we should have no right whatever to interfere. Sir, this is a distinction without a difference. If we are likely to have contention about Cuba, let us first well consider what our rights are, and not commit ourselves. And, sir, if we have any right to interfere at all, it applies as well to the case of a peaceable as to that of a forcible transfer.

Mr. President, I could range a constellation of distinguished American names around the doctrine thus stated by Daniel Webster, but as it is lit up by a star of the first magnitude, I leave it alone in its glory.

That the President's action was premature and imprudent in view of our business and financial condition, it seems to me as but superficial criticism. The financial crisis came five or six years ago; it may last five or ten years more. Meantime are the United States to take no cognizance of great affairs, but sit down supinely and let the wide world wag as it will? "Unsettled questions have no regard for the repose of nations;" we had to meet the question when it was presented, nor did it lie within our power or province to dictate to Great Britain and Venezuela when they should present it.

That the Executive could not commit Congress or the country by his action is readily admitted. But it may as well be stated at the same time that the country has never refused yet, in all its history, to stand by a President who was guarding its rights and

interests, and that the masses of the people, as well as their representatives in Congress, will support him is too manifest to need argumentation.

The declaration of the resolutions that the Executive has pressed the doctrine beyond what was contemplated at the time of its announcement, and that it commits us to a protectorate over Mexico and the Central and South American states, is far fetched. And now I shall attempt to show this by analyzing the doctrine and its history.

WE SHOULD MAKE THE DOCTRINE NOW IF IT DOES NOT ALREADY EXIST

But let me say I am not for the doctrine because Monroe uttered it or anybody else has supported it. I am for it because it is sound American doctrine and embodies an American policy which is necessary to our tranquillity and safety.

And let me say, Mr. President, that while I am a believer in the doctrine of Monroe, I do not rest my advocacy of the principles embodied in the President's message upon that doctrine alone. If there had never been a Monroe doctrine, I should be in favor of making an American doctrine now, not resting it upon tradition, but upon the obvious interest and policy of the people of the United States.

Rufus Choate was once addressing a court and made a legal proposition. "Can you refer me, Mr. Choate," said the presiding judge, "to any precedent?" "I hope, sir, that none can be found," answered Mr. Choate, "for then your court would have the honor of making one to be respected hereafter." That is the way I feel as to the American doctrine embodied in the language of Monroe.

INFLUENCE AND EFFECT OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

I shall, however, note before I go fully into that discussion, the declaration of the Senator from New Jersey that Monroeism is a dead letter, and I shall have regard to his consignment of it to the tomb of the Capulets.

I can not better describe the effect of the Monroe doctrine than by adopting the language of Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, in his report to President Grant of July 14th, 1870, in which he said:

This declaration resolves the solution of the immediate question of the independence of the Spanish-American colonies, and is supposed to have exercised some influence upon the course of the British government in regard to the Absolutists' claims in Europe as well as in America. It has also exercised a permanent influence on this continent; it was at once invoked in consequence of the supposed peril of Yucatan on the side of Europe; it was applied to a similar danger threatening Yucatan; it was embodied in the treaty of the United States and Great Britain as to Central America; it produced the successful opposition of the United States to an attempt of Great Britain to exercise dominion in Nicaragua under the cover of the Mesquite Indians, and it operated in like manner to prevent the establishment of a European dynasty in the United States.

In extension or furtherance of the doctrine, Mr. Frelinghuysen, as Secretary of State, wrote on January 4th, 1883, that, on the ground that the decision of American questions pertains to America itself, the Department will not sanction any arbitration by European States of South American difficulties, even with the consent of the parties. Mr. Blaine, in 1881, informed Mr. Noyes, our resident minister at Paris, that this Government would regard with grave anxiety an attempt on the part of France to force by hostile pressure the payment by Venezuela of her debt to French citizens, and the same year advised Mr. Morton, then our minister at the same court, that it was inexpedient for the United States to join with France and Great Britain in intervening to terminate hostilities between Chile and Peru.

For a dead letter and for a corpse in the tomb of the Capulets this doctrine has indeed played a great figure in the affairs of the world.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

President Cleveland's message of December 17th, 1895, with respect to the differences between Great Britain and Venezuela, was the most notable political event of that year. Its reception by Congress was worthy the dignity of the subject and the occasion. Controversies of party instantly subsided and in the hush of all personal, sectional, and political contentions both Houses instantly responded by voting the one hundred thousand dollars asked for the constitution of a commission to investigate the subject. It was a sublime spectacle to behold how the call of patriotism made the people one. The commission of five eminent citizens has now been organized to give careful and impartial investigation of the matter, and pending that investigation

I do not see fit to discuss the merits of the question. But if Congress has been unanimous, there have been dissenting voices from different parts of the country, mostly from the stock exchanges and centers of trade, which have found rumors of war disturbing to their business.

GOVERNOR MORTON'S MESSAGE

I am glad to say, however, that in the great State of New York he who once presided as Vice-President over this chamber, and who is now the governor of New York, has not lost the equanimity of his American sentiments. Governor Morton says, in a message to the legislature of that state :

The doctrine formulated by President Monroe, and which has since borne his name, has become so well established in American national policy that there is no room for doubt as to the opinion of our people concerning it.

He well adds :

Arbitration affords a simple, humane, and peaceful method of determining the dispute, and it is scarcely conceivable, at this period of the world's history, that any great nation is willing to take the responsibility of the sacrifice of human life and the wanton destruction of property which would be the inevitable result of an armed conflict.

THE VARIOUS BOUNDARY LINES OF VENEZUELA

Since 1814, when Great Britain acquired Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice by treaty with the Netherlands, the dividing line between these establishments, now known as British Guiana and Venezuela, has been a subject of difference between Great Britain and that country.

It is observable in the British Blue Book and the Colonial List that this line between 1885 and 1886 leaped forward so as to embrace 33,000 square miles of territory never claimed ostensibly in the official publications of the British Government before.

In 1840 Great Britain sent Sir Robert Schomburgk to ascertain and lay down the western boundaries of British Guiana. He proceeded to fix the line since known as the Schomburgk line, outlined it on maps, and marked it by posts and other indicia of boundary. Venezuela protested against this line, and the boundary marks set up by Schomburgk were removed by

order of Lord Aberdeen. From time to time since 1840 various lines have been proposed by Great Britain.

Lord Aberdeen proposed a line in 1844 beginning at the River Morocco.

Lord Granville in 1801 indicated another line placing the starting point at a distance of 20 miles from the Morocco, in the direction of Punta Barima.

Lord Rosebery in 1886 placed the boundary west of the Guaima river.

Lord Salisbury in 1890 fixed the starting point of the line in the mouth of the Amacuro river, west of Punta Barima, on the Orinoco.

Lord Rosebery in 1893 brought forward a line again from a point to the west of the Amacuro as far as the source of the Cumano river and the mountains of Usupamo.

In 1876 Venezuela proposed to close the dispute by accepting the Morocco line proposed by Lord Aberdeen in 1844.

Lord Granville rejected this proposal and suggested a new line taking in a much larger tract of territory. Venezuela declined this proposal in 1882 and suggested arbitration. But before this had taken the form of any definite proposal Great Britain suggested a treaty which should determine the boundary and other disputed questions. In 1886 the Gladstone government, as we are told by Mr. Olney, practically agreed upon a treaty containing a general arbitration clause, but before it was signed Lord Salisbury superseded Mr. Gladstone in office and declined to accede to the arbitration clause unless Venezuela should confine it to such of the disputed territory as lies west of the line designated by him and abandon claim to the residue. Weary of the dispute, Venezuela, in 1887, withdrew her minister from the Court of St. James, and protesting before Her Majesty's Government and before all civilized nations and before the world in general against the acts of spoliation committed to her detriment by the Government of Great Britain, which she will at no time and on no account recognize as capable of altering in the least the rights which she had inherited from Spain, and respecting which she will ever be willing to submit to the decision of a third power.

THE CORRESPONDENCE

On January 20th, 1895, Mr. Olney, the American Secretary of State, addressed a note to our minister to Great Britain, in which he set forth the facts which I have related, with many others pertinent to the controversy, and fully expounding the American policy with relation to the aggrandizement of territory in this country by the nations of the Old World. His note is a powerful, clear, and unanswerable exposition of the subject. He explained the Monroe doctrine and cited the instances in which our Government had applied it. He referred to the British demand that her right to a disputed portion of the territory should be acknowledged before she would consent to an arbitration as to the rest, which, as he declared, "in effect deprived Venezuela of her free agency and puts her under virtual duress."

Territory—

He said—

acquired by reason of it will be as much wrested from her by the strong hand as if occupied by British troops or covered by British fleets. It seems therefore, quite impossible that this position of Great Britain should be assented to by the United States, or that, if such position be adhered to with the result of enlarging the bounds of British Guiana, it should not be regarded as amounting in substance to an invasion and conquest of Venezuelan territory.

Further he stated :

Great Britain's assertion of title to the disputed territory, combined with her refusal to have that title investigated, being a substantial appropriation of the territory to her own use, not to protest and give warning that the transaction will be regarded as injurious to the interests of the people of the United States, as well as oppressive in itself, would be to ignore an established policy with which the honor and welfare of this country are closely identified.

Under these circumstances he instructed Ambassador Bayard to present these views to Lord Salisbury by reading to him his communication and to re-enforce them by such pertinent considerations as would doubtless occur to him. Our Secretary of State thus called for a definite decision upon the point whether Great Britain would consent or decline to submit the Venezuelan boundary question in its entirety to impartial arbitration, and he expressed in conclusion the earnest hope of the President that the conclusion would be on the side of arbitration and that Great Britain would add one more to the con-

spicuous precedents she has already furnished in favor of that wise and just mode of adjusting international disputes.

Lord Salisbury replied to Mr. Olney's communication in two dispatches, both dated November 26th, 1895, in which he disputed the applicability of the Monroe doctrine to the question, and declined on the part of Great Britain to submit to arbitration the territory in question beyond the Schomburgk line.

THE PRESIDENT'S POSITION

Speedily after the receipt of these messages the President sent his message to Congress in reply to Lord Salisbury's contention that the doctrines of Monroe are generally inapplicable to the state of things in which we live at the present day, and especially inapplicable to the controversy involving the boundary line between Great Britain and Venezuela. He stated that—

The doctrine upon which we stand is strong and sound, because its enforcement is important to our peace and safety as a nation and is essential to the integrity of our free institutions and the tranquil maintenance of our distinctive form of government. It was intended to apply to every stage of our national life, and can not become obsolete while our Republic endures. If the balance of power is justly a cause for jealous anxiety among the governments of the Old World and a subject for our absolute non-interference, none the less is an observance of the Monroe doctrine of vital concern to our people and their government.

If a European power, by an extension of its boundaries, takes possession of the territory of one of our neighboring republics against its will and in derogation of its rights, it is difficult to see why to that extent such European power does not thereby attempt to extend its system of government to that portion of this continent which is thus taken.

In reply to the suggestion that the Monroe doctrine does not embody any principle of international law which is founded on the general consent of nations, he conclusively answered that—

while it may not have been admitted in so many words to the code of international law, but since in international councils every nation is entitled to the rights belonging to it, if the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine is something we may justly claim, it has its place in the code of international law as certainly and as securely as if it were specifically mentioned.

The President, further summing up his views, recommended the appointment of an American commission to investigate the case and declared that—

When such report is made and accepted it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a willful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which, after investigation, we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela.

SUPPORTERS OF THE DOCTRINE

In support of these sentiments I speak now with such feelings as must have possessed Lewis Cass, of Michigan, when as a member of this body he here declared in 1856, with reference to the Monroe doctrine, that—

We ought years ago by Congressional interposition to have made this system and policy an American system by a solemn declaration, and if we had done so we should have spared ourselves much trouble and no little mortification.

Indeed, one of the grounds taken by the British prime minister in his letter to Mr. Olney is that this Government has never formally notified the government of any other nation of its claims under the Monroe doctrine. Why, sir, if he had turned over the archives of his own office and explored the letters of our Secretary of State, notably those of Mr. Frelinghuysen, he would have found that he was in error in that statement, and surely he has access to the Parliamentary proceedings of his own country, which would abundantly enlighten him. For my part I am in favor of clearing the way so that he may have no excuse for falling into such an error hereafter.

The great names of our history are identified with this doctrine.

Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, John Tyler, James K. Polk, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, R. B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, and Benjamin Harrison, and now notably Grover Cleveland, have given it their approbation.

Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Henry Clay, John M. Clayton, Marcy, Lewis Cass, William H. Seward, Hamilton Fish, William M. Evarts, Theodore Frelinghuysen, James G. Blaine, Thomas F. Bayard, and now Richard Olney are among the distinguished Secretaries who have indorsed and advocated it. It is embedded in the minds of the people as a necessary principle of American policy and is dear to their hearts as a glorious tradition of their national life. If it has been a dead letter, the Presidents and Secretaries of State of the United States and the great statesmen who have led their movements and moulded their measures have been singularly ignorant and misinformed.

THE POLICY OF WASHINGTON

The immortal Farewell Address of Washington gave to this country an invaluable legacy in warning us to avoid implication in the ordinary vicissitudes of European politics or in the ordinary combinations and collisions of its friendships and enmities. The felicitous phrase of Jefferson, "Friendly relations with all nations, entangling alliances with none," became a proverb, and the successors of the fathers have often repeated this counsel, which was as obvious in its wisdom as it was impressive and cogent in its utterance. It was mainly based by Washington upon the fact that Europe has a set of interests which to us have none or a very remote relation, and that hence she must become engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns, while our detached and distant situation invited and enabled us to preserve a different course.

At the time when this advice originated the United States was the only republic—indeed, the only independent nation—of the Western Hemisphere. Its territory consisted of a narrow strip of land on the Atlantic coast, its population was thin and scattered, it had entered upon the experiment of a federated republic surrounded north and south by the colonial possessions of the great monarchies of Europe, while its boundaries, distant but a few hundred miles from the seaboard, were yet tenanted by powerful tribes of savages. The domestic situation naturally prompted and impressed the lesson of Washington, while beyond the seas the turmoils and perturbations which grew out of the French Revolution were in themselves warnings to us to abstain as far as possible from implicating ourselves in them.

Beyond these considerations lay the fact that we had many perplexing questions of our own to deal with. We were in the infantile and formative period of independent existence. There was a new heaven and a new earth to the people, who felt the quickening pulses of freedom, independence, union, and nationality. To the new conditions our statesmen addressed themselves with vigor and skill, and if the spectacle of the rapid advancement through the wilderness of a fresh young people, the rise of new states, and the rounding out of our natural empire by diplomatic address and the conquests of arms be an imposing one in the physical progress of the race, yet more so must be the

rare phenomena of intellectual development disclosed in the masterful statecraft with which new problems, novel and difficult, which pressed upon us, were grasped and solved.

AMERICA'S PRIMARY INTERESTS

As time progressed it soon became evident that if Europe had her set of primary interests which did not concern us, the American continent had a set of primary interests in which our concern was necessary and paramount to that of Europe. If non-intervention of America in European affairs was the policy of our situation, to preserve our peace and safety, so the non-interference of Europe with the affairs of independent American states became the corollary. As new republics sprung up in America, it became as manifestly our duty to assert the counterpart of Washington's advice as it was to him to utter it. Our international creed was not complete until we had rounded the declaration that we would not interfere in European affairs with the additional declaration that we would not regard with friendship European interference with those of independent sister American states.

MONROE'S CAREER

James Monroe, the first of a line of Presidents who have taught this creed, was the fifth President of the United States, twice chosen to that office. He was one of the band of worthies who are regarded as the Conscript Fathers of the Republic. He was a profound student of political systems, policies, and movements, and he was deeply imbued with the spirit of Democratic faith, and with the principles of our free Constitution. For over half a century his name was associated with the great events of war and peace which marked the rise of the American people, the extension of their empire, and the formation of their institutions. His Administration was known as the era of good feeling. John Quincy Adams called it "the golden age." His teachings have left a deep and lasting impression upon our history.

He was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, on the 28th of April, 1758, and at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he was a student at the old college of William and Mary. Lay-

ing aside his studies at the outbreak of hostilities in 1776, he, with three of its professors, and some three score of his fellows, including John Marshall, afterwards our first Chief Justice, joined their comrades from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton as volunteers in the Continental Army. Becoming a lieutenant in the Third Virginia Regiment, commanded by Hugh Mercer, he and his captain, William Washington, fell wounded side by side in the battle of Princeton, where their brave colonel lost his life; and early distinguished by his acts of gallantry in the northern campaigns, he arose from one degree to another until none surpassed him in public service or in the esteem and confidence of his countrymen.

His intimacy with Thomas Jefferson began in 1780, when he studied law under his direction while he was governor of Virginia, and he was a life-long friend of his distinguished compatriots, Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, and Madison. His public employments were various, and his restless activity was always directed to the highest tasks. He was singularly wise, discreet, courageous, practical, and successful. He was so perfectly honest that Jefferson said of him—

If his soul were turned inside out, not a spot would be found on it—

And another said of him—

There was a downrightness and manliness and crystal-like integrity in his character which constantly grew upon his associates.

No American that ever lived was in closer sympathy with the genius of his country or more useful in the steady and able maintenance of its just policies. He was a member of the executive council of his state, three times a member of its legislature, and three times its governor. He was a member of the Continental Congress, a Senator of the United States, a member of the Virginia convention which ratified the Federal Constitution in 1788, and more than forty years afterwards he sat with Marshall and Madison in the convention that formed the Virginia constitution in 1830. He became minister to France under the appointment of Washington in 1794, and in that country he was received with great favor, while for his part he expressed his own and his country's sympathy with the French republic so earnestly that his language was deemed by Washington scarcely in keeping with the neutral policy which his Administration proclaimed.

He was again employed in the diplomatic service in 1803, in the Administration of Jefferson, and was associated with Livingston, our resident minister at Paris, in negotiating the purchase of New Orleans and the territory embracing the mouth of the Mississippi, which formed a part of the province of Louisiana recently ceded by Spain to France. He was Secretary of State and Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Madison, and at one time performed the functions of both offices.

ROUNDING OUT OUR EMPIRE

As a member of the Virginia legislature he was one of those who brought forward the bill by which Virginia confirmed the Northwest ordinance of 1788 for the colonization by freemen alone of the Northwest Territory, which she gave to the Union, and dedicating portions thereof to educational purposes, thus laying the foundation of the great free and independent states which now occupy so commanding a position in the Union. He was destined to play a conspicuous part in rounding the dimensions of the United States to their natural boundaries by the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean. In the treaty of peace with Great Britain it had been stipulated that the Mississippi river from its source to its mouth should be open to the subjects of Great Britain and the citizens of the United States. Spain, then holding the Floridas, which included the territory afterwards known as Louisiana, objected, and many were disposed to surrender the American claim of right to this highway to the ocean. The Virginia delegates in Congress persistently refused to yield, and among them was Monroe, who in 1786 wrote a pamphlet asserting the right of the inhabitants of the Western country to the free navigation of the Mississippi.

It was due to the persistence of a few strong men, thus led by him, that the Spanish closure of the mouth of the Mississippi was prevented, and that the territory which passed from Spain to France was added to the United States of America, and it was his singular good fortune to have been Secretary of War of the United States at the time when Jackson won his famous victory over Pakenham at New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1815. And I will here indulge in the pleasing reflection that the great states of the West which now fill this chamber with the repre-

sentatives of their equality won to us by the policy of Monroe are parts of that territory, and that my own state had no small part in the far-seeing and brave statesmanship which commenced the negotiation for its acquisition in the Administration of Washington and consummated it in the Administration of Jefferson.

Monroe succeeded Madison as President in 1816, and was re-elected without opposition in 1820. For his Cabinet officers he chose John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State; John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War; W. H. Crawford as Secretary of the Treasury, and William Wirt as Attorney-General; and with these able officers he dealt with consummate ability with the issues that came before him. He accomplished in 1819 the acquisition of the Floridas which, as minister to Spain, he had failed to do in 1804. But the act of his Administration by which his name is most distinguished was the promulgation of what is known as the Monroe doctrine, an utterance of his seventh annual message, of the 2d of December, 1823.

THE RUSSIAN EMBROGLIO

The occasion for the promulgation of that doctrine, its significance, its utility, and its place among the traditional principles of the American people I propose now to consider. It was brought forth by two important complications in our foreign affairs. In 1820 the Russian Emperor had issued a ukase declaring that the pursuit of commerce, whaling, fishing, and all other industries, whether on the islands or in the ports and gulfs of the northwestern coast of America from Bering Straits to 51° north latitude, belonged exclusively to Russia and that no foreign vessels should come within 300 miles of the coast.

THE CONSPIRACY OF KINGS

About the same time affairs in Europe assumed a threatening attitude toward America. Napoleon had been overthrown at Waterloo on the 18th of June, 1815. The Bourbons were again in power, and Louis XVIII., longing to imitate "the Grand Monarque," came once more to the throne of France. The Allied Powers in Europe found fitting opportunity for under-

taking to suppress the popular spirit engendered by the American and the French revolutions and to assert the divine right of kings.

Their treaty was signed at Paris by Alexander of Russia, Francis of Austria, and Frederick William of Prussia, acting as absolute sovereigns, without the intervention of ministers or diplomatic agents. To read it in the garish light of these practical times one would suppose that these visionary monarchs imagined that they could make the world "one entire and perfect chrysolite," that the millennium was about to flower out over the lava beds of exhausted revolution. Led on by Alexander of Russia, who was himself inspired by the Baroness Krudener, a woman of mystic eloquence, they assumed themselves to be the delegates of Providence, charged with governing three branches of the human family and consecrating themselves to an indissoluble fraternity for the protection of religion, peace, and justice. They invoked their peoples to glory in the principles which the divine Saviour had taught to man, and they invited all sovereigns to join their order of the Holy Alliance. The irreverent populace fitly nicknamed their scheme "The Conspiracy of Kings." They were "moral agriculturists," after the manner of Captain Wragge. There was never among nations a more complete exhibit of the wolf in sheep's clothing. Under this guise of sanctity lay dreams of conquest and a determination to suppress all assertions and advancements of the popular spirit. As vicegerents of fate, they proposed a crusade against the liberties of mankind. Of a tender disposition by nature, but wholly possessed by the doctrine of absolutism, Alexander was not unwilling to make concessions to liberal views, but he recognized no rights in peoples to move on their own lines of progress, and taught that policy and privilege should flow downward to the people from the throne.

The allied sovereigns of this alliance held congresses from time to time at Aix-la-Chapelle, Troppau, Laybach, and Verona, concerting plans for the propagation of their doctrines. The first manifestations of their power appeared in an effort to strengthen the shaky thrones of Europe and to crush out mercilessly every appearance of democratic principle and popular institutions. In pursuance of this behest an Austrian army exterminated the

Neapolitan revolution and re-established the Bourbon house against the protest of France and the disapproval of England. Soon another moved against the Piedmontese. France now coöperating with the alliance, a French army of 100,000 men was sent by Louis XVIII. in 1823 under the Duc d'Angouleme in Spain to support the incapable Bourbon king, Ferdinand VII., who has been well described as an indolent sovereign who had neither the courage which commands respect, the generosity which wins affection, nor the wisdom which averts catastrophe. He, by the decree of Valencia, had abrogated the democratic constitution of 1812, which was ill suited to the Spanish nation, then in the throes of internecine strife, and he was without either the material resources or moral qualities which enabled him efficiently to cope with it and with treasury depleted by the loss of revenues from the revolting colonies of America.

Europe indeed had been left in a most unhappy state by the wars which preceded the downfall of Napoleon, who in opening the career to talent had set aflame the ambitious spirits of the populace, which broke out afresh under the slightest relaxation of despotic vigilance. In Naples and Piedmont and in Spain and in France insurrection time and again sounded its angry note; secret societies menaced the Czar and swarmed throughout Russia; a regiment of his household troops mutinied in St. Petersburg, and all was not quiet even in Warsaw, where the Polish Diet rejected laws proposed by Alexander. Greece was in revolution against the Turk. The Holy Alliance in religious garb proposed to combine the kings of the earth together and wipe out all malcontents, and held out to Ferdinand of Spain that if he would crush constitutionalism and democracy in his kingdom they would combine and restore to his throne the now revolting South American states.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLT

It is to be remembered that, while the Spanish Peninsula was the theater of the great struggle in the Napoleonic war, the colonies of Spain in South America had seized the opportunity to slip the noose of despotism and to assert their faith that Columbus had not discovered America "to feed the mutineers of La Mancha and the cobblers of Castile."

While Soult and other veteran marshals of France were warring upon the Spaniards, the revolt of South America, which broke out in Caracas, in Venezuela, in 1810, had spread until now Mexico, Guatemala, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Bolivia, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay had set up their independence and had been recognized by the United States. Great Britain had held aloof from the Holy Alliance. Lord Castelreagh, representing a country which had "extorted its liberties over its sovereign and changed the dynasty on the throne to secure them," pursued that line of conduct which became the representatives of a free people and abstained from complication with the conspiracy of kings.

Now, at last, the silence was changed to mutterings of discontent. She was unwilling to see the fruits of the Peninsula war thrown away and Spain made at last the prey of France. She saw in these new states of South America a fine opportunity to open marts for her own commerce free from Spanish restrictions and impositions which she was unwilling should be restored, and she found in them also a fine field for the operations of her capitalists, who had largely invested in South American bonds. Determined, if possible, to put a stop to the far-reaching designs of the alliance, and prompted by the natural interests of his country and her natural rivalry of the great powers, George Canning, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, arrayed himself against it and invoked American coöperation. Shrewdly did he say to Richard Rush, the American minister to England:

Are the great political and commercial interests which hang upon the destinies of the New World to be canvassed and adjusted in Europe without the coöperation or even the knowledge of the United States?

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

The United States had indeed received a suggestion from the Emperor of Russia that they should join the alliance, but John Quincy Adams, Monroe's Secretary of State, had promptly answered:

The political system of the United States is essentially extra-European. To stand in firm and cautious independence of all entanglements of the European system has been the cardinal point of their policy under every Administration of their Government from the peace of 1783 to this day.

And the overtures had been declined. He was still Secretary of State when it became necessary for the United States to

declare the corollary of this doctrine and to warn Europe against interference with American affairs. "America for Americans" was a sentiment which had been greatly promulgated among the people, and it was him to take an honorable and noteworthy part in its promulgation.

THE MESSAGE OF MONROE

It was under the circumstances that I have described that Monroe delivered the message of December 2d, 1823. In reference to our differences with Russia in respect to the interests involved on the northwestern coast of this continent, he indicated his assent to the proposal of the Russian Imperial Government to settle them by amicable negotiation and declared the disposition of our Government to cultivate the best understanding with it. But he added this sentence:

In the discussion to which this interest has given rise and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power.

With reference to the conditions of Europe he then declared as follows:

In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere, we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. And to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere.

But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless

remains the same, which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting in all instances the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to these continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the Allied Powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition, in any form, with indifference.

In the quotations which I have made from Monroe's message is found the Monroe doctrine. It will be observed that it is clear and comprehensive and that it embraces these propositions:

(*First*). Non-interference on our part with the internal concerns of European powers.

(*Second*). Non-interference with existing colonies in America.

(*Third*). No colonization of free and independent American states for the future by any European powers.

(*Fourth*). No extension of the political systems of Europe in America.

(*Fifth*). No interposition of any European power for the purpose of opposing or controlling in any other manner the destiny of American states.

Mark the words "any European power." No limitation to the Holy Alliance there.

RECEPTION OF THE MESSAGE

This message was welcomed with joy in Great Britain and South America, as well as in our own country. The price of South American securities leaped upward, much to the joy of English investors. The assurance of liberty rendered South America enthusiastic. The brave statesmanlike utterances of our Chief Magistrate made American hearts leap for joy.

Sir James McIntosh declared that—

The coincidences of the two great English Commonwealths can not be contemplated without the utmost pleasure by every intelligent citizen of the earth.

The Marquis of Lansdowne said in the House of Lords:

If we had been tardy it was a satisfaction to find that America had on this occasion taken that decisive step which so well became its character and its interest. As that important decision was of the utmost consequence to every portion of the world where freedom was valued, he could not grudge to the United States the glory of having thus early thrown her shield over those struggles for freedom which were so important not only to America herself, but to the whole world.—*Hansard's Debates*, February 3d, 1824.

Mr. Brougham, afterwards Lord Brougham, was cheered in the House of Commons when, in language of lofty eloquence, resembling that of Webster, he referred to Monroe's message :

An event had recently happened than which no event had dispersed greater joy, exultation, and gratitude over all the powers in Europe—an event in which he as an Englishman, connected by ties of blood and language with America, took peculiar pride and satisfaction—an event, he repeated, had happened which was decisive on the subject; and that event was the speech and message of the President of the United States to Congress. The line of policy which that speech disclosed became a great, a free, and an independent nation; and he hoped that His Majesty's ministers would be prevented by no mean pride, no paltry jealousy, from following so noble and illustrious an example. He trusted that as the United States had had the glory of setting, we would have the good taste to follow, the example of holding fast by free institutions and of assisting our brother freemen, in whatever part of the globe they should be found, in placing bounds to that impious alliance which, if it ever succeeded in bringing down the Old World to its own degraded level, would not hesitate to attempt to master the New World too.

And yet, sir, the British prime minister to-day criticises the United States because Great Britain was not formally notified in writing of a doctrine which both Houses of the British Parliament received with enthusiasm and the Commons with cheers, and which was decisive of the question then perplexing the British throne.

GREAT BRITAIN'S POLICY

But with all the exultation with which Great Britain welcomed her American ally against the machinations of the Holy Alliance, there was a sting in it for her as well as for Russia. President Monroe had not only put a lion in the path of a particular scheme of despotism and aggrandizement, but had declared broad American principles which were thorns in the side of Great Britain and forewarnings to her as well as to then conspiring monarchs. What England wanted was the coöperation of America to prevent other European powers from interfering in South America. She had no idea of inviting prevention of her own interference, while Canning, never assenting

to the specific declarations of Monroe, held that "the United States had no right to take umbrage at the establishment of new colonies from Europe on any unoccupied parts of the American continent." Indeed, England became in time so offended by Monroe's declaration against further colonization that she refused to coöperate with us in settling the Russian question. While great credit is often assumed by Great Britain for her stand against the Holy Alliance, and while some is deserved, she was not inspired so greatly by the spirit of freedom as by the spirit of self-interest in her profitable markets.

In a letter dated December, 1823, to the British minister to Spain, Mr. Canning displayed plainly enough his animus, for he said:

Monarchy in Mexico, monarchy in Brazil would cure the evils of universal democracy and prevent the drawing of demarkation which I most dread—America *vs.* Europe. The United States naturally enough aim at this division and cherish the democracy which leads to it, but I do not much apprehend their influence, even if I believe, which I do not altogether, in all the reports of their activity in America. Mexico and they are too neighborly to be friends. In the meantime they have aided us materially.

In other words, he was glad enough to get our aid to thwart a rival, but deplored and dissented from the principle on which the aid was given.

PRESIDENT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

John Quincy Adams succeeded Monroe as President in 1825. No one was better fitted to propagate the policy of his predecessor. Indeed, the first hint of the Monroe doctrine in official documents is found in a communication of John Quincy Adams, the Secretary of State, to Richard Rush, our minister to England, dated July 2d, 1823, in which he said:

These independent nations (meaning those on the American continent south of us) will possess the rights incident to that condition, and their territories will of course be subject to no exclusive right of navigation in their vicinity or of any access to them by any foreign nation. The necessary consequence of this state of things would be that the American colonies henceforth will no longer be subject to colonization.

In the same month he informed the Russian minister that—

We should contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent, and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subject to any new European colonial establishments.

And it is unquestioned that it was at his suggestion that Monroe inserted the anti-European colonization clause in his message. To him, therefore, must be given full and unequivocal credit for this proposition, to the support of which he brought great abilities, indomitable courage, and untiring energy. His voluminous diary exhibits the zeal with which he propagated the idea, and his Chief as well as his country were greatly indebted for his splendid service. But Monroe added the broader proposition which virtually made this country in broader sense the protector of South American independence.

THE PANAMA CONGRESS

President Adams, in 1826, announced to Congress the expediency of accepting an invitation from the Republics of Colombia, Mexico, and Central America to take part in a congress at Panama. Out of this message grew a violent political agitation, and occurring at a time when the slavery question was forming into sharp issues, it has not yet ceased to be the subject of differences and misrepresentation. President Adams nominated as our representative to the Panama congress Richard C. Anderson, John Sargeant, and W. B. Rochester, and they were confirmed by a decisive majority, but the Democratic party in Congress stoutly opposed the scheme of Mr. Adams, and it has been repeatedly stated that the Southern members joined in this opposition because one of the subjects proposed for consideration by the congress was the concerting of measures having reference to the more effectual abolition of the African slave trade. This is a very narrow and false view of the situation. To asume its correctness is to make a catch phrase of political campaigns a landmark of history. No doubt the question of slavery has often warped the opinions and actions of sections in this country on different questions, as it notably did in turning England against the Mexican War and in the annexation of Texas, but the opposition to our participation in the Panama congress was based upon principles as old as the Government and as deeply rooted in popular conviction as the Monroe doctrine or any other tradition of our people.

Perusal of Mr. Adams's message shows that it contemplated not only the union of American states for liberal commercial

intercourse, the adoption of principles of maritime neutrality, the doctrine that free ships make free goods, the invasion of Cuba and Puerto Rico, the status of Haiti, and lastly, as President Adams said:

The congress of Panama is believed to present a fair occasion for urging upon all the new nations of the south the just and liberal principles of religious liberty.

This was a bombshell. The Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate at that time consisted of Macon, of North Carolina; Tazewell, of Virginia; Gaillard, of South Carolina; Mills, of Massachusetts; and White, of Tennessee, men of exceptional ability and distinction. The report of that committee, made by Mr. Macon, but drawn by Mr. Tazewell, shows that the opposition to our participation in the congress was rested upon considerations as broad as the limits of our nation, as patriotic as the spirit of independence and liberty, and as conservative and just as was the farewell message of Washington.

The report said:

If there be any subject more sacred and delicate than another as to which the United States ought never to intermeddle, even by obtrusive advice, it is that which concerns religious liberty. The most cruel and devastating wars have been produced by such interference; the blood of man has been poured out in torrents, and from the days of the Crusades to the present hour no benefit has resulted to the human family from discussions carried on by nations upon such subjects.

As to interference with Cuba and Puerto Rico, the report declared that the United States could never regard with indifference their actual condition or future destiny, but deprecated any joint action with the South American republics in relation with them, and it totally discountenanced any joint discussion or action with relation to Haiti.

If—

It said—

the United States permit themselves to be associated with these nations in any general congress assembled for the discussion of common plans in any way affecting European interests, they will by such an act, not only deprive themselves of the ability they now possess to render useful assistance to the other North American states, but also produce other effects prejudicial to their own interest.

In respect to Haiti it set forth the difficulties involved in diplomatic intercourse with her, then recently assuming a position which was the result of a successful negro insurrection, and

no doubt this question intermingling its great force with that of other considerations in reaching the conclusion to which the committee came.

At this distance of time it seems to me that the Senate committee acted with wisdom, and in the event this appears to have been demonstrated, for the congress itself proved a fiasco, although the Senate confirmed the ministers appointed by the President, and the House voted the necessary appropriation.

Says Mr. Benton in his Thirty Years' View:

After all the whole conception of the Panama congress was an abortion. It died out of itself without ever having been once held, not even by the states which had conceived it. It was incongruous and impracticable even to attempt, more apt to engender disputes among themselves and utterly foreign to us, and dangerous to our peace and institutions.

Mr. Adams, in his message to Congress on this subject, impressed the wisdom of the Monroe doctrine, but suggested that if deemed advisable to contract any conventional agreement as a means of resisting interference from abroad with the domestic concerns of the American governments, our views would extend no further than to a mutual pledge of the parties to the compact to maintain the principle in application to its own territory and to permit no colonial lodgment or establishment of European jurisdiction upon its own soil.

ADAMS EXTENDED THE DOCTRINE

These expressions of Mr. Adams have been by some regarded most mistakenly, most unjustly, as limitations by John Quincy Adams upon the Monroe doctrine, whereas, according to the plain facts, they were extensions. According to the Monroe doctrine, we are unwilling to enter into any alliance with foreign nations for any purpose not in war, but are willing for ourselves to assert the doctrine of non-intervention by any European power. John Quincy Adams, while asserting the Monroe doctrine, was willing to enter into conventional arrangements with other countries for them also to assert it in their proper sphere, and yet Senators upon this floor quote his elongation of the Monroe doctrine as but an abbreviation thereof.

To give the abbreviated and tortured construction would refute the tenor of President Adams's repeated declarations and his

entire career. He might well hold back from entering into the stiff and peremptory terms of a treaty with other nations binding us to interfere to protect them, and yet might reserve and insist on the policy of interference by us, our conduct in the premises being regulated solely with regard to our own interest and convenience. We have his own authority for the statement that he approved President Polk's emphatic endorsement of the doctrine, which is entirely inconsistent with the narrow interpretation given to his own language.

HENRY CLAY

Henry Clay was a staunch friend of the South American republic and availed himself of every opportune occasion to advance the republican spirit and to assert the doctrine of Monroe. His eloquent appeal in the House of Representatives in 1818 for the recognition of the independence of these republics will never be forgotten, and in January, 1824, while Speaker of the House, he moved a joint resolution that the people of the United States—

would not see, without serious inquietude, any forcible intervention by the Allied Powers of Europe in behalf of Spain to reduce to their former subjection those parts of the continent of America which have claimed and established for themselves, respectively, independent governments, and which have been solemnly recognized by the United States.

But he never pressed the resolution, because the question was soon abated. When Secretary of State in the Cabinet of John Quincy Adams, he directed Mr. Poinsett, our minister to Mexico, to urge upon the government of that country the expediency of asserting the principles laid down in the message of Monroe, and emphatically declared against the establishment of new European colonies upon this continent.

DANIEL WEBSTER

On the 14th of April, 1826, Daniel Webster, then a member of the House of Representatives, addressed that body on the Panama mission and traced the history of the Monroe doctrine.

In answer to the criticism that it was loose and vague, he gave his view that it was—

sufficiently studied, considered, weighed, and distinctly and decidedly approved by every one of the President's advisers of the time.

He declared that—

It can not now be taken back, retraced, or annulled with disgrace. It met—

He said—

with the entire concurrence and the hearty approbation of the country. The tone which it bore found a corresponding response in the breasts of the free people of the United States. The people saw, and were rejoiced to see, that on a fit occasion our weight had been thrown into the right scale, and without departing from our duty we had done something useful and something effectual in the cause of civil liberty. One general glow of exaltation, one universal feeling of the gratified love of country, one conscious and proud conception of the consideration which the country possessed, and of the respect and honor which belonged to it, pervaded all bosoms. I look—

He added—

on the message of December, 1823, as forming a bright page in our history. I will help neither to erase it nor tear it out, nor shall it be by any act of mine blurred or blotted. It did honor to the sagacity of the Government, and I will not diminish that honor. It elevated our hopes and gratified the patriotism of the people over whose hopes I will not bring a mildew, nor will I put that gratified patriotism to shame.

JOHN TYLER

Tyler's Administration did not have to deal directly with the Monroe doctrine, but the President had occasion to enunciate the principle on which it rests in general terms. Lord Brougham and Lord Aberdeen had animadverted on the proposed annexation of Texas in unfavorable terms; and in his Texas message of June, 1844, he expressed surprise that—

a kingdom which was made what it now is by repeated acts of annexation—beginning with the time when the Heptarchy and concluding with the kingdoms of Ireland and Scotland—should perceive any principle either novel or injurious in the late proceedings of the American Executive in regard to Texas.

The Government and people of the United States—

He said—

have never evinced nor do they feel any desire to interfere in public questions not affecting the situation existing between the states of the American continent. We leave the European powers exclusive control over matters affecting their continent. The United States claim a similar exemption from any such interference on their part.

What is this but the doctrines of Washington and Monroe in two instances?

JAMES K. POLK

President James K. Polk expressed his cordial concurrence in the wisdom and sound policy of the Monroe doctrine in his message of December 2d, 1845, and frequently reiterated it. He declared in that message that it should be distinctly—

announced to the world as our settled policy that no future European colony or dominion shall, with our consent, be planted or established on any part of the North American continent.

The insertion of the word "dominion" does not alter the sense of the broad doctrine of Monroe, but it distinctly expresses the interpretation that President Polk gave to it. This expression was elicited by the differences between the Government of Great Britain and the United States as to the northwestern boundary. On April 29th, 1848, he sent a special message to Congress with relation to the Indian insurrection in Yucatan, which government, through its commissioner, elicited the aid of the United States. For this aid the dominion and sovereignty of the Peninsula was offered to the United States, and similar appeals had been previously made to the Spanish and English governments. This country was then at war with Mexico, of which country Yucatan was a state. President Polk expressed his willingness to hold military possession of Yucatan and to defend the white inhabitants against incursions of the Indians, and he re-affirmed the doctrine of Monroe, declaring that the re-assertion of this principle, especially in reference to North America, is at this day but the promulgation of the policy which no European power should cherish the disposition to resist.

The differences of Yucatan were soon settled by treaty between the whites and Indians, and the affair passed off without further consequence. (See his message, Wharton, volume I, page 282.)

JAMES BUCHANAN

James Buchanan, who served his country in many high places, as Representative, Senator, Secretary of State, minister to England, and finally as President, was a constant and undeviating upholder of the Monroe doctrine. It is true that he drew the resolution which was adopted by the House of Representatives in 1826 by a vote of 99 to 95, in which that body expressed its

opinion that the United States ought not to be represented at the congress of Panama in a diplomatic character, and they ought not to form any alliance, offensive or defensive, or negotiate respecting such alliance, with all or any of the South American republics; nor ought they be comparted with them or either of them, in any joint declaration for the purpose of preventing interference of any of the European powers with their independence or form of government, or any compact for the purpose of preventing any colonization to the colonies of America, but that the people of the United States should be left free to act in any crisis in such manner as their feelings of friendship toward these republics and as their own honor and policy may at the time dictate.

That resolution for lack, I fancy, of better material, has been proffered here as an indication that Congress, when adopting it, refused to adopt the Monroe doctrine. But we have from the lips of its author that he was careful to say not a word that trenched against the Monroe doctrine, and an inspection of its face is sufficient to show that he was so successful that there is not an intimation in that resolution against it.

In his resolution it will be seen that he happily combined the doctrine of Washington with that of Monroe. He entered into no entangling alliance with foreign nations, but preserved his own country in that independence of relation which it so long and proudly occupied and still occupies.

As Secretary of State of President Polk, he was his adviser when his messages relating to the doctrine were delivered, and he well declared in his letter to Mr. Hise, of June 3d, 1848, that the independence as well as the interests of the nations on this continent required that they should maintain an American system of policy entirely distinct from that which prevailed in Europe. To suffer any interference on the part of European governments with the domestic concerns of the American republics and to permit them to establish new colonies upon this continent would be to jeopardize their independence and ruin their interests. In his very last annual message to Congress, in 1860, at the time when the awful shadow of civil war was stretched over us, he did not fail to consider the situation of Mexico and to express his hope for such a condition as would

deprive European governments of all pretext to interfere in the territorial and domestic concerns of that country, then itself torn with revolution which afterwards resulted in the triumph of Juarez. We should thus, he said, have been relieved from the obligation of resisting, even by force, should this become necessary, any attempt of these governments to deprive our neighboring republic of any portions of her territory, a duty from which we could shrink without abandoning the traditions and established policy of the American people.

CASS

Mr. Cass, Secretary of State, declared in 1858 the United States will not consent to the subjugation of any of the independent states of this continent to European powers, nor to the exercise of a protectorate over them, nor to any other direct political influence to control their policy or institutions.

THE CIVIL WAR—SEWARD

The Civil War, vast and engrossing as it was, caused no interruption in the assertion of the Monroe doctrine by this nation. Under most difficult and trying circumstances it still held aloft that oriflamme.

Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, went to the verge of war with France in his correspondence upon the subject with reference to the French occupation of Mexico. The United States refused to take part in the movement of France, Spain, and Great Britain to compel Mexico to the payment of her debts to other nations; and from 1861 to the fall of Maximilian and the re-embarkment of the French army to France our diplomatic history is filled with his letters and dispatches containing intimations and declarations that this time-honored doctrine would be enforced.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Even while the Civil War was flagrant and the final year-long battle between Grant and Lee was imminent, the House of Representatives of the United States by unanimous voice declared on April 4th, 1864:

That the Congress of the United States are unwilling by silence to leave the nations of the world under the impression that they are indifferent spectators of the deplorable events now transpiring in Mexico, and that they think fit to declare that it does not accord with the policy of the United States to acknowledge any monarchical government erected on the ruins of any republican government in America under the auspices of any European power.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE UNION NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1864

There is yet another incident to be related. On June 7th, 1864, while loud war resounded all along the lines of the great civil conflict, the Union National Convention assembled in Baltimore and nominated Abraham Lincoln for re-election to the Presidency.

That convention declared that—

The people of the United States can never regard with indifference the attempt of any European government to overthrow by force or supplant by fraud the institutions of any republican government on the Western continent.

Apt terms these, and well applicable to any pseudo ambulatory boundary claims.

The convention further said:

They will view with extreme jealousy, as menacing to the peace and independence of their own country, the efforts of any such (European) power to obtain new footholds for monarchical governments sustained by foreign military force in near proximity to the United States.

If a divided and bleeding country lifted up the banner bearing this great device, seems it not strange indeed that we are told to speak softly, and to furl the flag, when a united and powerful nation stands ready to carry it "full high advanced?" Abraham Lincoln approved the platform, accepted the nomination, and was re-elected upon the idea which we are now told is a "dead letter." That idea came up from the body of the people, and in their hearts it lives and moves and has its being.

GRANT AND ANDREW JOHNSON

With General Grant facts spake. The appearance of an American army on the Rio Grande under Sheridan was his way of conveying notice to quit to those who would seat the monarchies of Europe on American soil, President Andrew Johnson, Secretary Seward, and himself being all of accord that the

French must go. The ill-starred adventure of Maximilian is a dark memory, but it should not be forgotten by those who look wistfully upon America as a field for prey and plunder.

SECRETARY BAYARD

The Hon. Thomas F. Bayard is known to be a great admirer of the English people and on the most friendly terms with them, but, however much we may honor and respect them, as to this doctrine of Monroe he is just as flat-footed and goes just as far as any American goes. In 1887, as Secretary of State, he communicated to President Cleveland a full history of the case of Pelletier, who many years before had been arrested in Haiti on the charge of attempted enslavement of Haitian citizens.

It would not be worth while to go into the details of that question further than to say that Pelletier's conduct was deemed reprehensible, and that the Cleveland Administration refused to press the claim against Haiti, and Mr. Bayard, stating the consideration which actuated our Government, said:

The United States has proclaimed herself the protector of this Western world, in which she is by far the stronger power, from the intrusion of European sovereignties. She can point with proud satisfaction to the fact that over and over again has she declared effectively that serious indeed would be the consequences if European hostile foot should, without just cause, tread those states in the New World which have emancipated themselves from European control. She has announced that she would cherish as it becomes her the territorial rights of the feeblest of those states, regarding them not merely as in the eye of the law equal to even the greatest of nationalities, but, in view of her distinctive policy, as entitled to be regarded by her as the objects of a peculiarly gracious care. I feel bound to say that if we should sanction by reprisals in Haiti the ruthless invasion of her territory and insult to her sovereignty which the facts now before us disclose, if we approve by solemn Executive action and Congressional assent that invasion, it will be difficult for us hereafter to assert that in the New World, of whose rights we are the peculiar guardians, these rights have never been invaded by ourselves.

PRESENT NECESSITY FOR THE DOCTRINE

We are told, Mr. President, that the time is past for the preaching of the Monroe Doctrine, and that in the present condition of things it is inapplicable. The United States are no longer some sweet Arcadia, dreaming the happy hours away in the solitudes of pastoral life, and, in my humble judgment, every revolving sun since 1823 has strengthened the necessity

for the application of this doctrine and for its firm, outspoken, bold, and intrepid maintenance by the American people, for we are not ready to be circumvented and bottled up by British empires all around us, on land and by sea, and cut off from free and unmenaced access to the highways of the world's commerce.

THE COLONIAL EMPIRE OF GREAT BRITAIN

The colonial empire of Great Britain comprises forty-two distinct and independent governments, with many scattered dependencies and protectorates under the Queen which have no regularly formed administrations. It embraces also large territories controlled by the British North Borneo Company, the Imperial British East Africa Company, and the Royal Niger Company.

The first reaching out for colonial settlements by Great Britain dates as far back as 1583, but beyond the American continents, which finally developed into the United States, the close of the seventeenth century found Great Britain with no great acquisitions to her colonial possessions. She had at that time St. Helena, two slave-trading stations in Africa, the Bermudas, Jamaica, Barbados, and several minor West Indian islands, and New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, north of us.

As we learn from the British colonial office list, the peace of 1815, secured by the downfall of Napoleon, left Great Britain—

with most of the West Indies, South Africa, and a free hand in India, North America, and the Pacific.

The reign of Queen Victoria has been the period marked by the aggressive colonial policy of Great Britain all over the world. During that time she has occupied Natal, British Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and the Transkei, Zululand, British Columbia, the northwestern territories of the Canadian Dominion, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, New Guinea, and North Borneo, and she has acquired by cession Labuan, Lagos, the greater portion of the Gold Coast, Fiji, the Island of Cyprus, and the basin of the Niger, besides countless small possessions and nearly all of the isolated rocks and islands of the ocean.

In 1890 numerous additions were made to the Empire in Africa by arrangements with Germany, France, and Portugal for the delimitation of their respective possessions and spheres of influence in that continent; and Great Britain claims now the indisputable right to acquire nearly 2,500,000 square miles of a total of 11,700,000 square miles included in that continent. Including India, the Empire now extends over eleven millions of square miles, or ninety-one times the area of the mother country. The area of the colonial empire alone is seventy-seven times that of the United Kingdom.

The British Empire has great power in both hemispheres and in all the continents of the earth, and in America it embraces the Bermudas, the Dominion of Canada, British Guiana, British Honduras, Newfoundland, and Labrador, and in the West Indies the Bahamas, Barbados, Jamaica, the Leeward Islands, Trinidad, which is immediately north of the mouth of the Orinoco river, and the Windward Islands, which are between Martinique and Trinidad.

In Australasia and Oceania the Empire embraces Fiji, or the Fiji Islands, New Guinea, New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, Victoria, Western Australia, and many small islands, groups, islets, and reefs lying along Australia and New Zealand and which may be regarded as parts of those colonies.

In Asia it holds the volcanic peninsula of Aden, on the Arabian coast, and the Island of Perim, at the entrance to the Red Sea; the Somali coast, which is a British protectorate of an area of 75,000 square miles. The islands of Socotra, off the coast of Africa, and Kuria Muria, off the coast of Arabia, are attached to Aden, which is a coaling station.

The Bahrein Islands, in the Persian Gulf; North Borneo, which is part of the Island of Borneo, midway between Hongkong and Port Darwin, in Australia; Brunei and Sarawak, on the northwest coast of Borneo; the Island of Ceylon, Cyprus, Hongkong, and the great dependency of British India, where about a million square miles of territory and 221,000,000 of people are under British control. Less than one-fourth of 1 per cent. of the present population is of the Aryo-European stock, the British born amounting to about 100,000.

Feudatory to India are Baluchistan and Sikkim, Andaman and Nicobar, and Laccadive Islands.

In Africa, Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and the Cape of Good Hope, British Central Africa, East Africa, the Western African colonies of Gambia, the Gold Coast, and Lagos, Matabeleland and Mauritius, Natal, the Niger coast, and the Niger territories, British South Africa, or British Zambezia, Zanzibar, and Zululand.

At Gibraltar Great Britain guards the entrance to the Mediterranean with about four thousand soldiers. At Malta, some fifty-eight miles from Sicily, she holds the Mediterranean with about 10,000 troops. She controls the Suez Canal, which is about eighty-seven miles long and which connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. Through that canal in 1893 nearly 8,000,000 of gross tonnage passed under the British flag, while a million passed under the flag of any other nation, and only 6,528 under the flag of the United States.

WE MUST NOT BE BOTTLED UP

With the immense navies upon the sea, which intercommunicate between those widespread possessions all over the earth, Great Britain is evidently a power not to be despised by any nation; but it is not for us to sit idle and see her surround us on this continent with new settlements and extensions, and enmesh us and bottle us up with her fortifications on land and on the islands of the sea.

I am indebted, Mr. President, and the country is indebted, to the junior Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Lodge], who pointed out in an address which he made in this body a year ago how Great Britain has belted the globe with her fortifications, with her coaling stations, and with her great guns, and his able contributions to the learning and literature of this subject have done no little to enlighten public sentiment and show the necessity of a firm and alert American policy on the subject.

OUR HOME HEROES

I will detract nothing from what the Senator from Colorado [Mr. Wolcott] said so eloquently yesterday of the British people. While I may concur with him as to the greatness and

glory of the land of which our country is a seion, and come from a state whose people are one of the purest, if not the purest, strain of the Anglo-Saxon blood in the New World, I make bold to say that we, too, have "names to conjure with" that are just as bright and just as full of patriotic inspiration as any that British history discloses.

If Great Britain has had her Burke and her Chatham, we have had our Otis and Henry, our Webster and Clay. If she has had her Drake, Hawkins, and Nelson, have we not had our John Paul Jones, our Bainbridge, Decatur, Hull, Perry, Reed, Barron, Farragut, and Semmes? If she has had her Wellington, Havelock, and Wolseley, have we not had our Washington, Warren, Starke, Putnam, and Greene, our Morgan, Clark, Campbell, and Marion, and "Light-Horse" Harry, our "Old Hickory" Jackson, our Grant, our Lee, and "Stonewall" Jackson? We admire and honor the great heroic figures of Old England; but our home heroes are those from whom we should catch the flame of American patriotism, policy, and duty. As to fighting qualities, let it be remembered that more men have fallen in the one county of Spottsylvania, in Virginia, than have fallen in the British army in a hundred years.

ROOM FOR ENGLISH COMMON SENSE

This pending question is inherited from the American Revolution of 1776, and is but the sequence of history which has flowed in a continuous and connected stream from its source; it is the aftermath of 1776 and 1812. From our Revolution France caught her inspiration and rose up against the accumulated burdens of centuries. Napoleon, the imperial democrat of Europe, was the child of that revolution, and the free movements that stirred the Continent before and after his fall led to the conspiracy of despots, to which our Monroe doctrine was as necessary a response as the declaration of 1776 was to the British statutes and to the obduracy of George III.

The instinct which led Great Britain to hold aloof from the machinations of the alliance was the conjoint product of her commercial sagacity, her independent spirit, and her inborn love for personal freedom. Deep answered unto deep when she called to America for coöperation and when America so promptly re-

sponded. The strain now placed upon the relations of the two countries, brought about by the present collision between her colonial policy and our natural primacy in the Western world, is but momentary and must be relieved by common sense; yea, by that saving common sense which is the true solvent of difficulty and is as salt to the sea, which preserves its freshness.

The Englishman has that fine quality which Emerson describes as "animated moderation." He will not tear a passion to tatters for an empty notion. He will check up before he jumps over a precipice. Let him display that wisdom now. He has "a free hand" on all the oceans. He preserves the balance of power in Europe. He has in Asia, Africa, and Oceania a full and fertile field for all his jingo propensities. He has already vast possessions on this continent and strongholds in the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Caribbean Sea. Let him leave alone the ewe lambs of the great Western Republic, which knows its own sphere of influence and will brook no intrusion thereupon.

The sweet singer whose voice, alas, is now silent, said of Queen Victoria, his august sovereign, whose laureate he was:

Statesmen at her counsel sate
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

The season for such statesmen is now full and shines in the light of the harvest moon.

THE UNITED STATES STANDS BY THE DOCTRINE

The Administration and those who believe its course has been wise and just are fully aware of the heavy responsibility assumed, but are not to be deterred from pursuing a policy impressed upon our history by the pens of sages, and now more necessary than ever to our tranquillity by gusts of criticism or crimination from within or from without.

With us are the law and the prophets, and behind us are the intelligent, patient, and patriotic masses of a great people, whose instincts have guided them to appreciate the situation and whose approval of the American principles that have been uttered is unmistakable. I fully agree with those who caution us against inflammatory and irritating speeches.

If speeches had not been made against the position which our country has already taken by the action of its Chief Magistrate, speeches which can only tend to divide counsels which should be united and stimulate expectations abroad which would be doomed to disappointment, for my part, I would have awaited the event of negotiations without a word. I still agree that all aggravating utterances on both sides are out of place, and that the public and the vehicles of public opinion should alike await developments in confidence that justice has a power of its own that will attract men to its standard, and in the further confidence that whoever may represent the honor and interests of the American people will not allow them to suffer.

While the sharp joinder of issue in verbal colloquy has excited apprehensions of war and the war spirit has been stirred in some breasts, neither Great Britain nor the United States has any desire to fight the other. They hearken to the great poet's saying:

War's a game which were their subjects wise
Kings would not play at.

As said by John Randolph, of Roanoke, one of my distinguished predecessors in this chamber, these two great nations can do each other more harm and more good than any other two nations of the earth. They mutually recognize that fact, and the atmospheric pressure of public opinion is for peace in both nations; the clergy, the metropolitan press, the boards of commerce, and thoughtful men of all classes, all declaring against the folly and the crime of war.

It can not be doubted under such circumstances that the way can and will be made clear for peace with honor to all concerned.

But common sense looks at facts as they are, and it is a fact so plain that he who runs may read that this nation will not recede from the Monroe doctrine, or from the position taken by the President, that it applies to this controversy. All critics, all dissenters, all friends of peace should recognize this fact and govern themselves accordingly. And it is not to be expected of us who have time-honored principles to vindicate, an obvious and wise policy to subserve, and a noble, aspiring nation to uphold in its dignity as the great and paramount power of the Western Hemisphere, to speak in whispers, to startle at shadows, or to

mope in pusillanimous silence when the corridors of the Capitol are ringing with denunciations of our course and with ill-conceived belittlements of our fixed faith.

I am one of those who regard the doctrine we avouch as the subjects of the great White Czar regard the legendary will of Peter the Great, and as the Germans regard the "Watch Upon the Rhine." And the time has passed, it has long been overpast, when the foot of foreign intrusion could be set upon American soil either to assail us in our homes or to seize and appropriate the territory of our neighbors to their uses under any kind of pretext, or to envelop us with armaments of war without arousing the universal resentment and resistance on the part of our people. This, our traditional creed, rests in the very nature of things which Canning discerned when he asked Minister Rush that memorable leading question:

Are the great political and commercial interests of the New World to be canvassed and adjusted in Europe without the coöperation or even the knowledge of the United States?

OUR ANSWER FINAL

Since that question was asked in 1823 to 1896, during a period of over three-score years and ten, the United States have had but one answer.

That answer it made then, and if those who advise or sympathize with Great Britain in this generation have the discernment and prescience of that British minister, George Canning, who boasted as to South America that he had "called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old," they must know that this Republic will not permit those balances to be disturbed by the weight of an iron hand, nor that New World to be made the prey of European adventurers; they must know that that answer was final and forever; they must know that were all Europe to form itself again into a new conspiracy of kings to make spoil of any portion of the American continents, under any kind of cloak or pretext, and were to lay hands of violence for that purpose upon any, even the weakest of our neighbors, the United States would rise and face embattled Europe as one man, American sailors would scourge the seas from pole to pole, and six millions of American soldiers would spring to their guns.

JEFFERSON

"Thomas Jefferson still lives." These were the last words of John Adams, uttered with his dying breath on the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the great day on which the United States of America declared their independence.

All unconsciously to him the soul of Jefferson was disrobing itself at that very time of its mortal vestments. Together the spirits of the two illustrious Americans were disenthralled. Together they ran their race, and the race run, they passed hence at peace with themselves and at peace with all mankind to the peace of God.

What matters it to their just fame that they differed as to this or that in their long tumultuous careers? What matters it that one took one road and one the other to the honor and glory of his country? It is in the collision of thoughts of the master minds that the sparks of truth are outflashed and stream forth upon a darkened world. Both were friends of truth. Both were patriots. Both were honest and courageous servants of the people. Both did what they could that America might be free and independent, and that its inhabitants might be prosperous and happy. By this grave I salute their august shades, and thank the gracious heaven that vouchsafed to us both an Adams and a Jefferson.

With open arms we welcome here to-day the honored citizen and ex-governor of the "Old Colony," which had in the past, and has now, so many communal ties with the "Old Dominion." Pilgrim to this shrine of departed worth, you seem to bring us again the message of the sage of Quincy. "We hear again a voice saying, 'Jefferson still lives,'" and the words of Adams enlarging and brightening before us in prophetic sense find in this occasion a radiant fulfillment beyond the vision of his dying ecstasy.

JEFFERSON'S UNIQUE DISTINCTION

One distinction belongs to Thomas Jefferson which neither Adams nor any other American possesses.

A speech delivered at Monticello, the home of Jefferson, before the representatives of the National Association of Democratic Clubs, April 13th, 1893.

Washington stands on an august height, unreachably, unapproachably, as the Father of his Country. Others fill great places in the American pantheon—leaders of armies, conquerors on land and sea, leaders of party, orators of the hustings, propagandists of creeds, authors of measures, pilots of policies, ministers of diplomacy, administrators of justice—all honored servitors of the common weal.

But one distinction is Jefferson's, and Jefferson's alone—he founded a party, not for a day, but for all time—a party which has survived changing seasons and passing generations, the storms of peace and the storms of war—he founded a party and put into its heart a principle and put upon its lips a creed, and party principle and creed are alike imperishable.

Other parties come and go,
The eternal surge of time and tide rolls on,
And bears afar their bubbles.

Federalists, Whigs, Know-Nothings, and what-not; their names even ring strangely on our ears, and we think of them as we think of the stuffed skins of species that have vanished from the earth.

But Democracy came with Jefferson, and it came to stay. The republic is the government of party, and party is the rule of partisans. While the republic of Washington lasts the party of Jefferson will last, and you, partisans of Democracy, are in your place at this hallowed spot, where lived and died the immortal Democrat, Thomas Jefferson. Seer, sage, hero, prophet! Orator that never made a speech, yet whose words are spoken by the myriad tongues of freemen; conqueror that never drew a sword, yet founded an empire of the mind that far outstretches the realms of Czar and Alexander; man of the people and for the people—we, the people, have come to do homage to thy dust, and here we vow that we will guard thy work, and so far as in us lies see that the cause of the people shall live and not perish.

GIFTS OF THE PEOPLE TO HIM

The honors heaped upon him by the people were but their gifts to their benefactor, the insignia of his labors, his burdens and his cares. How paltry seems that long catalogue of official designations compared to what he was himself—a man

God-gifted and God-armed for the battle of right against wrong, compared with what he did for the people, his gifts to them. A justice of the peace for this county, a legislator of his state, conselor of its governor, reviser of its Code, member of the Continental Congress, Governor of Virginia, minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President of the United States; lofty and shining titles these, but he might have worn one and all of these medals and ribbons and died without leaving behind him a human heart to bless God that he had lived.

But there is not a heart that loves humanity and thrills with noble rage for right and truth and justice; there is not a people upon the earth who are weary and heavy laden under the burdens of oppression; there is not a chancellor who loves equity; there is not a devotee who bows his head in free worship to his Maker; there is not an ingenuous student by the midnight lamp; there is not a toiler by land or sea; yea, there is not an astronomer who reads the stars nor an humble farmer in his cabin, nor a freeman anywhere who treads the earth with the spirit of the free, who does not bless God that Thomas Jefferson lived and that his life goes marching on.

WHAT HE DID FOR THE PEOPLE

What did Jefferson do for the people? Rather, what did he not do? He was one of them, he loved them, he trusted them, he guided them, he cheered them, he led them, he comforted them. So much for generalities.

It is true, as said by the Cicero of Massachusetts, Edward Everett, that there rests on Jefferson the imperishable renown of having framed the Declaration of Independence. But had he never penned a syllable of it he would be immortal. It is true that he raised his hand against the established church, threw himself against the great landed proprietors and powerful party leaders and brought forth the first statute of religious freedom that adorned the history of the world. Imperishable renown with that, but without it he would have been immortal. It is true that he negotiated the territory of Louisiana from Napoleon, gaining a kingdom for a song, securing the free navigation of the Mississippi to the countless multitudes who now throng its bank and adding the great West and Southwest to the

Union—the greatest region ever won by man without a drop of blood. But without this he would have been immortal. It is true that after long years of conflict he lifted a little academy into a great university. Yonder it is, “Jefferson’s pet,” “the child of his old age,” but were there no university Jefferson would be immortal. It is true that he drew, as chairman of a committee of Congress, the famous “ordinance of the Northwestern Territory,” and his report made in his own handwriting is still in the archives of the State Department at Washington, by which Virginia ceded the area which now embraces Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. And true, that he put therein the clause that “neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should exist therein after 1800.” Renown enough in this, indeed. But without it Jefferson would have been immortal. It is true that he broke down and abolished the old English system of primogeniture, which gave the land of the dead owner to his eldest son and left the daughters and younger sons homeless and landless. It is true that he destroyed the old English system of entails that tied up the lands for generations in a single line, preventing its sale and diffusion, promoting its barrenness and decay.

Out in Ohio a few years ago I spoke with a distinguished statesman of the West at the celebration of the Northwest territory held at Marietta, and that gentleman claimed that Ohio settlers had broken up the land monopoly which had existed in Virginia. But I reminded him that that business had been effectually attended to long before the settlers landed in the “Buckeye” state, attended to both for Virginia and all her children of the great Northwest by the statute drawn by Thomas Jefferson which gave them their liberties ready-made. His state papers would make him immortal had he done nothing but frame them. But the thousand labors of his sixty years of service had clothed him with immortality, had no such papers ever been written and no such measures ever been framed.

HIS SIXTY YEARS OF WORK

He poured into their laps the fruits of sixty years of arduous and unremitting toil—toil in almost every department of human science and endeavor. He set before them the highest exam-

ples of manhood, the finest ideals of government, the purest models of excellence in all things.

Constitutions, laws, seeds, plants, books, machinery, arts, houses, domestic animals. Whatever would help them he wanted and would have the best for them. And he stirred their hearts with the noblest aspirations that ever quickened the human breast, for he was a dreamer of great dreams, and nearly every dream came true.

He was the most accomplished man that America ever produced—"the Admirable Crichton" of the New World—and dedicating to mankind his gifts from heaven, he labored for them "harder than the horniest hand for its daily bread." Books he devoured as a hungry man might devour the dainties of a banquet, but he chewed and digested them. He could have talked history with Thucydides, Tacitus, Niebuhr, Hume, or Gibbon; he could have discussed Greek and Latin roots with Puffendorf or "Old Gass." Solon, Justinian, Coke, Blackstone, Montesquieu, Vattel, or Marshall would have found him a ripe companion on any point of municipal, constitutional, common, statute, or international law. Talk to him of geography, and you will think that he had wandered with Volney over the ruins of ancient empires and traveled with Captain Cook to the Cannibal Islands. Socrates or Plato would have hung upon his discourse about the destiny of man and the immortality of the soul had he sat with them upon the porticos of Athens. Did you bring up natural science, you would find that a Cuvier, a Buffon and Agassiz, or a Darwin might learn from him the secrets of nature about plants, animals, trees, fossils, or flowers. His exquisite genius drank in with joy the beauties of poesy. Homer and Shakespeare, Molière, Tasso, Dante, Dryden, Pope, Milton; whether the dulcet melody or the lofty strain, he quaffed them all as the gods might quaff nectar, "on their hills reclined." And had you called at Monticello just after the Revolution, you might have found the author of the Declaration engaged with that accomplished Fench visitor, Major-General, the Marquis de Chestelleux, in reciting to each other the poems of Ossian over the hospitable punch bowl.

For a hospitable man was Jefferson. As many as fifty guests were sometimes around his board, and they ate and drank him out of house and home.

A PRACTICAL AND SUCCESSFUL MAN

But Jefferson's mind was practical, and of that kind that turns things to account. He loved mathematics, and no superstitious or beating vision could ever lead him from the bed-rock notion that two and two make four, would without end.

He was as precise in detail as he was broad and accurate in generalization. His mind was like the elephant's trunk, in that it can pick up a pin or kneel down a lion. When he was President he went regularly to market, and in his journal he kept a record of the date of appearance of spring fruits and vegetables. The stately dome of the university and the classic lines of this mansion bespeak the classic mind that produced them. But do not forget, he made the estimates of brick and mortar and timber and nails, and trained the hands that brought the seemly piles from the crude material. He founded the patent office of the United States, and do you know, he was himself an inventor! How busy was his restless brain! When in France as minister he wrote his admirable Notes on Virginia, and while the revolution there fermented around him, he invented a hill-side plow, for which he received a medal from the Royal Agricultural Society of the Seine. He also invented the modern revolving office chair. Napoleon crossed the Alps to make spoil of Italy; Jefferson, too, crossed the Alps, but if for a less dazzling, nevertheless for a more useful and enduring conquest. He went down into the rice-growing districts to get improved seed for America. Finding that the laws there prohibited the exportation of rice seed he filled his pockets with the grains, sent them to Charleston and there gave them out in ten and twelve grain quantities to farmers. The Southern rice planters to-day, producing the best rice in the world, applaud the movement by which Jefferson outflanked the custom officers of Italy and spread broadcast over the face of mother earth the annual eulogy of his venial peccadillo and his useful circumspection.

HIS INFLUENCE ON LIVING ISSUES

In every living issue of the day is seen the prophetic forecast and practical wisdom of Jefferson. We have just emerged from the great revolution that deluged the land in blood and tears and from the war whose battle thunders shook the pre-

cinets of both Mount Vernon and Monticello. Slavery was its cause, that blighting bequest of British avarice, forced upon Virginia unwillingly, protested against, and denounced by law. The just measure he offered in the Virginia legislature, when but twenty-six years old, was for its gradual emancipation. "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate," he said "than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races equally free can not live under the same government." We have realized the truth of the first declaration; let the patrons of Force bills remember the second. Slavery is dead. Its ashes remain. Woe be unto him that bestirs those ashes.

Discussing tariff, or money, or banks, or legislation you will find Jefferson always for America and its independence, and against monopoly; against the idea that we may tax men into prosperity and make money based on nothing, ever warning them against deluding paper issues; strong for the basic metals, gold and silver, the money of the people for ages, and destined so to be for ages yet to come.

Is the theme education? No man ever more perfectly impressed the necessity of higher education as a sustenance of the common schools, nor the necessity of the common schools for the masses of the people.

Is Venezuela or Cuba up for debate? There is no phase of the question that he had not anticipated.

Of the Monroe doctrine he was like John the Baptist crying in the wilderness. He foreshadowed it in a letter respecting the Island of San Domingo. And indeed, when Monroe proclaimed it, Adams had suggested and Jefferson advised it in that memorable letter in which he said, "We will oppose with all our means the forcible interposition of any other power, as auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext, and most especially their transfer (of American states) to any power by conquest, cession or acquisition in any other way."

The gun that threatened yesterday from Washington was loaded and trained by Jefferson. The Know-Nothings came along in 1856 with secret conclaves and proselyting, and they met their Waterloo in Virginia. Henry A. Wise led the hosts that conquered them, and his neck was clothed with thunder;

but the lightnings of his speech were guided by that master, the spirit of Jefferson.

The A. P. A.'s are abroad in the land now. Religious fanaticism threatens for and against them, but before they came Jefferson had provided a solution of the problem, and the tenets of our Constitution furnish the touch-stone by which sectarian establishments shall not be foisted as a burden upon the state. It is the spirit of Jefferson that moves over the angry waters and says peace, be still.

JEFFERSON ON THE MONEY OF THE PEOPLE

I admire so much the speech of our accomplished friend from Massachusetts that I dislike to dissent from him in anything. But he was truly Jeffersonian when he said, "Let us through discussion find the truth and bravely assert it." Joining hands with him in that, my candor shall be equal to his own. "The secret of Jefferson's power and leadership," he says, "was his steadfast devotion to principle, which was so commendable in Jefferson, we would hold to this principle, and not let it go at the behest of American usurers and British bondholders and European kings."

I fully concur with the governor that Jefferson would never have made an issue between Colorado and Wall Street, or between a debtor and a creditor class, or upon any geographical division, but may I not remind him that it was our Republican foes and neither Jefferson nor the party of Jefferson that did that very thing in 1873 in stripping silver of its equal coinage right with gold; that it was Wall Street and Lombard Street that were the aggressors, not Colorado, nor the West; not the debtor class. May I not suggest that it was the creditor class that led the assault to make silver debts payable in gold to the detriment of the American silver mines, to the detriment of the Australian and South African gold mines of Great Britain, and to the heaping up of burden on tax-payers, debtors, and the common people? May I not point out that the Democrats helped partially to restore silver in the Bland-Allison act of 1878, and have tried for twenty-five years for its full restoration? Neither my distinguished friend nor any one else can demand more firmly than I that the honor and credit of this country be

respected "With scrupulous fidelity to the plighted words." But when I read the plighted words "gold and silver" in the Constitution of the land which I have sworn to support, and read the word "coin" in the public contracts which I am honor bound to observe, may not I believe mine own eyes and declare that "scrupulous fidelity" would say and pay "gold and silver?"

Virginia made the Spanish silver dollar her standard of value as long ago as 1645, and the United States made the American silver dollar its unity of coinage in 1793. Every silver dollar of to-day is just the same that it was a hundred years ago, and we are not so encumbered with surplusage of dollars of any kind in any part of the land that I have visited as to need the artifices of law to get rid of them.

Our friend says that for the solution of this question "we turn to Jefferson for help and guidance." Be it so. Let me quote Jefferson, which he did not do. When Hamilton drew his famous report on the mint a hundred years ago he declared that "to annul the use of either of the metals is to abridge the quantity of the circulating medium, and is liable to all the objections which arise from a comparison of the benefits of a liberal with the evils of a scanty circulation." It was then that Jefferson wrote to him: "I concur with you that the unit should stand on both metals," and if that means it should stand on one, my notions of Jefferson and the multiplication table are alike at fault. Washington signed the bill for both metals. Daniel Webster defended it in after years, declaring that gold and silver were the money of the Constitution, and that we had no right to displace either metal. I arraign Washington and Hamilton and Webster with Jefferson, and am content. But I am not going to stay at odds with our distinguished friend at the grave of Jefferson. There was one thing that Jefferson said about money which we will concur in, and that is "that one warm thought is worth more than money," and giving him the warm thoughts that one upon his native heath should feel for an honored guest, I would venture to say to him, as *Falstaff* said to *Prince Henry*, "No more of that, Hal, and thou lovest me." Indeed, we will have here to-day the free coinage of warm thoughts on the double standard of Massachusetts and Virginia, and I am willing to amplify the Code of our Democratic com-

rade, Tim Campbell, of New York, and say for to-day, at least, "Neither money nor the Constitution ought to come between friends."

A CHILD OF NATURE

He was a child of nature, this glorious Jefferson, and with all his wisdom and all his culture he was on the people's side of all questions. An honest son of Mother Earth; a man with a man's faults, but no Pharisee. He had fewer faults and lesser faults than most men, and noble and God-like virtues. He studied men, he studied nature, and he drew from them more than he ever drew from books, and gave back to them more than all the books could give.

Yonder at Keswick was he born. These mountains, these fields, these forests, these murmuring streams, the birds, the flocks, the herds, and above them the azure heavens and the stars, these were his first and life-long teachers. And in the free air of this beautiful countryside nature whispered to his spirit, and from her pure, free promptings he became that which was most of all in his history—a Democrat.

And above all the many Jeffersons we see—the scholar, the writer, the architect, the scientist, the inventor, the linguist, the mathematician—there is one Jefferson greater than them all—Jefferson, the Democrat. From the ground up, every inch a Democrat, and he was over six feet tall.

He was the greatest Democrat that ever lived. He infected the populace with the epidemic of free thought. He set the woods on fire with Democratic doctrines. He gave the people the rugged maxims hewn from life which kindled their thoughts and winged their arrows.

Napoleon looked at the Orient and said, "There lies a giant asleep; let him sleep." Jefferson saw the American people like a giant asleep, and he said, "Rouse up and acquit yourselves like men." Up rose Democracy, and the sovereign people strode the land in triumph.

HIS CIVIC COURAGE

The glory of man, said Solomon, is strength, and Jefferson was strong. Strong physically—see him even in his old age dashing at a gallop on his favorite horse over these rocky moun-

tain roads. Strong intellectually—behold his works. Strong morally—see his instinctive leap to the right side of all questions and his inflexible adherence thereto. He was strong and all-powerful in courage; yea, in civic courage, the rarest of all forms of bravery. All nations are brave in their own way. Massive battalions, thousands strong, will march to death midst flashing bayonets and screaming shells—not a man out of his place. But the courage that faces the sneer of fashion, the scorn of power, the scowl of altered friendship, “the proud man’s contumely and the insolence of office”—this is the courage that belongs alone to souls “touched to fine issues.” This Jefferson had the quiet, patient, daring, superb courage that looks public opinion in the eye and dares confront it and affront it and not flinch the encounter.

When he stood for independence, they said “Rebel.” When he stood for justice, they said “Communist.” When he stood for religious freedom, they cried, “Infidel.” When he aroused the people against monarchy and concentrated power, they said “Demagogue.” But the common people heard him gladly. They knew their ears, and with one acclaim they said, “All hail, our friend.”

He sent the X-rays of his resplendent intellect through the cloaks and skins of falsehood, penetrating to and revealing the very cloisters, recesses, and hiding places of truth. He stripped from false teachers the shams and shows and trumperies of pretensions.

When he came to be inaugurated he wore a dress of plain cloth, and he rode on horseback to the Capitol without a single guard or servant in his train, dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades. This was no affectation. It was the natural act of a natural man, who felt that he was one of the people, taking charge of their affairs for their behoof and in their name. His heart was his transcendent noblest quality. Music and pathos and sweetness and light and love were in that great heart. It was that that stimulated his intellect to its supreme endeavors. It was that that tuned his character to its harmonious impulse. It was that that tied him to the people with a link as strong as that which binds the land and sea together. “Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out

of it are the issues of life," said the prophet. It is in the heart that Democracy is born, and it was there that it was kept warm and strong and pure by Jefferson. Dying without a penny, his very books, his land, his home were sold away from his inheritors, and fighting successfully in every battle but his own, he crowned the people as victor in every battle that he won. If a man wants to get all he can out of this life by torturing its laws and burdening its people to fill his pockets, let him curse the name of Jefferson. Let him eat and drink and be merry in his time and trample on Democracy and its teachings. But if he wants a man's chance in life and that only; if he means "live and let live;" if he seeks a wise and frugal government, and would not "rob the mouth of labor of the bread which it has earned;" if he loves his neighbor as himself; if he is ready to give equal and exact justice to all men, and special privileges to none; if it is right that man sues for and if he does not believe that one man is born bridled and saddled, and the other booted and spurred, let me pluck a flower from this good man's life and wear it in his soul forever.

TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN

Mr. Chairman of the Democratic National Committee:

In receiving from your hands this gavel as the temporary presiding officer of this Convention, I beg leave to express a sentiment, which I am sure is unanimous, that no national convention was ever presided over with more ability or with more fairness or with more dignity than by yourself. I can express no better wish for myself than that I may be able in some feeble fashion to mould my conduct by your model and to profit by your example.

Mr. Chairman, the high position to which this Convention has chosen me is accepted with profound gratitude for the honor which it confers and with a keen sense of the responsibility which it entails upon me.

That responsibility I would be wholly inadequate to bear did I depend upon myself, but your gracious aid can make its yoke easy and its burden light. That aid I confidently invoke for the sake of the great cause under whose banner we have fought so many battles and which now demands our stanch devotion and loyal service.

I regret that my name should have been brought in even the most courteous competition with that of my distinguished friend, the great Senator from New York; but no one of dispassionate and candid judgment will misinterpret your meaning, but will readily recognize the fact as I do, that there is no personality in the preferment given us. He must know, as we all do, that it is solely due to the principle that this great majority of Democrats stands for and that I stand for with them; and that it is given, too, in the spirit of the instructions received by these representatives of the people, from the people, whom all Democrats bow to as the original and purest fountain of all power.

The birth of the Democratic party was coeval with the birth of the sovereignty of the people. It can never die until the Declaration of American Independence is forgotten, and that sovereignty is dethroned and extinguished.

Speech as Temporary Chairman of the Democratic National Convention, Chicago, Ill., 1896.

As the majority of the Convention is not personal in its aims, neither is it sectional. It blends the palmetto and the pine. It begins with the sunrise in Maryland, and spreads into a sunburst in Louisiana and Texas. It stretches in unbroken line across the continent from Virginia and Georgia to California. It sends forth its pioneers from Plymouth Rock and waves over the wheat fields of Dakota. It has its strongholds in Alabama and Mississippi and its outposts in Minnesota, Florida, and Oregon. It sticks like a "tar-head" in the old North State, and writes sixteen-to-one on the saddlebags of the Arkansas traveler. It pours down its rivulets from the mountains of West Virginia and makes a great lake in New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, and Idaho, Nevada, Montana, and Colorado. It stands guard around the National Capitol, in the District of Columbia, and camps on the frontiers of Oklahoma. It sweeps like a prairie fire over Iowa and Kansas, and lights up the horizon in Nebraska. It marshals its massive battalions in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri.

Last, but not least—when I see this grand army and think of the British Gold Standard that recently was unfurled over the ruins of Republican promises in St. Louis, I think, too, of the battle of New Orleans, of which 'tis said:

There stood "John Bull in marshal pomp,
But there was Old Kentucky.

Brothers of the East, there is no North, South, East, or West in this uprising of the people for American emancipation from the conspiracy of European kings led by Great Britain, which seeks to destroy one-half of the money of the world and to make American manufacturers, merchants, farmers, and mechanics brewers of wood and drawers of water.

And there is one thing golden that let me commend to you. It is the Golden Rule, to "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Remember the creed of Jefferson, that absolute acquiescence in the will of the majority is the vital principle of the Republic, and Democrats as you have been, Democrats that you should be, acquiesce now in the will of this great majority of your fellow Democrats, who only ask you to go with them as they have oftentimes gone with you.

Do not forget that for thirty years we have supported the men that you named for President—Seymour, Greeley, Tilden, Hancock, and Cleveland. Do not forget that we have submitted cheerfully to your compromise platforms and to your repeated pledges for bimetallism, and have patiently borne repeated disappointments as to their fulfillment.

Do not forget that even in the last National Convention of 1892, you proclaimed yourself to be in favor of the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country and for the coinage of both gold and silver without discrimination against either metal or charge for mintage, and that the only question left open was the ratio between the two metals.

Do not forget that just four years ago in that same Convention the New York delegation stood here solid and immovable for a candidate committed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of sixteen to one; and that if we are for it still it is in some measure from your teachings.

That we owe you much is readily acknowledged and gratefully acknowledged, but are not our debts mutual, and not one-sided to each other?

The Force bill, the McKinley bill, and the Sherman law were the triplet progeny of the Republican party. The first was aimed not more at the South than at the great cities of the East, and chief among them at the great Democratic city of New York, with its munificent patronage. It got its death blow in the Senate where there was not a single Democratic vote from New York and all New England. If you helped to save the South it also helped to save you, and neither the East nor the South could have saved itself had not these great American Republican Senators from the West, Teller and Wolcott, Stewart, Jones, and Sanford sunk partisanry in patriotism and come to the rescue of American institutions. No man can revive Force bills now in this glorious reconciled and reunited Republic. Our opponents themselves have abandoned them; there is none that can stand between the union of hearts and hands that Grant in his dying vision saw was coming on angels' wings to all the sons of our common country.

When Chicago dressed with flowers the Southern graves she buried sectionalism under a mountain of fragrance; and when

the Southern soldiers cheered but yesterday the wounded hero of the North in Richmond, she answered back, "let us have peace, peace and union and liberty forever."

As this majority of Democrats is not sectional, neither is it for any privilege or class or for class legislation. The active business men of this country, its manufacturers, its merchants, its farmers, its sons of toil in counting-room, factory, field, and mine, know that a contraction of currency sweeps away with the silent and relentless force of the gravitation the annual profits of their enterprise and investment, and they know, too, that the gold standard means contraction and the organization of disaster.

What hope is there for the country, what hope for Democracy unless the views of the majority here be adopted?

Do not the people know that it was not silver legislation but the legislation dictated by the advocates of the gold standard that has caused and now continues the financial depression? Do they not know that when their demands upon Democracy were complied with in 1893 and the Sherman law repealed without a substitute, that the very states of the East that demanded it turned against the Democrats who granted it and swept away their majorities in a torrent of ballots. Had the silver men had their way instead of the gold monometallists, what storms of abuse would now burst here upon their heads?

But the people are now applying the power of memory and analysis to discover the causes of their arrested prosperity and they need not go far to find them.

They do not forget that when Democracy came to power in 1893 it inherited from its Republican predecessors a tax system and a currency system of which the McKinley law and the Sherman law were the culminating atrocities. It came amidst the panic which quickly followed their enactment, amongst decreased wages, strikes, lock-outs, riots, and civic commotions, while the scenes of peaceful industry in Pennsylvania had been turned into military camps. Besides manifold oppressive features the McKinley law had thrown away \$50,000,000 of revenue tax derived from sugar under the spectral plea of a free breakfast table, and had substituted bounties to sugar planters, thus decreasing the revenue and increasing expenditure, burning

the candle at both ends, and making the people pay at last for the alleged free breakfast. From the joint operations of the McKinley law and Sherman law an adverse balance of trade had been forced against us in 1893, a surplus of \$100,000,000 in the Treasury had been converted into a deficit of seventy million in 1894 before a Democratic statute had yet come into operation, and engraved bonds prepared by a Republican Secretary to borrow money to support the Government were the ill omens of the pre-organized ruin which awaited incoming Democracy at a depleted treasury.

More significant still, the very authors of the ill-starred and ill-connected Sherman makeshift were already at confessional and upon the stool of penitence and were begging help from Democrats to put out this conflagration of disaster which they themselves had invited.

So far as revenue to support the Government is concerned the Democratic party with but a slender majority in the Senate was not long in providing it, and had not the Supreme Court of the United States reversed its settled doctrines of a hundred years the income tax incorporated in their tariff bill would long since have supplied the deficit.

Respecting finance, the Republican, Populist, and Democratic parties, while differing upon other subjects, had alike declared for the restoration of our American system of bimetallism.

By Republican and Democratic votes alike the Sherman law was swept from the statute books, the eagerness to rid the country of that Republican incubus being so great that no pause was made to provide its substitute. But in the very act of its repeal it was solemnly declared to be the policy of the United States to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money and to coin them into dollars of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value.

The Republican party has now renounced the creed of its platforms and of our statutes. It has presented to the country the issue of higher taxes, more bonds and less money. It has proclaimed for the British gold standard.

We can only expect, should they succeed, new spasms of panic and a long protracted period of depression. Do not ask

us, then, to join them on any of these propositions. Least of all, ask us not to join them upon the money question to fight a sham battle over the settled tariff, for the money question is the one paramount issue before the people, and it involves true Americanism more than any economic issue ever presented to the people at a Presidential election.

Existing gold standard? Whence comes the idea that we are upon it? Not from the Democratic platform of 1892, which promised to hold us to the double one. Not from the last enactment of Congress on the subject in repealing the Sherman law, which pledges us to the continuance of the double one. Not from any statute of the United States now in force. No, we are not upon any gold standard, but we have a disordered and miscellaneous currency, of nine varieties, three of metal and six of paper, the product for the most part of Republican legislation, rendered worse by Treasury practices begun by Republican Secretaries and unfortunately copied.

And consider these facts. The Federal, state, and municipal taxes are assessed and paid by the standard of the whole mass of money in circulation. No authority has ever been conferred by Congress for the issue of bonds payable in gold, but distinctly refused. The Specie Resumption Act of 1875 made the surplus revenue in the Treasury, not gold only, the redemption fund. Before the period for the operation of that act arrived provision was made by the Bland-Allison act which has added to our circulation some three hundred and fifty millions of standard silver money or paper based upon it and they are sustained at parity with gold by nothing on earth but the metal in them and their legal tender functions. We have no outstanding obligations payable in gold except the small sum of forty-four million of gold certificates which, of course, should be so paid. All of our specie obligations are payable in coin, which means silver or gold at Government option, or in silver only. There is more silver or paper based upon it in circulation than there is in gold or paper based on gold. And that gold dollars are not the sole units of value is demonstrated by the fact that no gold dollar pieces whatever are now minted.

If we should go upon the gold standard it is evident that we must change the existing bimetallic standard of payment of

all public debts, taxes, and appropriations, save those specifically payable in gold only. And, as we have twenty billions of public and private debt, it would take more than three times all the gold in the country to pay one year's interest in that medium.

We should be compelled hereafter to contract the currency by paying the five hundred millions of greenbacks and Sherman notes in gold, which would nearly exhaust the entire American stock in and out of the Treasury, and the same policy would require that the three hundred and forty-four millions of silver certificates should be paid in gold as foreshadowed by the present director of the mint in his recommendation.

This means the increase of the public debt by five hundred millions of interest-bearing bonds with the prospect of three hundred and forty-four millions to follow.

The disastrous consequences of such a policy are appalling to contemplate, and the only alternative suggested is the free coinage of silver as well as gold and the complete restoration of our American system of bimetallism.

Bring us, we pray you, no more makeshifts and straddles. Vex the country with no more prophecies of smooth things to come from the British Republican gold propaganda.

The fact that European nations are going to the gold standard renders it all the more impracticable for us to do so, for the limited stock of gold would have longer division and a smaller share for each nation.

Remember how punctually predictions made when the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law out of silver have been refuted.

Instead of protecting the Treasury reserve, as was proclaimed it would do, an unprecedented raid was promptly made upon it, and two hundred and sixty-two millions of borrowed gold have been insufficient to guarantee its security.

Instead of causing foreign capital to float to us, it has stimulated the flow of gold to Europe, and the greenback notes and the Sherman notes, which are just as much payable in silver as in gold, have been used to dip the gold out of the Treasury and pour it into the strong boxes of the war lords of Europe.

Instead of reviving business, this policy has further depressed it. Instead of increasing wages, this policy has further de-

creased them. Instead of multiplying opportunities for employment, this policy has multiplied idlers who can not get it.

Instead of increasing the prices of our produce, this policy has lowered them, as is estimated, about 15 per cent. in three years. Instead of restoring confidence, this policy has banished confidence. Instead of bringing relief, it has brought years of misery, and for obvious reasons; it has contracted the currency four dollars a head for every woman, man, and child in the United States since November 1st, 1893. And with this vast aggregate of contraction the prices of land and manufactured goods and of all kinds of agricultural and mechanical produce have fallen; the public revenue has fallen, the wages of labor have fallen, and everything has fallen but taxes, and the means of payment have diminished in value. Meantime, commercial failures have progressed. The dividends of banks have shrunk.

Three-fourths of our railway mileage have gone into the hands of receivers, and the country has received a shock from which it will take many years to recover. In this condition the new-fledged monometallists ask us to declare for a gold standard and wait for relief upon some ghostly dream of International Agreement.

But the people well know now that the conspiracy of European monarchs, led by Great Britain, has purposes of aggrandizement to subserve in the war upon American silver money, and stand in the way of such agreement. They are creditor nations and seek to enhance the purchasing power of the thousands of millions of debt owed to them all over the world and much of which we owe. They draw upon us for much of their food supplies and raw materials, for meat, wheat, corn, oil, cotton, wool, iron, lead, and the like staples, and seek to get them for the least money. Besides this Great Britain has large gold mines in South America, Australia, and South Africa, and by closing our silver mines has greatly enhanced their value and their products. Recent British aggressions against Venezuela and the settlements in South Africa were moved by the desire to add to the possession of gold mines and by monopolizing that metal as far as possible to assert the commercial supremacy of the world.

No nation can call itself independent that can not establish a financial system of its own. We abhor the pretense that this foremost, richest, and most powerful nation of the world, can not coin its own money without suing for international agreement at the courts of European autocrats, who, having their primary interests to subserve, have for many years held out to us the idea before every Presidential election that they would enter upon such an agreement and have foiled every effort to obtain it afterwards.

We have never had an international agreement about our money system with foreign nations, and none of the founders of the Republic ever dreamed that such an agreement was essential. We have had three international conferences with European powers in order to obtain it and to wait longer upon them is to ignore the people's interest, to degrade our national dignity and to advertise our impotency and folly.

The concession that the scientific thought is for the double standard as the only solution of financial difficulty is concession that wisdom far and wide cheers us on. The declaration that the English Commons, the Prussian Diet and French Minister of Finance have recently expressed themselves in its favor shows that it would succeed if not suppressed by the sinister influences of autocratic power.

The concession that international agreement could restore the metals to equality and that such restoration would be a boon to mankind, is a concession that law regulates the value of money and that the bimetallists are right in their theories of a double standard.

The framers of our Constitution knew this when they gave power to Congress to coin money and regulate the value thereof and of foreign coins, and when they prohibited the states from making anything but gold and silver legal tender. Hamilton knew this when he framed the first mint act in 1792 and based the unit of our currency upon both metals for the double reason assigned by him that to exclude one would reduce it to a mere merchandise and involve the difference between a full and a scanty circulation. Jefferson knew this when he indorsed the work of Hamilton, and Washington when he approved it. Daniel Webster knew this when he declared that gold and silver were

our legal standard and that neither Congress nor any state had the right to establish any other standard or displace this standard.

General Grant knew this when he looked to silver as a resource of payment and found to his astonishment that a Republican Congress had demonetized it and that he as President had unwittingly signed the bill. The people of the United States know this now and know also that "they who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

We maintain that this great nation with a natural base, as Gladstone said, of the greatest continuous empire ever established by man, with far more territory and more productive energy than Great Britain, France, and Germany combined, without dependence upon Europe for anything that it produces and with European dependence upon us for much that we produce, is fully capable of restoring its constitutional money system of gold and silver at equality with each other, and as our fathers in 1776 declared our National Independence, so now has the party founded by Thomas Jefferson, the author of that declaration, met here to declare our financial independence of all other nations and to invoke all true Americans to assert it by their votes and place their country where it of right belongs as the freest and foremost nation of the earth.

Gentlemen of the Convention, I now announce that the National Democratic Convention is in session and is ready to proceed to the business of permanent organization.

8.

RIGHT AND DUTY OF CONGRESS TO RECOGNIZE WAR IN CUBA

Mr. President:

The distinguished Senator from Maryland [Mr. Wellington] seems to have taken a shot at creation on the motion to refer the pending resolution. This joint resolution introduced by the Senator from Alabama [Mr. Morgan] recognizes a state of public war in Cuba, and upon that resolution he has discussed tariff, currency, and the late and the prospective Administrations of our Government in various ramifications; but in so far as he has spoken to the matter in hand, the points which he makes seem to be in but a small compass.

It seems to me, Mr. President, that the remarks of the Senator are based upon an entire misapprehension of the character of the joint resolution, and upon an entire misconception of the feeling which actuates Senators who will give their support to it. In the first place, the joint resolution does not in the least involve an act of hostility to Spain. There is no writer upon international law with whom I have any familiarity, and there is no publicist of accepted reputation as an authority upon such subjects, who contends that it is not within the competence of any nation to recognize a state of public war in another without giving any ground of offence to the nation against which that public war exists on the part of a revolutionary body.

It is a curious incident of the Civil War in this country which took place some thirty years ago that the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, was the first to recognize a state of public war, and it was held by the Supreme Court of the United States in the Prize Cases, reported in 2 Black, that the recognition made by him by a proclamation of blockade was in the line of humanity.

The next point which the Senator makes is an appeal to our sympathy with Spain, and he says we should not recognize a state of public war against Spain, whatever may be the fact as to its existence, because Columbus discovered America. It is

Speech delivered in the United States Senate May 17th, 1897.

a great pity that Columbus ever did discover America if the inhabitants of the new continent are to bring to America the savagery that prevailed here before they came. If we can not have Christian civilization in America, and if we are bound to look with cold indifference upon acts which would shock even a savage breast, some might consider it a pity that the ships which brought the newcomers to our shores were not lost upon the ocean and had ever populated the new-found clime.

HUMANITY A RECOGNIZED GROUND FOR INTERNATIONAL INTERVENTION

For my part, Mr. President, I shall address myself to-day for the most part to a very narrow feature of the debate. There are a number of Senators in this Chamber who sympathize with the joint resolution and who believe there is a state of public war in Cuba, and indeed the late President of the United States, whose policy in this regard is so much admired by the Senator from Maryland, in his message to the Congress of the United States, seemed to evince consciousness of a state of public war in Cuba, though he did not make any formal recognition thereof.

However, he did hold out to Congress, in his message, a picture of the condition of affairs in Cuba, and did use language which it seems to me is eminently appropriate and applicable to the case, whatever may be the time which the Congress of the United States may select to apply the doctrines and principles which he asserts.

I have deemed it not amiss—

He says in his message of last December—

to remind the Congress that a time may arrive when a correct policy and care for our interests, as well as a regard for the interests of other nations and their citizens, joined by considerations of humanity and a desire to see a rich and fertile country, intimately related to us, saved from complete devastation, will constrain our Government to such action as will subserve the interests thus involved and at the same time promise to Cuba and its inhabitants an opportunity to enjoy the blessings of peace.

And the injunctions of neutrality that emanated from the Administration carried equally strong suggestions of existent public war in Cuba.

So, Mr. President, while the late Administration by no means distinguished itself in the exhibition of any peculiar sympathy with the people of the neighboring Island of Cuba, who are only struggling to be free, it did recognize the fact that, according to

principles of international law and under the duty which we owe to a neighboring country with which we are intimately related, a continuance of the condition of affairs which has harrowed the very soul of this nation might bring a time to pass when we should do something.

The Administration did not undertake to say what that thing was; it only spoke of it in general terms; but it indicated the principle that humanity to a neighboring country with which we are intimately associated was a good ground for such action as the United States Government might see fit in its pleasure to take to intervene in the affairs of Spain and the insurgent Cubans.

THE PENDING RESOLUTION DOES NOT INVOLVE INTERVENTION

Mr. President, the pending resolution, however, is not a proposition of intervention. No international law writer, and no publicist of repute, is of opinion that the mere recognition of a state of war in a neighboring nation or in any nation is an intervention in favor of one side or the other; and, where the recognition of belligerency is made, it is generally based upon the doctrine that it is a humane observance by the nation which makes the recognition, and that all of its influence is toward philanthropy and the cultivation of civilized usages in the conduct of war.

THE POWER OF CONGRESS TO ACT BY ORDER OF JOINT RESOLUTION

Mr. President, there is no doubt in my mind that Congress has the power, by joint resolution or by any act passed in pursuance of any of its legitimate powers, to recognize either the belligerency or the independence of a new state. For instance: To Congress is confided by the Constitution the sole power to regulate commerce among the states and with foreign nations. If Congress to-morrow were to pass an act for the regulation of commerce, and were in that act so to regulate commerce as to recognize in the body of the act either the belligerency or the independence of the new Cuban state, there is no one, as I conceive, who could deny the legitimacy of its action.

So it seems to me that Congress may, by order or joint resolution, subject to the approval of the President and subject also to its passage by Congress without the approval of the President, accomplish any purpose which it might accomplish by a direct act dealing with any portion of the subject-matter.

I will read the provision of the Constitution, which is to be found in Article I., section 7:

Every order, resolution, or vote to which the concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary (except on a question of adjournment) shall be presented to the President of the United States; and before the same shall take effect, shall be approved by him, or, being disapproved by him, shall be repassed by two-thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives, according to the rules and limitations prescribed in the case of a bill.

Any subject-matter which is the proper subject-matter of an act of Congress may be also a proper subject-matter of an order, resolution, or vote, and we may very often accomplish in a shorthand way, by a resolution, order, or vote, that which if put in the form of a bill would require prolix details to effect.

The recognition either of the belligerency or the independence of a new state is in effect a regulation of commerce, for there goes, as a necessary corollary to the proposition that a certain state is in a condition of belligerency or in the consummation of independence, those rules of international law which apply to a state in that status; and the very declaration of belligerency or independence on the part of the Congress of the United States, with the approval of the President, or if passed over his veto by the necessary vote, would be an immediate regulation in certain respects of commercial relations with the countries affected by it.

VARIOUS CONTENTIONS AS TO EXECUTIVE AND CONGRESSIONAL POWERS

But, Mr. President, I wish now to examine the views which have been presented by certain Senators as to the exclusive prerogative of the Executive in this regard. It is contended by some that the President of the United States has the power to recognize the belligerency or the independence of a foreign nation. Second, that the power is exclusive, plenary, and determinative. Third, that his power can not be overruled by a

treaty between the United States and any foreign nation, or by any act of Congress, or by any order, resolution, or vote of Congress, even though such act, order, resolution, or vote be passed over the President's veto by a two-thirds vote of both Houses of Congress.

THE CORRECT VIEW

It is contended upon the other hand that, while the President has power to recognize the belligerency or independence of a foreign nation whenever he must deal, as the Executive, with the fact that it exists in a state of belligerency or independence, this power is not exclusive, plenary, and determinative, so that Congress may not deal with the same matter of fact in the form of a law.

It is contended also that the power of the Executive is subordinate to the treaty-making power of the United States, located by the Constitution in the President and the Senate, which may also deal with the fact as it exists. It is contended, too, that the Executive power is subordinate also to the legislative power of the United States, located by the Constitution exclusively in the Congress and exercisable as prescribed therein with or without the approval of the President.

And, finally, that recognition may be made by Congress, by order, resolution, or vote, as well as by the passage of a bill. To put the matter in other words, it is contended, and I contend: (*First*), that the President may recognize the independence or belligerency of a foreign nation, and his right to do so when it arises is an Executive right which is exclusive to him in the sense that he alone may exercise Executive functions; (*Second*), that the treaty-making power may make the like recognition, in which case that power is exclusively in the President and the Senate; and (*Third*), that the lawmaking power may also make such recognition, either indirectly by the exercise of some implied power arising out of its stated powers, or directly, since by acting directly it only accomplishes in a shorthand method of legislation that which it has the legitimate power to accomplish by a measure in detail. But when Congress acts, its action is, of course, subject to the Executive veto, and subject also to that veto being overridden by itself.

WHAT BELLIGERENCY MEANS

Let us now first define the terms we have to deal with. Belligerency is a word of Latin origin. It comes from *bellum*, war, and *gerere*, to carry on. A belligerent is a person carrying on war. Belligerency is the state or the condition of a person carrying on war. Nations do not deal with persons in other nations who are carrying on or participating in mere riots, fights, mobs, which are private wars. They do to a degree deal with all persons who are carrying on public war, and in an international sense belligerency is the state of those persons who are carrying on public war.

War is that state in which a nation prosecutes its right by force. So says the Supreme Court of the United States in the Prize Cases in 2 Black. 666, and that case is fruitful in apt expressions which define and describe belligerent conditions and rights.

Judge Grier, in that case says: "The parties belligerent in a public war are independent nations," but he immediately qualifies this expression by observing, "but it is not necessary to constitute war that both parties should be acknowledged as independent nations or sovereign states. A war may exist where one of the belligerents claim sovereign rights against the other."

It is undoubtedly appropriate for Congress, in taking notice of the condition of affairs in Cuba, to move with caution and with due respect to every condition and suggestion: and to recognize a state of war existing in a foreign community without recognition of the independence of the party, people, community, or district which is conducting that war against an older state is the most moderate and fitting form of action, until at least the insurgents have shown themselves competent to maintain independence.

BELLIGERENCY AND INDEPENDENCE ARE MATTERS OF FACT

The independence or dependence of a nation is simply a matter of fact. The belligerency or peaceful condition of a nation is also a matter of fact. Any one may in a mental sense recognize any fact. This, indeed, can not be prevented.

Any one may, so far as his personal conduct is concerned, govern himself according to the fact, unless prohibited by some paramount law which controls his conduct. If the fact of which he takes mere mental cognizance becomes in itself a paramount force, overriding the sanctions of law, the individual has the right to recognize that paramount force and govern himself accordingly, no matter what may be the interdiction of the municipal law.

Out of this principle arises all the learning about governments *de facto*; that is, governments which exist as facts and which may be recognized by those whom they control, or whom they deal with, as facts, whatever they may be in legal abstract contemplation. A government *de facto* is the government of paramount force. This is the language of Judge Clifford in *Ford v. Surget*, 97 United States Reports, 617.

WHAT RECOGNITION MEANS

Recognition is the mere act of recognizing. It is a mental act primarily, a perception of the mind. It is consciousness that a given object is identical with an object previously cognized or known or previously existed as an ideal of the mind. Knowing what a state of war is, the mind cognizes this abstract condition, and to recognize a particular state of war means to identify actual conditions as constituting what in the abstract is a state of war.

From this original meaning the term has passed into a secondary meaning; that is, to signify a formal avowal or acknowledgment of the object or condition which is cognized. In an international or political sense the word "recognition" is used to express formal acknowledgment of one government by another as an independent sovereignty or as a belligerent nation. The opposite of the word "recognize," as we are told by the lexicographers, is to "disown," or some kindred word, as the opposite of "acknowledgment" is to deny or to conceal.

IMPORTANCE OF THE SUBJECT

It is important when there is a change in the condition of a nation so fundamental as that of peace to war and important when a new independent nation appears in the family of

nations that the facts be intelligently dealt with as soon as possible. Such facts can not be regarded with indifference by any nation. Sometimes one or the other of them creates so great an emergency that it must be dealt with instantly, and in most cases commerce and the vast ramifications of business dependent upon it are so greatly affected that a conjunction arises of the most profound public concern.

THE QUESTION OF RECOGNITION IS A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION

The executive power in a nation, always continuous, always on the alert, and always apprised of current events by its foreign ministers and ambassadors, consuls, agents, and correspondence, is in the nature of things the most ready and available agent of national action, and in it in Great Britain and other monarchical nations is generally reposed the sole authority to make the appropriate recognitions. But in the United States, Mr. President, this is a constitutional question, and it is one in which we might be gravely misled if we were to seek its interpretation by reference to the practice of the British government, from which so many of our legal and constitutional principles are derived.

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE MONARCH OF GREAT BRITAIN

The British executive is a hereditary monarch. The powers of the monarch are neither conferred nor limited by a written constitution. They are the growth of the ancient and immemorial customs of the realm, and some of them yet smack of the times when kingship and absolutism were almost synonymous terms, the good old times when "the king could do no wrong."

The differences between our Executive and the King of Great Britain were well pointed out by Alexander Hamilton in the *Federalist*, where he observed:

"Our President is elected for four years," and is to be eligible as often as the people of the United States think him worthy of their confidence. A King of Great Britain "is an hereditary monarch, possessing the crown as a patrimony descended to his heirs forever."

The President of the United States—

He continues—

would be liable to be impeached, tried, and, upon conviction of treason, bribery, or other high crimes or misdemeanors, removed from office; and would afterwards be liable to prosecution and punishment in the ordinary course of law. The person of the King of Great Britain is sacred and inviolable; there is no constitutional tribunal to which he is amenable, no punishment to which he can be subjected without involving the crisis of a national dissolution.

In brief, Mr. President, taking the sense of Hamilton's essay, and contemplating the fact as we all know it to exist, the President of the United States, instead of being an executive with the possession of prerogatives handed down from generation to generation and consecrated by custom, is himself a mere creature of law and under the law, and has his great office for the most part in simply seeing to it that the laws are faithfully executed. Mr. Hamilton continues:

The President of the United States is to have power to return a bill which shall have passed the two branches of the legislature for reconsideration, and the bill so returned is not to become a law unless upon that reconsideration it be approved by two-thirds of both Houses.

The King of Great Britain, on his part, has an absolute negative upon the acts of the two Houses of Parliament.

So, Mr. President, the President of the United States, being the creature of the Constitution and under the laws made in pursuance thereof, has no such veto power as exists in the monarch of Great Britain, who may destroy and kill a measure, whether it be a bill, a joint resolution, or any other form of parliamentary action, but can only act in an advisory relation to Congress with regard to it, disapproving it by his veto, indeed, but leaving it subject to be passed over his head by the sedate action of that body and by the necessary vote.

As to the President's part in treaties and the differences between his part in making a treaty and the part played by the English monarch, Mr. Hamilton says:

The President is to have power, with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur. The King of Great Britain is the sole and absolute representative of the nation in all foreign transactions. He can, of his own accord, make treaties of peace, commerce, alliance, and of every other description.

BRITISH PRECEDENTS INAPPLICABLE HERE

It has seemed to me, Mr. President, that those gentlemen who have contended that the President alone can exercise the power of recognition when there is a state of war in a foreign

nation or when a new state has made itself independent have reached their conclusions from the analogies of the English constitution and not from a sufficient reflection upon our own. The monarch of Great Britain is possessed of prerogatives which our Constitution has not conferred on our Executive. The monarch of Great Britain is the sole treaty-making power of the realm.

The monarch of Great Britain may destroy a bill utterly and completely by his absolute veto power. The monarch of Great Britain may recognize the independence or belligerency of a foreign nation by royal prerogative, which has existed for ages; and to attempt so to construe our Constitution, which was made in order to differentiate our President from the English executive, and to pattern on the model of British precedents, is to commit, as I conceive, a gross and fundamental error.

MR. CAFFERY. Will I interrupt the Senator if I ask him a question?

MR. DANIEL. Not at all.

MR. CAFFERY. It is the constitutional power of the President to accept and receive ambassadors, and does not that power give him a constitutional right to recognize belligerency or to recognize a *de facto* government by implication?

MR. DANIEL. I will speak to that point presently, for I intend to advert to it fully; and I will then give my learned friend from Louisiana the views of Madison and Hamilton upon that subject, which have much greater weight than any which I could myself suggest.

CONSTITUTIONAL PROVISIONS

In the light of these introductory views, Mr. President, we look to the Constitution of the United States to see in whom is lodged the authority to recognize the independence or belligerency of a foreign nation. We find the powers of government therein clearly delineated as follows:

Article I., section 1, puts the legislative power of this Government foremost, and evidently discloses the fact that it is in the legislative branch of this Government that the great mass of powers is confided. It says:

All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Article II. says:

The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America.

Article III. says:

The judicial power shall be vested in one Supreme Court and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish.

EXCLUSIVE POWERS OF THE PRESIDENT

Without going through a prolix recitation of the detailed provisions of the Constitution, I turn to see what are the exclusive powers of the President according to its letter and spirit.

Undoubtedly the article declaring that executive power shall be vested in the President of the United States is an investiture of the President with sole executive functions. He has also power under that instrument to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several states when called into actual service of the United States, to require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments, to grant reprieves and pardons, to nominate ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, etc., to fill all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate by granting commissions, to give to Congress information of the state of the nation, on extraordinary occasions to convene both Houses, in case of disagreement of the two Houses with respect to the time of adjournment he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper, to receive ambassadors and other public ministers, to take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and to commission all the officers of the United States.

These are certainly the principal executive powers conferred upon the President of the United States, and we must look to them to see whether they confer upon him any power to recognize the belligerency or independence of a foreign nation.

Looking over the Constitution, we ask ourselves the question, In which clause is the President, or the President and the Senate, or the Congress, given the power to recognize such

belligerency or independence, and is such power exclusive in the department to which it is given in the sense that no other department can exercise it?

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IS UNDER THE REGULATIONS OF
CONGRESS

Are we to say that the President has power to recognize belligerency or independence because he is exclusively vested with the power as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy? I do not think that such a power can be deduced from that office, certainly not in any sense which would deprive Congress of the power to limit the exercise of that office. The military function in the Constitution is added to the President's civil function to enable him to move and order troops, but the war-declaring function is solely in Congress.

And, furthermore, the Congress has power expressly "to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces," and the President, in being made a part of them as their chief, comes immediately himself under "the rules and regulations" made by law for their government. Instead of the President being "sacred and inviolable" and surrounded by "that divinity which doth hedge about a king," he is made by the Constitution subject to the military rules and regulations which Congress itself may establish.

If he should invoke his military character to recognize a foreign nation as belligerent or independent (and it may become necessary for him in certain exigencies to invoke that character and to exercise it), we must remember that he invokes also the superior power of Congress, under whose rules and regulations he may be controlled in the exercise of that power.

Mr. Hamilton says on this subject, in the *Federalist*:

The President is to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. In this respect his authority would be nominally the same with that of the King of Great Britain, but in substance much inferior to him. It would amount to nothing more than the supreme command and direction of the military and naval forces as first General and Admiral of the confederacy, while that of the British King extends to the declaring of war and to raising and regulating of fleets and armies, all of which, by the Constitution under consideration, would appertain to the legislature.

There have been cases in which the President of the United States has had attributed to him certain powers to act with

regard to the recognition of war as incident to his duties as Commander-in-Chief; but when he acts as Commander-in-Chief it must be remembered that he acts under the superior power of Congress to regulate his action, and in no wise steps beyond the circle of legislative authority to make the laws which shall be his guide.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER TO NOMINATE AMBASSADORS

Is it under the power to nominate ambassadors that there is attributed to the Executive the exclusive power to recognize belligerency or independence? Certainly he could not recognize the belligerency of a foreign nation under the power of nominating ambassadors, because belligerency does not involve the question of sending an ambassador. Certainly he can not derive exclusive power to recognize independence from the right to nominate ambassadors, for if he desired to send an ambassador to a new foreign state he would be dependent upon the Senate to appoint him, and with the nomination would end the question of exclusive power.

But suppose that the President should regard a nation as independent and the Senate did not regard it as independent. Suppose he nominated an ambassador and the Senate refused to confirm him. The Executive power would thus be exhausted in the nomination. It would be snapped off and curtailed. Who could decide between the Senate and the President in the case of such a collision of views? Who, Mr. President, but the lawmaking power of this country, which is above both?

THE POWER OF THE EXECUTIVE TO RECEIVE AMBASSADORS

MR. DAVIS. Mr. President, will the Senator from Virginia allow me to interrupt him?

MR. DANIEL. Certainly.

MR. DAVIS. Suppose the President of the United States should receive an ambassador.

MR. DANIEL. I am coming to that point now. Will we be told that the exclusive Executive power of recognition of independence or belligerency of a foreign state is deducible by necessary implication on the Executive authority "to receive

ambassadors and other public ministers?" This is too slight a function for the attribution of so great a power to it, certainly in any exclusive sense. It is a mere ceremonial of state, belonging to the superficial, social relations of nations and to the etiquette of courts, rather than to the structure and genius of states and nations.

To receive an ambassador is to identify and greet him. It is not necessarily or naturally the power of ultimate decision whether or not there is a nation which may send an ambassador. The President may nominate an officer. Congress alone can create the office. The President may command armies and navies. Congress alone can raise, support, and maintain armies and navies, and regulate the conduct of those who compose them. The President may receive ambassadors, but Congress is the ultimate power that must say whether there is a nation competent to send them.

VIEWS OF HAMILTON, MADISON, AND RAWLE

I will read in this connection what Hamilton said in the *Federalist* when he was discussing this subject, prior to the adoption of the Constitution:

The President—

He says—

is also to be authorized to receive ambassadors and other public ministers. This, though it has been a rich theme of declamation, is more a matter of dignity than of authority. It is a circumstance which will be without authority in the administration of the Government, and it was far more convenient that it should be arranged in this manner than that there should be a necessity of convening the legislature, or one of its branches, upon every arrival of a foreign minister, though it were merely to take the place of a departed predecessor.

Mr. Hamilton in later days modified his views upon this subject, and fell into such a vein of argument upon it as we are sometimes treated to in the Senate. In No. 3 of the letters of Helvidius will be found some comments of Mr. Madison upon the question which, it seems, are worthy of consideration:

Little—

Says he—

if anything more was intended by the clause than to provide for a particular mode of communication, almost grown into a right among modern nations, by pointing out the department of the government most proper for

the ceremony of admitting public ministers, of examining their credentials, and of authenticating their title to the privileges annexed to their character by the law of nations. This being the apparent design of the Constitution, it would be highly improper to magnify the function into an important prerogative, even where no right of other departments could be affected by it.

Again he says:

Had it been forfeited in the year 1788, when this work [*The Federalist*] was published, that before the end of the year 1793 a writer, assuming the merit of being a friend of the Constitution, would appear and gravely maintain that this function, which was to be without consequence in the administration of the government, might have the consequence of deciding on the validity of revolutions in favor of liberty, "of putting the United States in a condition to become an associate in war"—nay, "of laying the legislature under an obligation of declaring war"—what would have been thought and said of so visionary a prophet?

So Mr. Hamilton, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, as Madison, after it was adopted, never regarded this constitutional provision as carrying that force and effect which has been attributed to it by Senators, and certainly neither of them, nor any of our earlier statesmen within my knowledge, deduced the conclusion that the President had an exclusive right to control our foreign relations with respect to belligerency and independence through a mere ceremonial clause of the Constitution defining who should be the person to receive ambassadors who were sent to us.

I will in this connection cite the comment of an early writer upon the Constitution. Rawle, in his work on the Constitution, on page 195, uses this language:

The power of receiving foreign ambassadors carries with it, among other things, the right of judging, in the case of a revolution in a foreign country, whether the new rulers ought to be recognized. The legislature, indeed, possesses a superior power, and may declare its dissent from the Executive recognition or refusal, but until that sense is declared, the act of the Executive is binding.

Mr. Rawle has stated the matter, as it seems to me, with nice legal discrimination, and that is what I take to be the law. I believe that the President in dealing with our foreign or domestic relations has the rightful power to realize and to recognize any fact which intervenes or affects his administration of the law, but it is from his vested authority to see to it that the laws are faithfully executed, and as he derives the power which he exercises to recognize belligerency or independence from the fact that he is the executor of the law, the very

statement of his power implied the limitation that the law may regulate him in it or override him in it according to its constitutional will and pleasure.

THE PRESIDENT'S DUTY TO INFORM AND RECOMMEND TO CONGRESS

Is the exclusive power which is attributed to the President traceable in any degree to the President's authority in the Constitution to give to Congress information as to the state of the Union, and to recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient? I can not think so. On the contrary, that clause indicates the subordinate relation of the President to Congress in the treatment of facts which he has to deal with.

The state of the Union involves our foreign as well as our domestic relations, debt, taxes, imposts, excises, favorite nations, belligerent nations, foreign and state commerce, postal communications, science and art and their encouragement, courts, armies, navies, peace, and war—all that great diversity and complexity of affairs, world-wide and domestic, which are committed by the Constitution to the care of the lawmaking power. The President may give information touching any and every of those topics; he may relate facts as he perceives and interprets them; he may make recommendations touching them; but his information may be mistaken, for he is not infallible as to his view of any fact of which he treats; his recommendation may be rejected. He is not a dictator.

Suppose he is mistaken either in recognizing or in not recognizing the belligerency or the independence of another nation, is Congress forever tied and bound down by his mistaken perception or conception of a fact? No one can pretend that it is by any other fact, and that is to say that no one pretends to it, except as to those facts concerning which the Constitution has made the President's determination *ipso facto* conclusive.

If he says such and such a nation is independent, are we to be told that Congress must so accept it, although it may involve a change of status in all the subjects upon which Congress has power to legislate? If he says a nation is belligerent or not, is that to end it conclusively and forever? And, according to the

recent doctrine that we have had urged upon us here by the State Department of the late Administration and by some Senators upon this floor, such action on the part of the President winds the whole matter up.

Neither the President nor the Senate by a treaty made afterwards, neither the Congress, with the approval of the President, nor by a law passed over his disapproval, no power on earth, according to their arguments, can alter or change or modify a statement of fact which one man has avowed to be true; that is to say, that a certain state is to be treated as dependent or independent, belligerent or peaceful; his *ipse dixit* has settled it for the day upon which he said it and for all time afterwards until some other President may come along and unsay it.

MR. CAFFERY. Mr. President——

MR. DANIEL. One moment, if the Senator pleases.

This is the one-man power in the most preposterous and attenuated shape that has ever appeared in this Republic. This is the one-man power modeled upon the power of an ancient British king acting by custom and without constitutional limitation.

Now I will hear the Senator's question.

MR. CAFFERY. I desire to know of my distinguished friend, first, whether or not he claims that the authority on the part of the President and Congress is concurrent in the matter of recognizing belligerency or independence; and if so, whether the exercise by either of those branches of the Government of this authority primarily does not conclude Congress having concurrent jurisdiction, or, in other words, whichever of the concurrent powers first exercises jurisdiction over this subject-matter, does not exhaust jurisdiction and fix the status either of belligerency or independence?

MR. DANIEL. My learned friend has asked me two questions. I must separate them before I undertake to answer them.

In the first place, the Senator asks me if I maintain that the power of the President and Congress is concurrent. I would not use that word "concurrent" in describing the power as I conceive it to exist. I think the President of the United States has certain implied powers through the exercise of which, for the purpose of executing the law, he may recognize the fact that

he has to deal with; but as that power is derived—and I hope presently to show it—in the main (if not in all cases, in nearly all cases) from his constitutional authority to take care that the laws are faithfully executed, that implies that when the law changes he must change with it; and the law is, in my judgment, the supreme power in the United States on that subject—above the Executive and above the treaty-making power. The President can only “inform” Congress as to facts, and recommend as to laws. He is a witness as to facts, and an adviser as to laws. But in making laws to apply to facts Congress has sole and exclusive power; is, therefore, sole and exclusive judge in a legislative sense; and the Presidential veto, subject to be overridden by Congress, is the only way in which he has the prerogative of participation in Congressional action.

Now, for the purpose of argument, before I finish answering the Senator’s question, suppose the President and the Senate were to make a treaty upon certain subjects and find a certain condition of fact setting forth that certain nations were belligerent and certain others independent. The Senator would not contend that Congress might not come along and by a law set aside that treaty, for it is well settled that treaties may be set aside by law.

So if you can set aside a treaty made by both the President and the Senate, why may you not override a conclusion which the President himself has reached as to a fact which you propose to treat differently? Or, if the President’s action is binding, it is only binding until the superior power has overruled it, and then it ceases to be binding.

I will meet the Senator’s question, however, with an analysis of the President’s power in several cases made by a quotation of judicial authority.

IN WHAT CASES THE PRESIDENT MAY RECOGNIZE FACTS BEFORE HIM

I will say here, Mr. President, that I think that the President has the power impliedly in the exercise of his Executive function (*First*) to recognize the independence of a foreign nation; (*Second*) also the belligerency of one foreign nation with another foreign nation; (*Third*) also the belligerency of

a foreign nation against this nation; (*Fourth*) also the belligerency of any portion of this nation against itself; (*Fifth*) also any local insurrection against Federal laws; (*Sixth*) also to recognize any invasion of a state; (*Seventh*) also, on application of a state legislature or a state executive when the legislature can not be convened, a case of domestic violence which calls for Federal interference.

THE GREAT EXECUTIVE POWER TO TAKE CARE THAT THE
LAWS BE FAITHFULLY EXECUTED

But I contend that these cases of Presidential recognition are all traceable to the President's duty under the Constitution to take care that the laws are faithfully executed.

It may be when he is acting as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy that a case may arise of an emergent nature in which that officer alone has opportunity and occasion to recognize the condition of war that he must deal with; but whether we trace his authority to the fact that he is Commander-in-Chief of the Army or Navy, or that he is simply acting as an Executive to take care that the laws are faithfully executed, it is the law always that is the fountain of authority under which he acts.

When an executive act is to be done, it does not follow that the same fact may not be a subject-matter of executive action on the part of the President and of a lawmaking act on the part of Congress; and when it is made the subject of a lawmaking act on the part of Congress, that act is the supreme law of this land to the President and to every one in it, unless by holding up that law in comparison with the Constitution you can see that Congress has exceeded its power.

MR. CAFFERY. Mr. President, my friend has been very indulgent, and I hope he will let me ask one more question. I have been very much struck with his exposition of his views upon this subject. I would inquire of him by what process of reasoning he deduces the power on behalf of Congress to recognize a matter of fact from the grant of legislative functions? In other words, whether a recognition of belligerency or a recognition of a *de facto* government by Congress comes within the purview by natural implication of the power generally to

legislate; and if so, by what process of reasoning does he reach that conclusion?

MR. DANIEL. The Senator from Louisiana has asked me two or three questions. Would he simply put only one now? What is the Senator's first question?

MR. CAFFERY. My question is, Does the Senator deduce the power of the President to recognize the existence of a new government from a constitutional grant to receive ambassadors and ministers?

MR. DANIEL. Not from that alone; but others have so construed his power.

MR. CAFFERY. Well, from others.

MR. DANIEL. Will my friend allow me to ask him how can the President of the United States derive power to recognize the belligerency of a foreign nation like the Cuban republic, which sends no ambassadors here, from his right to receive an ambassador, if it did send one?

MR. CAFFERY. I do not myself derive the power of the President to recognize belligerency from his power to receive ambassadors.

MR. DANIEL. From what source does the Senator deduce it?

MR. CAFFERY. I deduce the power of the President to recognize the belligerency of a people warring against another.

MR. DANIEL. From what power in the Constitution?

MR. CAFFERY. From the general power in the Constitution that places the President in charge of our external relations.

MR. DANIEL. What clause in the Constitution? I should like to have the Senator point it out.

MR. CAFFERY. From the clause in the Constitution which authorizes him to send ambassadors to foreign countries.

MR. DANIEL. I would ask the Senator to point out the particular phrase he relies on.

MR. CAFFERY. To receive ambassadors, I mean.

MR. DANIEL. Suppose a country does not send ambassadors?

MR. CAFFERY. Then it is not a country, and nobody can war against it. There is no belligerency and no independence in question in such a case.

MR. BACON. If the Senator from Virginia will permit me, I should like to say to the Senator from Louisiana that the

President can not send an ambassador except by the consent of the Senate. He has no such power.

MR. CAFFERY. Very well. When he sends his ambassador, with the consent of the Senate, to Spain or to England, that places him in possession of our external affairs with those countries. All matters of fact, all intelligence necessary to be known bearing upon the conditions in those countries comes within the purview of the President of the United States; and as belligerency is a fact, and as the President of the United States is the only branch of the Government having charge of the fact and the power to collect the facts, I deduce that the President of the United States is the proper power, and the only power, to pass upon a matter of fact involving belligerency. That is my deduction, whatever it may be worth.

MR. SPOONER. Mr. President——

MR. DANIEL. Mr. President, I will come to the point suggested in the question of the Senator from Louisiana in a few minutes, and then I will yield for a question to the Senator from Wisconsin.

MR. CAFFERY. If my friend from Virginia will permit me a little further, I deduce the power to recognize the independence of a nation from the power to receive an ambassador or minister from that nation. I contend that when the President of the United States has accepted a minister, has received an ambassador, that his finding in the premises is conclusive.

Now, if my friend will pardon me a moment longer—I do not want to make a speech, and I shall be very short—he asked the question in a part of his discourse, as to whether or not when the President had found a certain state of facts existing which warranted him in recognizing an independent government, another branch of the Government could not overturn his finding. I think clearly not, and that whatever may be the jurisdiction of the President, whether it be exclusive or whether it be concurrent, his passing upon the matter primarily is conclusive.

MR. SPOONER. Will the Senator allow me to ask him a question?

MR. DANIEL. I will yield to a question, but it breaks the thread of my discourse to have other gentlemen make speeches

in the body of mine. I should have great pleasure in hearing them, if they were not speaking when I have the floor.

MR. SPOONER. I have no desire to make a speech.

MR. DANIEL. I know that, and will yield to the Senator's question with pleasure.

MR. SPOONER. I have listened attentively to the arguments of the Senator. I understand the Senator to concede the power of the President to recognize the belligerency or independence of a nation, as the case may be. President Cleveland might, therefore, have recognized, had he chosen so to do, the belligerency of the Cuban insurrectionists or the independence of Cuba. Whence comes, in the Senator's opinion, the authority of the President to do that? Would it be pursuant to any act of Congress, or would he derive his power from the Constitution alone?

MR. DANIEL. Mr. President, in answer to the Senator's question, I will read him first a passage from the second volume of Story on the Constitution, and I will make this passage my answer in some degree to the questions of the Senator from Louisiana [Mr. Caffery] and the Senator from Wisconsin [Mr. Spooner].

In 1793 President Washington issued a proclamation forbidding the citizens of the United States to take any part in the hostilities then existing between Great Britain and France, warning them against carrying goods contraband of war and enjoining upon them an entire abstinence from all acts inconsistent with the duties of neutrality. He was assailed for this act, as our people sympathized with France, but it is well observed by Judge Story, in his Commentaries on the Constitution with reference to President Washington's action, as follows:

If the President is bound to see to the execution of the laws and treaties of the United States, and if the duties of neutrality, when the nation has not assumed a belligerent attitude, are by the law of nations obligatory upon it, it seems difficult to perceive any solid objection to a proclamation stating the facts and admonishing the citizens of their own duties and responsibilities.

There is the touchstone principle, "the execution of the laws and treaties of the United States;" that is the great source of Presidential authority.

I admit that that is not a complete answer to the Senator from Wisconsin [Mr. Spooner], because the belligerents in that case were established nations, but I make it a half-way house on my way to answer; and there is a clear, logical pathway to the conclusion that the President may recognize the belligerency of a new nation, since it is the belligerency that makes the occasion for the exercise of neutrality as provided for in our laws. I think, and the general public sense of this country concurs, that President Washington had the right—and such were the construction and view taken by the courts—to realize the fact that there was a war going on between Great Britain and France, and the greatest of our commentators on the Constitution, among the text writers who have written about it, predicates that power upon the great executive right to see to it that the laws are faithfully executed.

It is not difficult to deduce the power in that respect. Now, where the President may get the incidental and implied power to recognize the independence of a foreign nation that sends ambassadors here, or to whom he sends ambassadors, is also not difficult to arrive at.

There it is deducible from the Constitution as an incidental power. But the Senator asks me the question, Where, in the Constitution, does the President get the right to recognize the belligerency of a new people contending against an old-established government?

I could not get it at all unless it may be derived from the Executive authority to see to it that our laws are faithfully executed, and from the incidental power, inherent in our very nature, for any man who is charged with the execution of laws to use his five senses to perceive the conditions under which they are being executed or attempted to be executed. I get it in the same way that I would that the commander at Governors Island would get power if a foreign fleet were to steam up New York Harbor to-morrow and were to open its guns upon Governors Island.

I do not think that any officer or non-commissioned officer or any private soldier of the United States would hesitate to train the guns of Governors Island upon the foreigner invading our country until he had waited to hear from Washington and had

got an order from the Commander-in-Chief. So a policeman may arrest men for assault and battery when he sees them fighting, but that does not conclude their rights before courts nor conclude the legislature from making such laws as it sees fit regulating arrests for assault and battery and regulating the whole subject-matter. The President gets authority to recognize a fact from the constitutional fact that he is charged with the execution of the laws in this country and from the exercise of his five senses. Facts can not be fenced off from the recognition of any one who has the duty devolved upon him to deal with them.

MR. HOAR. Will the Senator allow me to put in one word?

MR. DANIEL. Let me finish my sentence, and then I shall be very glad to do so.

The President gets his authority from the exercise of his five senses in contemplating the condition under which the laws are to be executed.

MR. HOAR. I was about to——

MR. DANIEL. No; one more moment; then I will yield. I remember——

MR. HOAR. It was merely with reference to the sentence the Senator was on.

MR. DANIEL. Just one more moment.

MR. HOAR. Certainly.

MR. DANIEL. I wish to complete my sentence.

MR. HOAR. Certainly.

MR. DANIEL. I hope the Senator will permit me to finish my thought.

MR. HOAR. Certainly; I beg pardon.

MR. DANIEL. I once had a friend who had been a cadet at West Point. Soon after he got to West Point the Commandant sent officers around to ask the cadets of the guard what they would do under this circumstance or that, and they went to one and said, "What would you do if you were to see that the barracks were on fire?" He said, "I would call the officer of the guard." One cadet gave one answer, another cadet another answer. They came to this boy and asked, "What would you do?" He said, "I would halloo fire as loud as I could, and try to put it out as soon as I could get to it."

Any soldier, no matter what may be the situation, and any executive officer who is charged with the administration of a trust, has the right to realize and recognize a fact which confronts him in the exercise of that duty; but he may misperceive it as well as perceive it, and, in my opinion, the fact is not ultimately settled until dealt with by ultimate jurisdiction.

The power to declare war rests solely in Congress; but that did not prevent President Polk from sending American troops into Mexico when war, without being declared by this country, had been made upon it and Mexican troops had invaded our soil.

There is an inherent right in an intelligent being to exercise his five senses, and it is not denied to exist in any political body which represents sovereignty, except in the Congress of the United States, which we are told can not recognize a state of war, however flagrant, however patent, and however much it may affect our foreign and domestic relations.

Now, I yield to the Senator from Massachusetts.

MR. HOAR. I think I ought to rise now only to apologize to the Senator. He was making such a beautiful statement of what I generally accord in that I wished simply——

MR. DANIEL. I could make no statement that could not be bettered by a statement from the Senator from Massachusetts.

MR. HOAR. I wish to ask the Senator if his point is not in substance that the power to recognize the fact——

MR. DANIEL. Because it is a fact——

MR. HOAR. Arises from the duty of acting upon the fact. That is all.

MR. DANIEL. I think that is a very sententious and a very conclusive statement about it.

MR. HOAR. I should like to ask the Senator a question, however, in regard to his criticism of the power of Congress. I do not wish to interrupt the thread of the Senator's discourse, but perhaps, now that he has been interrupted by another question, he may prefer to yield rather than before he resumes his argument.

Suppose on the 3d day of March, 1897, the two Houses of Congress, or either of them—I will say both of them—recognized Cuba as an independent and a belligerent and adjourned

until next December, and thereafter, within ten days, the Cuban armies were overthrown in battle, surrendered, and all Cuba were at peace, and she, as far as she is a being, admitted the authority of Spain, is the President bound by that recognition to treat Cuba as an independent and as a belligerent until the first Monday in December, or so long thereafter as it takes Congress to come together and act?

MR. DANIEL. I think not, for then the basis of action disappeared.

MR. HOAR. Then is it not true that the question of belligerency is a question constantly changing from day to day and from week to week?

MR. DANIEL. Undoubtedly.

MR. HOAR. And that no power under the Constitution can bind the Executive power, which has the duty of acting upon the fact as it exists, because that duty of acting upon the fact as it exists must change with the changing facts?

MR. DANIEL. I agree with the Senator.

MR. HOAR. The Executive is here all the time. He is all the time our agent for communicating with foreign governments. He is not in session half of each year or a little over, like Congress, and from the necessity of the case must it not be that that power, except so far as it is incident to some act of Congress which is necessary, must be vested in him?

PRESUMPTION OF CORRECTNESS IN PRESIDENTIAL STATEMENTS OF FACTS

MR. DANIEL. The power is vested in any executive officer to recognize a fact with which he is charged by law with the responsibility of dealing. It is a natural power, and it is one that we can not eliminate from mundane affairs and human nature. The world is full of facts. He that hath eyes to see, let him see. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

When Congress receives a statement of fact from the President, it is presumed to be true in every physical, moral, and legal aspect. This is but a common-law doctrine—all things official are presumed to be solemnly and rightly done. No one would imagine that the President would make false statement of a fact in a physical or moral sense, but he is liable to make

a mistake as to the reality in a physical sense and in a legal sense also. If he says there is no public war in Cuba in a legal international sense, we may presume it to be true.

If he says the Cuban republic is not independent in a legal and international sense, we presume it is true. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred no dispute is ever raised as to a Presidential statement of fact or assumption of fact. When he continuously recognizes Great Britain as an independent nation, there is no dispute about it; the matter ends. When he says there is a French republic and recognizes it, the matter ends, there being no dispute about the existence of the fact.

When President Harrison said there was a Hawaiian republic, there was no dispute about it, and it so ended. When, during this very winter, the Major republic of Central America appeared, the President received its minister. There was no dispute about it. The Major republic was recognized by everybody according to the fact which, without controversy, existed at the time he communicated and acted upon it.

But now suppose we traverse the view of the President that there is no public war in Cuba, if such be his view, and he has not yet said either that there is or is not. Suppose we traverse his allegation as to the Cuban republic. Have we not the right to do it? Are we forever estopped by his mistaken view, if he takes a mistaken view? Are we bound by the supposititious fact as he saw it with his eyes? In short, is a possible Presidential mistake as to a fact which he communicates to Congress forever beyond remedy by the treaty-making power and by the law-making power?

NO EXCLUSIVE POWER IN THE PRESIDENT TO DETERMINE FOREIGN OR DOMESTIC FACTS

In my judgment, the American people have a right to determine by their Senators and Representatives in Congress assembled the question of fact as it may concern any law which they have the power to pass, or any resolution which they have the power to pass, and I think that the menace from the State Department to Congress which was made some months ago, and its defiant attitude toward the lawmaking power of the Republic, can never affect the disposition of any independent,

high-minded Senator or Representative to decide this question for himself under his oath of office.

I deny that the Constitution has anywhere hinted at the exclusive power of the President of the United States to determine any fact with relation to our domestic or foreign concerns, while I do not deny he may determine it for himself in so far as the execution of the laws may require him to do it as an Executive matter.

FACTS DETERMINABLE BY THE TREATY-MAKING AND THE LAWMAKING POWER

Mr. President, I have tried to reason upon this subject without resort to precedents, or with very little allusion to them. In my judgment, the judicial precedents in this country are in favor of my proposition; the necessary logic of the case seems to me to render it irrefutable. I will put a case. Suppose that the President of the United States were to-day to declare that the Cuban republic is an independent republic; and suppose a new President of the United States to-morrow were to negotiate a treaty with Spain by which the United States made itself the ally of Spain and which recited that the United States would not recognize or would not treat the Cuban republic as an independent nation, and were to declare war upon it, and prohibit commerce with it. Is there any man in the Senate bold enough to declare that the treaty-making power of the United States, confided by the Constitution of the United States in the President and the Senate, could not by that treaty override, wipe out, destroy, and render absolutely null and void any Presidential recognition which had previously occurred? So, if the treaty-making power may thus override positive action upon the part of the President of the United States, why may not the lawmaking power, which is superior to the treaty-making power, go along and override and destroy and wipe out both?

What the Senator from Massachusetts has suggested it seems to me is correct. A fact must be respected because it is a fact in the sense and in the conscience of the person who contemplates the fact, and the recognition of it is only binding during the period that its recognition is extant and efficient. Vesuvius,

by its lava, might destroy Italy to-morrow; or, suppose it were a fact that it did. The independence of Italy, being an attribute, would go out with the destruction of the country, and a recognition of Italy to-day would not make an obligation upon us to recognize it to-morrow unless the fact remained there for the recognition to apply to.

Now, let me present a brief examination of some of the judicial precedents.

MR. HOAR. Before the Senator passes to that point, if he is at the end of this subject, I should like to ask him one other question in regard to what he has just said, if it would not be disagreeable to him. The Senator made a very interesting suggestion, in which I entirely agree with him, which was that when, as he thinks, Mexico invaded this country, Mr. Polk was not bound to wait for an act of Congress, but it was his duty to repel the invasion as President of the United States, charged with the execution of the law.

The Senator will remember very well that a good many of the Whig party, including John Quincy Adams and a good many Northern Representatives, thought Mr. Polk was all wrong in his fact and voted against the resolution in the House of Congress that war existed by the act of Mexico.

Now, suppose that party had been strong enough to carry both Houses of Congress by a two-thirds vote and to pass an act declaring that war did not exist by the act of Mexico, that she was not invading us, and ordering the President not to repel the invasion. Would it have been any the less Mr. Polk's duty to do exactly what he did, to protect the country?

MR. DANIEL. As I understand it, suppose Congress had not recognized a state of war, and had declared——

MR. HOAR. To the contrary.

MR. DANIEL. I think a condition of that sort would be so near anarchy that the President might seriously consider whether he had not better take the law in his own hands and defend the country, whether Congress said so or not. It would be a case of Congressional revolution well-nigh impossible. I think that is a condition of anarchy.

MR. HOAR. Will the Senator permit me to go a little further into the historical facts in connection with my question to make

it clear? The Senator said, and it seems to me he is absolutely right, that it was within the constitutional power and was the constitutional duty of President Polk, Mexico, in his judgment, being a belligerent against us at that time, to repel them. Mr. Clay said at the same time, or just after, that he would sooner have laid down his life than to have subscribed to the resolution of the House of Representatives approving Mr. Polk's course and declaring that war existed by the act of Mexico.

Now, suppose Mr. Clay had had two-thirds vote of his followers, and that Congress had said war does not exist by the act of Mexico, she is not a belligerent against us, and we prohibit the President from repelling her invasion. The question I put is, Would not Mr. Polk have had exactly the same power under the Constitution, and would it not have been his duty to execute it, Congress or no Congress? I think it would.

MR. DANIEL. The Senator is putting a very extreme, and, I might say, a preposterous case.

MR. HOAR. Mr. Clay did not think so.

MR. DANIEL. Oh, well; political speeches made by gentlemen who are candidates for the Presidency very often overstate the facts, are very often exaggerations, and irradiate the landscape with colors we never see in real life.

I can not conceive of a case in which a Congress of the United States, loyal to the country, would state a fact contrary to the manner in which it existed, and declare that there was peace with a nation which had its armed men upon our soil. It would be a case of anarchy. Such extreme suggestions confuse rather than elucidate interpretations, and I might well say as to them, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

But so far as the Constitution is concerned, so far as the Constitution gives to Congress alone the power to declare war and gives it authority to prescribe rules and regulations for the government of its armies, in a constitutional sense, and reading the instrument according to its intent and meaning, I can never conceive that the President of the United States could override a law of Congress and make war upon another nation when the power in the country which has the sole power of declaring war refuses to declare it or to tolerate it.

The reason why Mr. Polk was justified in marching his army into Mexico and attacking the Mexicans was because he was confronted with a fact, and that fact was the invasion of his own country. It was not a declaration of war by the United States against Mexico, but an exercise of the inherent and natural right of self-defence—to execute the laws by repelling those who trod upon them—to shoot back at a man who commences first to shoot at you. These questions of constitutional law are very simple. There is no trouble about their elucidation and solution by the most simple rules of common reason and common sense.

THE JUDICIAL PRECEDENTS

I wish to say upon this subject as to a possible conflict of authority between Congress and the President, that so far as the judicial precedents have developed there is no precedent distinctly in point; none in which there has ever been a collision of authority between the lawmaking and the executive power. It is to be observed, also, that there is no specific power in the Constitution, shaped in so many words, authorizing anybody in this country to recognize the independence or the belligerency of a foreign state or nation. In whomsoever that power may exist (and that it does exist none can dispute), it is a power implied from their being invested with the right to exercise some other power to which it becomes the essential incident.

That being the case, I do not question that there may be cases in which the President may recognize the independence of a foreign nation, because he may receive ambassadors, because he may appoint ambassadors, nor the belligerency of a foreign nation, because a condition of war, which is the belligerency of a foreign nation, devolves upon the President the duty and right to see that our laws of neutrality between those who are belligerent are observed, as President Washington did in 1793 between two established nations which were belligerents.

It matters not what may be the age of the nation; it matters not what may be the legal status of the nation. When a nation becomes belligerent, we have laws which apply to it as a belligerent, and having laws which apply to it, which the President is charged to see are executed, he is vested by law as well as by

the Constitution with the power to recognize and realize the conditions to which he must apply the law.

Furthermore, I observe that no case has yet arisen in which it was necessary to determine whether the power exercised by the President was exclusively vested in him. It being vested in him in certain conditions and by certain implications, it has never been challenged in the sense that any conflicting power of Congress has been arrayed against him, and as a rule he has always been guided by the fact, and in recognizing the fact has simply pursued the dictates of his own intelligence in executing the law.

No case has arisen in which the President has exercised the power of recognition in which he has not been sustained by the courts.

The courts look to the political, as contradistinguished from the judicial, department to take cognizance of the political changes which take place in the revolutions and vicissitudes of nations, as, for instance, in the case of the *Nueva Anna*, Wheaton, 193 (1821), where the Supreme Court refused to recognize the existence of any lawful court of Mexico at Galvestown, which had assumed, under authority of the Mexican republic, to condemn the cargoes of two Spanish ships, basing its action on the fact that the Government of the United States had not hitherto recognized "the existence of any Mexican republic or state at war with Spain."

In *The United States v. Palmer*, in 3 Wheaton, 648, I find language of the Supreme Court which meets with my most hearty approbation as containing the law of this subject:

This court is further of opinion that when a civil war rages in a foreign nation, one part of which separates itself from the old-established government and erects itself into a distinct government, the courts of the Union must view such newly constituted government as it is viewed by the legislative and executive departments of the Government of the United States. If the Government of the Union remains neutral, but recognizes the existence of a civil war, the courts of the Union can not consider as criminal those acts of hostility which war authorizes, and which the new government may direct against the enemy.

"The legislative and executive departments of the United States." That is the language of the court.

Now I read again from a more recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, *Jones v. The United States*, 137

United States Reports, page 212 (1890), in which Judge Gray gave the unanimous opinion of that tribunal:

Who is the sovereign *de jure* or *de facto* of a territory is not a judicial but a political question, the determination of which by the legislative and executive departments of any government conclusively binds the judges as well as all other officers, citizens, and subjects of that government. This principle has always been upheld by this court and has been approved under a great variety of circumstances.

So in a still more recent decision in the case of the *Three Friends* by the Supreme Court of the United States they speak of the "political department of the Government" as contradistinguished from the judicial, and not of the executive as contradistinguished from the legislative as the department which has proper and suitable jurisdiction of the subject.

A LEADING CASE, SHOWING THE POWER OF THE PRESIDENT IS
DERIVED FROM HIS DUTY TO EXECUTE THE LAWS

I will read from a leading case on this subject, in which I think it will appear clearly that according to the decision of the Supreme Court made in that particular case, and in concurrence with the views which I have just presented from two other cases, it is the view of that court that the executive power to recognize the independence or the belligerency of a foreign nation is a power derived from executive duty to take care that the laws are faithfully executed.

From the fact that in either nominating an ambassador or in receiving an ambassador the President of the United States must impliedly pass upon the question in some cases whether or not another nation is belligerent or independent, it does not follow that under that particular power he may get the authority to pass upon that question in all cases. But there is no conceivable case that I can imagine in which a foreign government has assumed a belligerent attitude toward another, on in which a new government has made itself belligerent, that it does not come within the purview of the Presidential power, in the exercise of its duty to take care that the laws are faithfully executed, to make the proper recognitions which are necessary in order to execute the laws faithfully.

In the Prize Cases, reported in 2 Black, this whole subject was thoroughly reviewed by Judge Grier in a very able and

instructive opinion of the United States Supreme Court. That was a case in which the President of the United States had declared a blockade against certain ports in the South. The paragraph which I shall read appears to my mind to contain a true indication of the source of executive power:

By the Constitution—

Says the Supreme Court—

Congress alone has the power to declare a national or foreign war. It can not declare war against a state, or any number of states, by virtue of any clause in the Constitution. The Constitution confers on the President the whole executive power.

Now, what is that?

He is bound to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. He is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the United States. He has no power to initiate or declare a war either against a foreign nation or a domestic state. But by the acts of Congress of February 28th, 1795, and 3d of March, 1807, he is authorized to call out the militia and use the military and naval forces of the United States in case of invasion by foreign nations and to suppress insurrection against the government of a state or of the United States.

Mr. President, there is no recognition and there is no war made by the Executive of the United States that may not be traceable to the Constitution and the statutes made as thus pointed out by the Supreme Court of the United States to enable the Executive to faithfully execute the laws. When President Polk sent the armies of the United States to meet those of Mexico, he acted under an act of Congress by which he had the right to repel invasion.

As Commander-in-Chief of our forces, if at any time an enemy to the United States were to appear in his presence or to assail us in any direction, the laws are plenary and ample to enable the President to recognize whatever condition of things presents itself, and to deal with it in a defensive way or in an offensive-defensive way, as the facts of the time and the occasion might suggest to his conscience and comprehension.

Mr. President, in all these cases it is recognized by the courts that have given their opinion (though I have no doubt that some *obiter dictum* of a judge may be found here and there from which a different inference might be drawn) that it is the great character of the President as Commander-in-Chief of our Army

and Navy and as the Chief Executive to see to it that our civil laws are administered, from which he may derive all his rights to realize and to recognize the conditions which are presented to him when he proceeds to carry out his constitutional prerogative and his legal authority.

The very statement of his power implies the fact that he is under the laws of this country; that he is a creature, both as Commander-in-Chief of the regulations which Congress may pass for the guidance of his conduct, as well as for the guidance of the conduct of any other soldier in the Army of the United States; that as President, while he may exercise those functions which are purely executive without dictation from Congress, in the great mass of those duties they themselves consist in seeing to it that the laws are faithfully executed; that by the very terms of the statement of the power employed, the lawmaking power is above the executor of the law, and that he is the agent, the executive agent, of the people, simply to carry out and to do in our domestic relations and in our foreign relations those things which the lawmaking agent of the people has prescribed for him to do.

THERE IS NOTORIOUS PUBLIC WAR IN CUBA

Mr. President, there has been a condition of public war in the Island of Cuba for two and a half years. The diplomacy of the Spanish Government has succeeded in blinding the eyes of the diplomatists of the United States to the realization of that fact. They have disowned and repressed and concealed under diplomatic expressions the fact instead of recognizing it. But the world knows the fact that there is war in Cuba, high-handed, red-handed, bloody, lamentable, cruel, savage war—war which has resounded all over the universe; that has filled our prints with its hideous scenes, and touched our hearts with its piteous cries.

We know it, Mr. President. There is war in which Spain has employed to put down the Cuban insurrection a larger army than any government of the Old World ever sent against an American revolution—a larger army than the great British Government itself ever sent to put down the insurrection of the

colonies of 1776, and it has been opposed by armies upon the other side.

It may be that the tactics of the forces of the Cuban republic armies have been such tactics as George Washington advised Braddock to follow when he assailed the Indians in the wilderness, not to march in solid divisions, where they could be mowed down by the artillery and the trained bands of Spain, but to attack the enemy where and when they could, with such weapons as they had the opportunity to employ, and shaping their tactics and strategy according to the country and the population, the sources of supply, and the exigencies of the hour.

The late President of the United States told us in his message last December that "the insurrection in Cuba still continues with all its perplexities," and that "if Spain still holds Habana and the seaports and all the considerable towns, the insurgents still roam at will over at least two-thirds of the inland country."

Innumerable Spanish victories on paper are always being heralded, and peace is constantly being proclaimed from the housetops of the Captain-General and the dens of Morro Castle; but the insurgents still roam around over the island, while nearly a fourth of the 200,000 troops of Spain have perished, and anarchy is ripping up and burning everything amidst scenes of devastation, desolation, murder, arson, poverty, disease, and starvation. They are making deserts and calling them peace; making proclamations and calling them peace; making war and calling it peace. We are just now sending bread and clothes to the hungry and naked fugitives of our own blood who are being corralled in cities, and lying hither and thither to find shelter from the peace that nestles under the Spanish torch, and the Cuban sword. But we all know here that this is war; the American people know that this is war; Europe and the world know that this is war—public war; as public as Cuban and Spanish armies can make it; as public as telegraph and printing press can make it; as public as any other patent, notorious, and irrepressible fact.

Mr. President, when Congress undertakes to recognize that fact about which we have abundance of Presidential messages depicting all the deplorable incidents of this long and bloody struggle, we are met here in the Senate of the United States

with the statement that Congress must not recognize what everybody knows, must not demean itself in the spirit of neighborship and humanity toward a struggling people who are at our doors, because it may be conceived to be inimical to Spain. I should not be restrained by that consideration from recognizing the fact as it appears to me, but this argument is a misconception of law. It is not inimical to Spain.

We have a right in all good friendship to Spain. If Spanish friendship is so precious a thing as to be preferred to the rights of human nature, it is no breach of friendship with Spain for us to recognize with respect to one of her colonies what she realizes and what all Europe realizes, and what the United States through its President and Generals realized when we had civil war in this country, that when the guns were thundering they could hear their thunder, that when the soldiers were marching and fighting they could see them marching and fighting. It is not only our right, it is our duty, as intelligent and conscientious men, to apprehend, comprehend, realize, and conduct ourselves according to the fact of which our senses, certainly our senses of hearing and sound, take notice.

HUMANITY PROMPTS THIS RESOLUTION

If I am actuated or moved to urge this action upon the Senate because in my own breast I sympathize with an oppressed people, it is no motive for which I owe any one an apology. It is an honest and noble sympathy. It is a fact that there is war in Cuba, whether we record it in our resolutions or not; it is a fact that there is public war in Cuba, whether we sympathize with Cuba or with Spain; and it being the fact, it is an act of humanity for us to deal with it according to the fact, and to throw the moral weight of this great Government toward seeing to it that that war is conducted in as close an approximation to Christian usages and civilized customs as may be practicable under the circumstances.

WHERE INTEREST LIES

I know that in some respects it may be detrimental to some interests here or there to recognize the belligerency of the Cubans. To recognize their belligerency on the part of the

United States is to change our attitude legally and commercially in certain respects. But on the whole, I believe that this nation will derive advantage from recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans. All laws and treaties which are now in force with Spain will still remain in force.

It may subject some of our vessels to the right of search and to certain annoyances, but for the sake of doing justice and acting rightly these annoyances ought not to be weighed in the balance. It will give to the Spanish Government the right to blockade the Cuban ports, if she pleases so to do, but she would already have done that if she were prepared to do it and if it were their interest to do it, and if she should do it hereafter she will suffer more than we.

In the next place, it does relax to some extent the responsibility of Spain on account of atrocities committed or damages inflicted on our citizens in that island. I would about as soon hold the Cuban republic responsible for what is done by their troops or by their agencies as to hold Spain. It is a swap from one to the other in which there is little choice from a pecuniary standpoint. It can not be a very disastrous one, and even if we did lose something for our own citizens in the matter of recovering damages, for the cause of human justice, of human liberty, and for the dignified and honorable course of the United States, I for one would be well willing to pay the price. Justice and liberty and honor are cheap at any price.

THIS RESOLUTION DOES NOT MEAN WAR

Mr. President, it is said that this means war. I deny it. If Spain should declare war against us, if she should seek to foment war against us, because we recognize the belligerency of her former subjects who have been fighting her two and a half years, she will have an unjust cause of complaint and war against us, and we will have a just cause of complaint and war against her. I do not wish to see the American people involved in war. I look upon war as one of the greatest calamities that can befall the human race.

But there is one other much greater calamity, and that is for the high public spirit of a great nation to be so deadened that it can look upon plunder and pillage and murder and arson

with indifference, and can stifle truth for venal considerations. It is worse than war for the public spirit of that nation to be so deadened that it hesitates or delays one instant to go forward and do any act of high and great justice because of fear of war.

If Spain were a great and more powerful nation, if she had tenfold the power she has, the dignity of the case would inspire the Government of the United States to act more quickly and without such prurient sentimentality and tenderness as that professed for an old nation which clings with beak and talons to the last American possession yet within her grasp.

OUR PECULIAR RELATIONS TO CUBA—WE GAVE THEM THEIR EXEMPLAR

A few words more, Mr. President, and I am done. This is not the ordinary case of the belligerency of one segment of an ancient empire or state against the old and established government. Geographically speaking, Cuba is a part of the American continent. It is right by us, and all the writers of international law realize and write down their views that humanity in such a case is a just ground for intervention. If this were an intervention, we could multiply the text of international writers and publicists, including the late President of the United States, to show that it is good ground for the interference of this great nation.

But there is a higher ground, Mr. President, on which it is due from the United States that we should act with a high spirit of justice and consideration toward the struggling Cubans. If they are trying to throw off the yoke of an old government which has been oppressive to them, which has burdened them with taxes which they can but poorly bear, which has denied to them the representation which, as we maintain, is the right of free-men, let me remind the people of the United States here and now that, however they may preach upon this subject, they were themselves the great nation that set the Cuban patriots this example.

Our fathers did just that thing a hundred years ago which they are doing. It is we who have promulgated the principles,

it is we who have preached the doctrines, it is we who have done the things that Cuba points to to-day and conjures her brave men to imitate and follow.

WE HAVE WARNED OTHER NATIONS NOT TO INTERFERE
WITH CUBA

BUT more than that, Mr. President, we have assumed from the very foundation of this Republic, as we were so aptly reminded by the Senator from Nevada [Mr. Stewart] to-day, a peculiar relation to the Cuban Isle. We have said to Great Britain, we have said to France, we have said to Germany, we have said to all the nations of this earth, "Cuba is in natural affinity with the American republic. It is a fortress that is hard by our sea gates. We will not allow you to go there and rescue these suffering people. We will not permit you to extend over that island a stable, wholesome, established government. We will not allow you to intrench yourselves there. We will not allow you to meddle with this subject at all. Stand off, stand off, and attend to European policies. We are the great Western nation. We are the young, rich, and powerful heir of time, and we are to dictate, and to guide, and to rule, and to control, and to shape the destinies of the great American continent."

Having taken that attitude, which was to our advantage, having taken that attitude for the purpose of working out our own development and defending our own liberties, are we going to say that we will not bear the burden of that attitude, and are we going to back down from it the very first time it presents to us an inconvenience or a troublesome complication?

When a great nation goes forward and announces a great general principle, when it enunciates its destiny and its intentions to the nations of the earth, it can no more recede with honor from that proposition made than a soldier can stand on a flag which he is instructed to plant upon a rampart. We will be looked upon by other nations, if we avoid that responsibility, as a nation that makes much bluster and brag, but that does not stand up to its essential, moral, legal, and international obligations.

Realizing that to be an obligation, one of equity, one of

fraternity, one of neighborhood, and one which points its prophetic finger to the future career of the American continent, I would not have this country act hastily about it; I would not have it act incautiously about it; but in clear vision and by sure-footed steps, by graded paces from which we should never recede, I would go forward and let the people in Cuba know that we expect them to be accorded by Spain belligerent rights; that their prisoners are to be treated as prisoners of war and not shot down as dogs; and that Christian civilization, through the voice of the American republic, gives to them, and demands for them, all the respect and consideration which go with the right of war.

Let us recognize the belligerency of the Cuban people, which is a fact; and in sending to our own people in Cuba bread, as we have done, as an act of charity, let us act toward those who are engaged in this awful strife with an equal spirit of justice.

POCAHONTAS

Mr. President:

I desire to engage the attention of the Senate for a few moments that I may discharge a task of courtesy and of duty that has been too long, though unavoidably, delayed.

Some time since I received a letter from Henry S. Wellcome, Esq., an American citizen, a native of Indiana, now residing in England, near London, in which he requests me to present to the Senate in his behalf an oil-painted portrait of the Indian princess, Pocahontas, whose name is romantically connected with our early history and whose gentle character has preserved it in sweet memory.

Mr. Wellcome is a public-spirited citizen, who has carried American enterprise to the Motherland, where he is a distinguished and successful chemist and druggist. He was one of the organizers of the American Society in London, and was its president for several years; and generally he is the chairman of the committee which has charge of the Thanksgiving Day dinner and the Fourth of July celebration participated in by the American residents of that great metropolis. Well known and respected in both countries, he is a generous patron of art, science, and letters; and he a patriot alive to all that interests his native land, his enthusiasm being such that he keeps the Stars and Stripes continually flying over his office and factory.

He has taken deep interest in our early history and in the fate of the Indian race. A notable instance of his gracious disposition has been shown in the removal, through his agency and influence, of the Metla Kahtla Indians from British Columbia into the confines of the United States, where, as he thought, they could find more congenial laws and associations.

The picture of Pocahontas is a fine copy of a painting which hangs at Booton Hall, in Norfolk, England, the former seat of the Rolfe family. The original is from the brush of DePasse, an eminent artist of the sixteenth and early part of

Presentation of a portrait of Pocahontas to the Senate of the United States in behalf of Henry S. Wellcome, February 28th, 1899.

the seventeenth centuries. Upon the canvas of the original are painted these words:

Matoaka Rebecka, filia potentis Princ: Powhatani Imp. Virginia.

On the space below:

Motoake, alias Rebecka, daughter of the mighty Prince Powhathani, Emperour of Ataanough Komouck, of Virginia; a Christian converted and married to the worshypfull Mr. Thomas Rolff. Aged 21, 1616.

There was a superstition among the Indians that concealed the true name, and Matoaka was the real Indian name of the princess, though they called her Pocahontas.

Within a few years, Mr. President, we will celebrate, and doubtless with fitting honors, the three hundredth anniversary of the planting of the first durable colony of the English-speaking race in the New World. This occurred at Jamestown, in Virginia, on the 13th day of May, 1607.

They came none too soon. While Cabot had roved the Northern seas and claimed the American continent in the name of England in 1497, nothing had been done to effectuate his title, and now more than a century had gone by. Meantime the Spaniards under Ponce de Leon had possessed themselves of Florida, Cortez had conquered Mexico, Pizarro had laid Peru at his feet, and De Soto had passed across the land to the Mississippi. Meantime also the French were establishing themselves in Canada, and little scope was left for English enterprise unless they took advantage of the fugitive occasion, as Jefferson afterwards did, in acquiring Louisiana.

Three little ships of 20, 40, and 100 tons burden, respectively, bearing the names of *The Discovery*, *God Speed*, and *Susan Constant*, under the command of Captain Christopher Newport, had sailed down the Thames on the 19th of December, 1606, with the design of renewing the effort, which had previously failed, to establish a colony at Roanoke, in what is now North Carolina. Prayers were said in the churches as they went forth on their perilous enterprise, and the poet Drayton wafted them "bon voyage" in inspiring verses, one of which runs:

You brave, heroic minds,
 Worthy your country's name,
 That honor still pursue,
 Whilst loitering hinds
 Lurk here at home with shame,
 Go and subdue.

They went and they subdued. A violent storm, however, Mr. President, drove the ships into the mouth of the Chesapeake river, where they first touched land at a place which they named Point Comfort. They then proceeded on their way up the James river, and on the 13th day of May, 1607, the first feet that came to stay landed at Jamestown.

Captain John Smith, knight errant, soldier, sailor, and adventurer, was the leading spirit of this colony, and of it he soon became the president. For three years, by his courage, wisdom, and mastery of men, he rescued and preserved it from many trials, difficulties, and dangers. To him belongs the name of founder.

While the land was fertile and beautiful enough and its lower shores were covered with flowers of diverse colors and goodly trees, with fish in the streams and game in the forests, danger lurked in every thicket. The flight of arrows from Indian bows in the tall grass was the salute with which the newcomers were received in a wilderness of which the great Indian King Powhatan was Emperor, having in the tribe 8,000, with 2,400 warriors.

A year passed by, and complaints came that little had been accomplished. Fever and hunger had decimated the colony, and there were discontents at home. The royal order was to go in search of the South Sea, and so, with a small party, John Smith, on a bleak December day in 1607, embarked in a barge up the Chickahominy river to find it. Ascending to the shallows, he procured a canoe and some Indian guides, and with only two companions he ascended farther until he reached and landed at a point in the White Oak Swamp east of Richmond, to which he gave the name of Rassawek.

He did not find the South Sea, but here he did find a band of Indians who captured him. He was taken before their chief, Opechancanough, brother to the Emperor Powhatan, and was thence taken to Werokomoko, the chief place of council of Powhatan, in what is now Gloucester county, at a site on the north bank of the York river, not far from Yorktown.

Wrapped in a robe of coon skins sat the tall, gaunt, sour old Indian Emperor, and Smith, who had slain two of his Indian

assailants in the fight on the Chickahominy, was condemned to die.

Two stones were brought forth before Powhatan, and Smith was dragged to them, his head forced down upon one of them, and clubs were raised to beat out his brains, when, lo, an Indian girl of twelve or thirteen years of age rushed upon the scene, caught his head in her arms and laid her own upon his to save him from death. The sour old King relented and Smith was saved, for the intercessor was Powhatan's favorite daughter, Pocahontas.

Many times during the struggles of this little colony on the James did she again attest her generous and gracious character. Once when they were starving she had suddenly appeared, bearing corn to their relief; and again when they were about to be assailed and massacred she gave the timely and sufficient note of warning.

A few years rolled by; the fortunes of war became changed. In 1612 Pocahontas was taken prisoner by that rover of land and sea, Captain Samuel Argall, who had three years before brought the message deposing Smith from command. She was brought a disconsolate and weeping captive to Jamestown. There she seemed lovely in the eyes of Master John Rolfe, sometimes called Thomas, one of the colonists, and his attachment was reciprocated. But Rolfe was sorely troubled in spirit. The Scripture forbade the marrying of strange wives, and their mutual love caused a "mighty warfare in his meditations."

But, like most colonists, the duty of Christianizing the heathen would seem from his own account to have been the moving impulse to his soul, for he reflected upon the question whether it was not his solemn duty to marry and convert "this heathen creature Pocahontas."

As the historian relates, "What most touched and decided him was her desire to be taught and instructed in the knowledge of God, her capabilities of understanding, her aptness and willingness to receive any good impression, and also 'the spiritual beside her own incitements stirring me up thereto;'" and so, according to the true poetic justice of romance, at the age of eighteen the lovely Indian maiden was married to John Rolfe in the old church at Jamestown, and she was given the Christian name of Rebecca.

Three years later Rolfe carried his bride to London, where

she was treated as the daughter of a king and where her arrival created a great sensation. In her native forests she was dressed in doeskin lined with down from the wood pigeon's breast; anklets and bracelets of coral were her adornments, with a white plume, the badge of royalty, floating over her hair. Now she shone in all the splendors of court apparel.

She was the first lady of the New World to appear in the home country. She was presented at court by Lady Delaware and most "graciously used" by the King and Queen. The Bishop of London, delighted at her conversion to Christianity, gave a great entertainment in her honor; and for a time Pocahontas was all the fashion in the brilliant revels of the great metropolis.

She died suddenly at Gravesend in March, 1617, at the age of twenty-two, when about to return to Virginia, making, as we are told, "a godly end," and being buried in the parish church, where her name was carelessly registered as Rebecca Wrothe. The church was afterwards burned, and in its ashes disappeared the earthly relics of Pocahontas.

From her marriage with John Rolfe was born one son, Thomas Rolfe, who was brought up in London; but he came to Virginia and was known as Lieutenant Rolfe, commanding at Fort James, on the Chickahominy. He married a young lady in England, whom he brought to the New World, and there he became a gentleman of note and fortune.

The only daughter of Lieutenant Rolfe was married to Colonel Robert Bolling, of a family widely connected and much respected in Virginia. As Stith says in his history, "This remnant of the imperial family of Virginia, which long ran in a single person, is now increased and branched out into a very numerous progeny."

Amongst the descendants of Pocahontas was that rare genius, John Randolph, of Roanoke, once a Representative in Congress, a Senator in this body, and the minister of the United States at the court of Russia. I note, Mr. President, that a morning journal, in the notice of the presentation of this picture, accords to me descent from the Indian princess, but no such honor is mine.

The character and the worthy services of Pocahontas are fully attested and were appreciated and cherished by the colonists. They were much touched by "the love of Pocahontas," who "ever once in four or five days brought food which saved many of their

lives that else for all this had starved of hunger," and they called her the "dear and blessed Pocahontas." Captain John Smith said of her "as for features, countenance, and expression, she much exceeded any of the rest," and in his letter presenting and commending her to Queen Anne he declared that—

During the time of two or three years she, next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion, which if in those days had once been dissolved, Virginia might have been as it was at our first arrival to this day.

Upon slender threads often hang the momentous events of history. John Fiske, the historian, in his book "Virginia and Her Neighbors," speaks of Pocahontas as "one of the noblest and loveliest characters in American history," and asserts that "the rescue of Smith by her was an event of real historic importance. Without it the subsequent relations of the Indians and the English colonists become incomprehensible." And he adds the significant words that "but for her friendly service on more than one occasion the tiny settlement would probably have perished."

The charm of romance will ever hang over the story of Pocahontas; and that flower of the wilderness will ever shed its brightness and its fragrance over the rude, somber, and cruel scenes of our people's earliest struggles to get a foothold in the land whose inhabitants are now as the stars of heaven, the leaves of the trees, and the sands of the sea. But far beyond this, it should not be forgotten that she was indeed the guardian spirit of the great founder-captain, John Smith, and his feeble company; and who knows but for her what had been the New World's destiny?

It is meet that her portrait should hang here in remembrance of her lovely character and her pious deeds; and the myriads that gaze upon it wondering whence came the gentle spirit that dwelt in the savage breast will be minded also that all men are brethren, and that even in the dark shadows of the forest primeval there may shine a light from heaven, and there be found—

A spark of that immortal fire
By angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.

I present this portrait to the Senate, Mr. President, in the name of Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, an American citizen residing near London.

THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS CAPITAL

Mr. President:

Ancient history had no precedent for the United States of America, and modern history has no parallel. A new land, a new people, a new principle of government, a clean slate for the re-figuring of old problems, leisure and liberty to revise, correct, and expurgate old editions of civilization and originate new ones—these were the rare conditions that initiated the new deal for human rights and fortunes. The Anglo-Saxon was forehanded, prepotent, paramount, and ascendant. He outfigured, outworked, and outfought all rivals. To his side he beckoned all men as brethren, and all types of men came trooping from the four corners of the earth to share his winnings. In freer spirit and in higher hopes they cast new patterns for themselves and for other nations.

If we are a greater England, we are also a greater Ireland, a greater Scotland, and a greater Wales; a greater Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; a greater Netherlands, a greater Germany, a greater Greece and Rome, and a greater Jerusalem; a greater everybody, bearing, indeed, the Anglo-Saxon birthmark, but fused into a new, original, and composite national character.

“Great races are made of the mixture of races, like the beautiful bronzes which are composed of many metals.” The brightest and bravest blood of the world’s great races is mixed in the American.

The Roman augur looked to the West to catch in the reflected light of the upper sky the first flush of the coming dawn. So look we to the past of our country for the omens of its brilliant future. The United States contains the most diversified and assimilative elements that ever composed a great nation. Our domain is the best located. We have the most compact, the most convenient and symmetrical, of all the seats of great nations.

An address before the Joint Convention of the Senate and House of Representatives at the Centennial Celebration of the First Session of Congress, delivered on December 12th, 1900, in the Hall of the House of Representatives.

We are the most defensible of nations. North and south of us are friends from whom there is nothing to fear. East and west the everlasting seas are moats of our battlements.

Within our borders are all the elements of human sustenance and national greatness. Our forests would build homes for the world to live in; our coal would run its machinery, warm its fire-sides, and cook its food; our iron, lead, copper, and zinc would supply its furnaces; our granite and marble would build its temples. From our woods, fields, fisheries, orchards, and gardens we could set a feast that would turn Lucullus green with envy; and dinner over, the world could quaff our wines, fill its cups with our coffee, sweeten it with our sugar, regale its fancies on our tobacco, and light itself to bed with our oil. If never another man or another thing were landed on our shores, we could wax strong, adorn our homes with finest art, and multiply and replenish the earth with the overrunnings of our richness.

We have risen to greatness more rapidly than ever arose a great nation. Our ascendancy is less endangered from without than was ever that of a great nation. We have outrun the prophecies of our progenitors and surpassed the ideals of our founders. Our development has been the epic of human progress. It has made poetry of statistics and glorious romance of history. It has left the dreams of optimists as faded specters in the rear of achievement. Our longevity projects itself to the farthest reach of human speculation, and the future is gorgeous with every sign of hope and courage.

Our people understand each other better than they have ever done. Consequently they have more hearty feelings of friendship and sympathy for each other than they ever had. At home and abroad the principles and the flag of the American Union were never more respected. We are the most thoroughly unified of the great nations. In this building the differences of 45 Commonwealths and 76,000,000 people come to the mill to be ground out. The whirl of the grinding is great and might make the impression that our differences are also great.

But be not deceived. Our states are as much alike in their forms of government as the leaves of a tree. Our people are alike in their language, their laws, their usages, and their aspira-

tions. Our political clocks all keep the same time—that is to say, after election—Washington time. Our differences are only the natural and just differences that must ever arise from locality and individualism. Instead of rebuking them we should be thankful for them. They are sincere and unavoidable. They are the processes of Providence, which out of difference moulds higher uniformity, and out of conflict produces the best resultant force. When the grinding of opinion is over, all partake at a common table of the same bread. After all, it is only differences that come here. Our similitudes, which are as a myriad to one difference, are quiescent; and comparing them, we should not forget that “a single grasshopper under a fence makes more noise than a thousand cattle reposing in the shade.”

We are the strongest of nations. So far, with only the phantom of a Regular Army as a nucleus of education, our wars have been fought for the most part by the volunteer citizen soldiery. They have never failed to cope successfully with the trained bands of Europe. To-day at the tap of a drum ten millions would swarm to the national defence, and to a foreign foe our seacoasts would become—

Looming bastions fringed with fire.

There can be no disparagement of our regulars, but against the soldier of any age or any country we might place with confidence the American volunteer.

There is in an army in our country grander than any ever mustered on the field of Mars. In line it would stretch over 5,000 miles. It is the conscript and volunteer school children of the United States, over sixteen millions strong. It is the embryo of the mightiest civilized force ever organized by any people. Woe be unto him who sows in these young souls any unworthy thought. When this army deploys in action may it fly the banners of truth and liberty and carry in their hearts love of their countrymen and their fellow-men, the only patriotism that is not sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

The experience of over a century has exhibited the strength of our electoral institutions. We are as strong within as without.

In the first inaugural address delivered in this city on the 4th of March, 1801, Thomas Jefferson said:

Strangers, unused to think freely and speak what they think, might be imposed on by the animation of our discussions and exertions, but the contest of opinion being decided by the voice of the nation and announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law and unite in common effort for the common good.

I believe with him that this is "the strongest government on earth." I believe with him, also, that "this is the one nation where every man according to the law would fly to the standard of the law and would meet invasion of the law as his own personal concern."

When he thus spoke our self-government was yet an experiment. It is now a consummation. We might repeat his admonition:

Sometimes it is said that man can not be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

The history of a hundred years has answered it. Compare the men who the people have chosen as Presidents with an equal number of hereditary monarchs of any other nation, and self-government in comparison finds its incarnate vindication.

This is the only great nation that ever passed through its formative conflicts without inflicting in a single case the penalty of death for a political cause. Does not this fact alone speak volumes for free thought, for free speech, for the government of the people, and for the high character of the American people?

If we have had strife, it has been the proud and lofty strife of the brave and the true who can cherish honor, who can cherish principle, can cherish love, but can not cherish hate. And be this never forgotten, that our only strife was over the heritage which empire foisted upon our ancestors against their will and which the Republic has removed forever. And that Republic stands at the dawn of a new century with every son a free man under its flag and ready to defend it.

"I am an American" means more to-day than it has ever meant, for if all the nations were arranged in line, each represented by one typical man, the American man would stand at the head of the line, the tallest, the straightest, the brawniest, the most practical-minded, and biggest hearted of them all.

We are the foremost nation of the world. We are the light and hope of the world. It is our freedom that has made us gentle, and gentleness has made us great.

Race problem, Philippine problem, trust problem—what will you do with them? This is not the time nor am I here to answer. We may well view these and other problems with deep solicitude and anxious reflection. But if our problems be mighty, they grow out of our might and have the mighty to deal with them. They come to those who have never been confounded by problems and have never dodged one; who have solved problems just as great and some greater than any now presented, and have left them all behind with monuments of their solution builded over them.

When John Smith and his little band sailed into James river, in 1607, a flight of arrows in their faces arrested attention to the greatest and deadliest of race problems. There are as many Indians on the American continent now as there were then, but where is the race problem of 1607?

The London company, syndicate, or trust, sent these settlers here and it ordered everything. It called a legislature at Jamestown in 1619, and in 1624 that legislature said:

This people will pay no tax save as this assembly may appoint.

One hundred and fifty years afterwards that principle became the cornerstone of this nation. Bills of rights and free constitutions cover the country. But what has become of the London company? The king gone, the Indian gone, the tea tax gone, the stamp tax gone, and the London company, too—gone, all gone! But the American is here, and from ocean to ocean not an acre but a free acre, not a man but a free man, and all ancient problems but fireside tales. Behind our new problems marches the broader and better Republic. In the words of an illustrious American, "It is history that teaches man to hope." No human history burns with so high and bright a hope as that of the United States of America.

We have been a world power ever since we tied taxation and representation together and identified in one community the tax layer and the taxpayer. It was out of that germ that arose our free Constitution. Wherever it is found a free constitution

would grow out of it. It has quickened the republican movement around the globe. It has brought us the homage not only of the down-trodden who welcomed its delivering hand, but as well that of the powerful who heeded not its forewarnings.

But yesterday an English statesman, a former prime minister, declared that had not the elder Pitt left the House of Commons for the peerage he would have induced the English king to admit the American people to representation in Parliament, and he fancies that then the Crown itself and all its belongings would some day have migrated to this country, leaving the British islands as the European outposts of a world empire. The world empire, under any crown, is the fading dream of humanity. The world republic is the ever-brightening and growing dream. It is not likely that any crown will ever come to this land of ours, but our constitutional system, with the people sovereign and holding in their hands the purse and the sword, can go anywhere or everywhere if right and justice and wisdom lead the way.

Eighteen sister republics of America have patterned on its example. Our Monroe doctrine has said to the monarchies: "Touch them not;" and the world republic, not the world empire, is the vision that grows more and more distinct as we go spinning "through the ringing grooves of change."

This land is already the radiant center of Anglo-Saxon power. It is also the radiant center of that vision. We will cleave to the principle that conjured it. It is brighter than crowns. It is stronger than scepters. It is higher than thrones. It is longer ranged than cannon. It is sharper than swords and bayonets. It is more august than an army with banners. It marches while armies sleep. It conquers where armies fall. It floats where navies sink. It is the shield of the weak. It is the glory of the strong. It is the riches of the poor. It is the faith and hope and uplift of the oppressed. It is subtler than policy. It is right, and it is the destiny of nations.

As our country moves to speed that destiny it will carry the future of Washington City with it. Our fathers brought the Federal Government here in 1800, and dedicated this spot as "the eternal capital of the eternal Republic." And the capital and the Republic have grown with equal pace and their step has ever been forward. It was then a straggling village of

2,000 souls; it is now a magnificent metropolis of over 200,000. The Republic of 5,000,000 people and sixteen states then rested its western boundary on the Mississippi river, its southern on the northern line of Florida. It has now 76,000,000 people and forty-five states, and our continental boundaries are the Pacific Ocean, Mexico, and the Gulf of Mexico. We have multiplied our states threefold, our territory nearly fourfold, and our population in the ratio of 16 to 1. This is a statistical fact, not a financial statement. Our center of population was then near Baltimore, Maryland. It is now near Columbus, Indiana, and is still traveling West "to grow up with the country."

To my mind this capital city of the Republic is the city unique and beautiful. Other nations have fixed their capitals in the crowded urban centers of commerce, and they possess the splendors that opulence has gathered around them. Our capital, like our nation, was made to subserve a principle, and it has grown up in the midst of the mementoes and associations of the principle which it represents. Its broad avenues intersecting its regular squares; its frequent reservations of grass and flowers and fountains; its parks and trees; its substantial business houses and sightly dwellings; its schools, colleges, universities, galleries, and museums; its monuments and public buildings; its noble river and picturesque landscape; its integral effect upon the eye, with the apex of the Washington Monument piercing the sky on the one side and this noble pile uplifting its dome on the other; these things make Washington City a nobler panorama and more inspiring contemplation than are afforded by any other city in the world.

The United States will live; and with them Washington will live, expanding, multiplying, beautifying, enlightening, with every turn of the prodigious wheel of which it is the axle. Plans for its improvement abound. One contemplates the erection here of the "Halls of the Ancients," where the eye may behold revived the architectural creations of bygone nations. Another would produce on some expansive field a miniature of the United States of America, showing in the earth itself the delineations and undulations of our national topography. These and kindred schemes are well worthy of consideration; but the essential

must come first. Washington needs, and the people of the whole country need fitting outlets for the new railroads that press for admission, and bridges which will span the Potomac and connect the city with the military post, the agricultural station, and the beautiful cemetery at Arlington.

More public buildings are needed by both the District and the Federal governments. All will be gratified to know that the White House is to be enlarged for the more suitable accommodation of the President in the exercise of the official and hospitable functions incumbent on the Chief of our multitudinous people; and all will wish that present occupant that happiness which he would if he could bestow on every one of them. No less pressing are the needs of the many departments. This Government should not be forced, as it has been and is now, to rent rooms like a transient visitor, nor to put its public servants in dingy lodgings like postponed claimants.

It is planned for the ages and it should reside in habitations adapted to health and comfort and becoming to its character. Whatever we do in building should be the best of its kind in plan, in material, and in execution. All our public buildings should be of the noble classic design worked out by American architects according to the diversities of American genius. As this Capitol building, rising in white and soaring majesty, speaks to the heavens and to the earth, as it were, in manifestation of its office, so should every public building established here express to the beholder in every lineament of its structure the stability, the dignity, and grace of the American nation.

And one public building above all others is needed here as the reflex of the peculiar genius of this people and of its supreme intellectual distinction in a department where it surpasses all ancient and modern people. We are the most inventive of nations. The free intellect has been the most original and productive of all intellects. Other nations have surpassed us in literature and the fine arts, but in inventive and useful arts the United States is far transcendent. The Patent Office, established by Thomas Jefferson and protecting for a brief period the only constitutional monopoly, the right of the exclusive enjoyment of one's original ideas, is the crown of American intellectual supremacy over the material world, even as the Consti-

tution of the United States is the crown of political architecture and the Union itself the crowning glory of our people.

As Francis Bacon says, "The sciences dwell sociably together," and we should put on Capitol Hill, facing the Senate Hall, as a companion piece to the exquisite Library building now facing the Hall of Representatives, another building of like architecture. And the American capitol of letters should have by its side the American capitol of inventive art, both facing this Capitol of the people, where their sovereignty has its highest exemplification. In that hall should be displayed the evolutions of inventions, with every invention indicated by its model, inclusive of the last improvement. It would be the greatest college of applied science that the world has ever seen; a monument and a stimulus to invention, and leading by gradations to those truths of science which hover over the threshold of the age, "waiting to be caught."

It was the mariner's needle that discovered America, for the inventor made the discovery possible; and inventive genius is that which is putting us ahead of all the nations. It is invention that manifolds the thoughts of the wise and scatters them in the humblest habitations. It is invention that has made the poor man's cottage gleam in cleanliness and beauty like the palace. It is invention that has made circulating libraries and art galleries of our periodical literature. It is invention that forestalls the pestilence, extinguishes the conflagration, illuminates the darkness, makes the fountain to gush forth by the fireside and in the desert, eliminates distance, relieves the famine, and snatches the stricken of the battle field from the jaws of destruction. It is invention that has made princes of the earth out of our merchants, manufacturers, and skilled workmen; that has given precedence to our products in all the marts of the world; that is pouring the golden horn of trade balance into our treasury chests and transforming us from a debtor to a creditor nation.

It is invention that has made war so terrible that peace foresees its bed of repose at the mouth of the cobwebbed cannon. It is invention that is to lift our earthly being from poverty, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick, unlock the Bastiles, and open all the doors where lie the victims of hardship and bigotry and oppression. It is invention that has brought to

manifest revelation the unity of the universe, the unity of man, the unity of life, the unity of soul, and thrown the very gates of immortality ajar by proving the perpetuity of physical and moral force. It is invention that, whispering round the world, brings us in voice touch and mind touch with each other though thousands of miles apart, and that reminds us by its miracle as to the author of our being that—

Closer is He than breathing,
And nearer than hands and feet.

It is invention that will one day in the distant Aden make the United States of the World fulfill the dream that now hovers over the United States of America. It is our high fancy that when that day comes the English language will be the universal language. Our Constitution will be the model of the universal constitution. The principle of the Declaration of Independence, that taxation and representation must go together, will be the universal principle. The flag of the stars will be blazoned with the constellation of the nations. Here will assemble the Parliament of Man. The farthest star in the heavens will bear the name of Washington, and the city that now bears the founder's name will be the capital of the universal republic.

THE UNITIES OF THE UNION

In introducing Senator Daniel, Mr. Lawrence said:

History tells us that, when Boston was besieged, in the earliest days of our statehood, the first troops that came from any of the sister states to our rescue were two companies of riflemen clad in the hunting shirts of the Virginian mountaineers. Another Virginian, undoubtedly a descendant of Boston's rescuers of long ago, himself a brave soldier and honored statesman, brings a greeting from the Old Dominion to the old "Bay State." Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to introduce the Hon. John W. Daniel, of Lynchburg, Virginia.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Boston Merchants' Association:

I am one of your country cousins from the Old Dominion. It is a genuine and very great pleasure to me to have this felicitous opportunity to pay my respects to the old colony and to the solid men of Boston, of whom you are typical and representative.

It was a favorite remark of Thomas Jefferson that "one warm thought is worth more than money;" and, looking at this audience, I feel that it would take a great many figures to apprise the value of a warm thought. Warm thoughts seem to be swarming here to-night.

It is pleasing to me to recognize that they gather around me here because I hail from Virginia. Your president kindly reminded you, in presenting me, that the Virginia riflemen of the Revolution were the first of those who came to your aid in the day of trouble with our British brethren. Escorted by your president, I stood this morning under the old elm—which you have tenderly cherished as an old friend—where George Washington assumed command of the Continental forces.

It was John Adams who moved to put him in that high station. It was Mrs. Adams who drew a pen picture of him as he appeared, which history has cherished, as you do the venerable tree associated with him. Here, also, came in those days "Light Horse" Harry Lee and Morgan, "from the right bank of the Potomac." And to-day, let me say, were you to get in trouble

Remarks made at the Annual Banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association, Boston, December 10th, 1903.

again, blow your bugles, and Virginians, as steady and true as those of old, would come again to help you.

The subject which your president has asked me to speak upon is "The Unities of the Union." I don't know that I have but one advantage in any contemplation of the unities of the Union. I have contemplated it from both the outside and the inside. I should tell you also that the sentiment is home-made goods. I invented it, and I will tell you why. Vice-President Hobart once asked me to speak at a Lincoln dinner in New Jersey. I told him a man to speak on such an occasion ought to be in whole-hearted sympathy with his subject, and I thought he could select some one better fitted than myself. He asked me then to consider the matter a few days, which I did. Meantime, while I was tolerably familiar with the history of Lincoln, I thought I would refresh myself by looking over one of his biographies. On one of the pages to which I turned were some such words as these:

At the first meeting of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet after the news of the surrender at Appomattox had been brought to him, he said: "Gentlemen, before you take up the public business, I have a remark to make on my own account. I hear cries here and there, 'Hang this man and hang that man.' Gentlemen, there has been enough bloodshed in this country; and I want to say to you for myself that, instead of catching anybody and hanging anybody, I wish all of those who feel that they might leave their country for their country's good might go away without anybody's catching them."

When I read these words, I said to myself, if Lincoln quick on the heels of strife could thus dismiss hostile thoughts, why shall not I feel also the spirit of peace and friendship in my heart toward him?

I went to Mr. Hobart next morning, and said, "I will with pleasure go to your Lincoln dinner, and I will speak on Abraham Lincoln; for he is the kind of man I like." And I did. And, if you and I like that kind of man, here is my hand. Here is my hand from Old Virginia to the old colony. My friend said they were brothers in early days. If a cloud did pass across the face of the sun, that cloud has passed away from the face of the sun. And, if we were the best of friends in the

days that tried men's souls, why not be the best of friends right here and now, and forever more?

Then I feel again that these American people are very much like each other.

Emerson says the highest compliment an Englishman can pay a foreigner is to say, "He is so English," or "He is just like an Englishman." I have met Massachusetts gentlemen in Richmond, Virginia, and remember hearing one of them say, "Why, your people seem to me just like ours in Boston." When some of the Richmonders were royally entertained in this city some years ago, I heard them saying, when they returned with lips full of praise, "These Boston people seem to be just like our own." Our ancestral traits reappear in us; and it is quite evident that, like our forefathers, we think no harm of ourselves. We are sometimes diverted from recognition of our unities.

If you go down to Washington and stand in the gallery of the House of the Senate while they are discussing the river and harbor bill, the currency, the internal revenue, interstate commerce, or trust bills, or any other question, you will hear one man say one thing and another man the exact opposite. One will say, "If you pass this bill the country is ruined and the Constitution is gone." And another will say, "If you pass this bill the country will blossom like the rose, and it will be the proudest achievement of its history." If you will read the papers you will find one saying that Mr. So-and-so made the speech of his life yesterday, and another saying that another man made the speech of his life, in which he completely confounded and overwhelmed and destroyed the reputation of Mr. So-and-so.

You don't find those differences in any other place in such high degree as in Washington. And that is because Washington is the place where the grist of all the differences of the American people is taken to be ground out. And, after Congress has adjourned, the same meal is served out to everybody, and everybody has on his table the same dish. The moment you get out of the atmosphere of Washington, into the homes of the American people, you come to the conclusion that there isn't so much difference after all.

No! our unities are as the sands of the sea for number; our differences you may count upon your fingers.

Behold the unity of race—the primal unity. It was our Caucasian race that discovered America, that settled it, that declared independence, that fashioned the Constitution, that founded every state and founded every city, that swept in triumph from the eastern seacoast to the Pacific, and over the Pacific, carrying arts and arms and letters and churches and schools with them. And it has been our own tribe of that race that has stamped upon the continent its laws, the common law with all the modern improvements, and moulded all tongues into its language, the newest, freshest, and most vigorous language ever spoken upon the lips of men, the most direct and honest language, too, that has “called a spade a spade” ever since it began to talk, and will so call it world without end.

Blood, language, law—these are the great absorbing unities; and all other things of a worldly kind are added unto them. The greatest of these is blood. Blood will tell, whether in a horse or a man or a nation. It is thicker than water.

And the great thing that has made the American stock prominent among the nations of the earth is that he belongs to a stock which is the greatest grafter stock on earth. It is a great stock for grafting upon another stock and assimilating it, and the greatest stock to be grafted on. And in the grafting process you will find that the fruit that comes from the tree has got the American color on the outside and the American qualities on the inside. It is the most assimilative of all the races that have inhabited the earth, because it is prepotent and predominant.

When you take up our paper Constitution, which Gladstone justly said was the most perfect instrument that ever emanated from the brain of man at one time, you will perceive that it has left room for debate upon a great many public questions and said nothing on the question as to whether one state might leave the Union or not. But the Boston historian, Mr. Lodge, in writing of this country, has said that the common understanding of the American people at the time of the making of the Constitution was that a state might go whenever it pleased.

And yonder on Bunker Hill stands the heaven-piercing shaft raised to the rebels who there defied a kingdom and a crown. When Daniel Webster made there his great speech of dedication in 1825, he recited as the most important effects of the bat-

tle that "it created at once a state of open public war," that "there could no longer be a question of proceedings against individuals as guilty of treason and rebellion," and that "the appeal lay to sword." Such truth-speaking and right thinking as this denotes the forward march of the principles of free government.

Such is the history of this paper Constitution. A noble work, indeed. I speak of it in reverence. But one man construes it one way, and one another; and one section of people have construed it one way, and one another. Gradually time and events have shaped its processes and worked out its salvation.

"Events," said Lincoln, "have controlled me more than I have controlled them." So say we all. And events growing out of natural and predominant causations have controlled our history and fixed our status as one people with a common country. In their retrospect we recognize that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will;" and the words of Robert Lee come home in their simple truth, "God decides; let that suffice."

As we look beyond the writings of men to the constitution of nature; as we behold this mighty imperial land, guarded to the eastward and guarded to the westward by the inviolate seas; as we follow the fortunes and adventures of the little Virginia colony of 1607 that landed at Jamestown, and see it expanding beyond the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies and the Ohio river, winning the Northwest territory under George Rogers Clark, sending forth Jefferson to draw the great declaration and to annex Louisiana, and to pioneer the new Northwest with Lewis and Clark; as we see the Pilgrims landing on the rock-bound coast, founding here this splendid Commonwealth, sending forth their sons and daughters with the implements of enterprise, culture, and invention to the ends of the earth, and glorifying work as the mission of man; as we see all the isolated colonies combining in union on the seacoast and uniting into a great stream pouring westward; as we see the Father of Waters dividing his lavish gifts between the eastern and western sides of the Union, and bearing their products to the gulf, and vetoing, as it were, the two sectional divisions of North and South, who can say that Nature herself did not cry out for union, and bear its impress on the very countenance of the land uplifted to the skies?

Now, gentlemen, there is but one vital issue that has ever divided the people of our country. All the rest is "leather and prunella." Tariff, currency, whether sound or elastic, irrigation, reciprocity, railroad freights, or what not, come and go like the seasons. One issue alone has stuck and stayed. It is a peculiar issue, an abnormal issue, that of the colored race. There is no use and small justice in continually blaming anybody in this country for its existence; and least of all could you blame Virginia. If you wish to blame anybody, blame the negro who organized his own slavery, but rather pity him. Blame the sea-rover who brought him. Blame the slave-trader who sold him. Blame the kings and queens and corporations and traffickers that made money out of him. The very slightest blame, if any, attaches to Virginia.

Twenty-two times Virginia protested against having the colored man come here. And the reason he did come here is because Virginia was not a republic, but belonged to our old imperialistic mother that lived on the other side of the water. She was speculating in him and making a fortune out of him; and we as an insignificant colony vainly said, "Thou shalt not." It was a great amelioration of his condition to come here, and slavery to him was the alternative of being roasted and served up as a dainty dish to set before an African king. For he started his own slavery; and, when one tribe captured another tribe, the first amelioration of the practice of serving the dinner was to sell him in slavery to the white man. And, where slavery started, slavery still exists—in the Dark Continent.

Gentlemen, you have never seen this subject from the standpoint that some of us have seen it. And the trouble about it is, first, that those who have tried to deal with it were very distant from it and those who were close to it did not exactly know what to do about it. They were in a hard place, and couldn't see their way out. But the great difficulty we have down in our country in dealing with it was the consideration of this problem: in many of the Southern states they were a great majority, in my own state in a very considerable number. This question presented itself: If you destroy slavery, what are you going to do with the corpse? Does anybody know what will be done with it? I do not. If you know, I would be glad for you to tell

me. But I do know this: that the American people have never had a problem to deal with for which their courage and skill and wisdom were insufficient.

And I feel about this problem as Stephenson felt when he went up to London and begged Parliament to grant him a charter for his railroad. The members of that body said to him, "Explain to us how you will build it." And he answered, "Gentlemen, I am not quite able to explain how I will build it; but I have studied the subject enough to know that, if you will grant me the charter, I will build it." They gave him the charter, and he did build the railroad.

This I also know: that, when John Smith's little band landed at Jamestown in 1607, and the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock in 1620, they had three thousand miles of ocean behind them and three thousand miles of race question before them. Their descendants remain; but where is their race question?

We look over the whole face of the earth, and read the "universal manuscript of nature." From India to the West Indies, from Cuba and Porto Rico to Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippine Islands, from the Russian snows to the South African veldts and gold fields, it tells one tale. That tale is this: that the white face is the face of the born leaders, achievers, thinkers, kings, and rulers of men.

Gentlemen, the issues of past generations fade away from us, and new problems rise on the horizon. You believe that in your mighty fight for union you fought for us as well as for yourselves and for the generations that shall follow us. We believe in the South that in our fight for the supremacy of our race we have fought for you as well as for ourselves, and for the civilization, power, and general welfare of our country.

Being a Virginian, loving my state and people first of all, I have followed her fortunes and shared her fate. It was not my fortune to fight under the flag of the Union; but time and again I fought as close to it as the other fellow would let me. But when my first-born son was eighteen years of age, the age at which I donned my gray jacket, I was proud to see him put on his blue coat, and under the banner of my country go with her sons to Cuba, that the bounds of freedom might be wider yet. To tell you the truth of it, had it not been for the fact that I was

a piece of damaged goods left over from the great fire of 1861, I give you my word I should have gone with him.

Your entertainment and your greeting to-night have crowned a day of hospitality, courtesy, and kindness which have made a deep impression not only upon my mind, but as well upon my heart. No city that I have ever visited possesses an air of more elegant refinement than Boston, and none contains to American eyes more visible and significant relics of the great American story. One thing that particularly prepossessed me with your people was the reading that I have given to accounts of the Civil War from the pens of your writers. Ropes, Rhodes, Whittier, Dodge, Palfrey, and last but not least, Charles Francis Adams have told the truth as they saw it, in that manly, candid fashion which would enforce respect and admiration even from those reluctant to accord it. On the other hand, permit me to say that, were those with whom I was most intimately associated in the struggle of the past without other portrayal of their great characters and great deeds, they might nevertheless be assured in the words of these truth-loving and truth-speaking men, that those characters and those deeds would find in the future honorable remembrance and just appreciation.

Truth and Honor—upon these pillars may the friendship of Massachusetts and Virginia ever endure, and in the union of hearts and union of hands which our fathers foredreamed and for which they forebuilted may their people and their posterity find happiness no vain pursuit, and liberty illuminating and uplifting the world a splendid reality.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR

Mr. Mayor Blodget and Gentlemen of the City Government of Worcester.

Fellow-Citizens: The city of Worcester could have conferred upon me no higher or more congenial honor than that conveyed by the invitation to come into your midst and to speak to you in memory of your foremost and most beloved citizen, the late Senator George Frisbie Hoar.

I accepted it with reverent sense of the dignity of the occasion, and with devout appreciation of the gentle sentiments that inspired it. My task would be wholly unshadowed were it not for apprehensive thoughts as to my ability to portray justly the great and noble character of your departed friend. Even these are in a measure soothed when I recall that my omissions will be filled by your knowledge of his virtues, and that the imperfections of my portrayal will be more than supplied by your vivid memories of his living presence. I take courage, too, from my own knowledge of Senator Hoar.

He was a simple man. He was, indeed.

As the great only are in their simplicity, sublime.

At Washington City, as here at home, he lived the simple life, and he loved the simple ways. He had no taste for ostentations or frivolities, and his earnest, honest soul could have found no satisfaction in "gay religions filled with pomp and gold."

In my thoughts I have often associated him with Macaulay's description in his Essay on Milton of the English Puritan, "whose love for liberty was a part of his religion," and who walked as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye." As Milton said of himself, so might he have said: "I am not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, nor the character of the freeman by the actions of the slave; but by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied." When such a man passes away, sorrow must come to the people as well as to

An address delivered at Worcester, Massachusetts, on Patriots' Day, 1904, at the Memorial Observances of Senator George Frisbie Hoar.

the family, kindred and friends who dwelt within the circle of his cheering influence.

But the day that commemorates his life is a day of triumph.

That triumph calls for no gaudy demonstration or specious eulogy, and I shall be content if I may in a plain way unfold my conception of the man.

The junior Senator of Massachusetts, Governor Crane, said of him to his colleagues in the Senate: "You all know how he loved his home, his state, and with what pride and affection he always referred to his beloved Massachusetts, and he believed that the man who loves his household and his kindred and his town and his state best, will love his country best, and his life was given not to his home and state alone, but to his country." Indeed, did the Senate know this, for often by word and deed he had attested in their presence his affectionate regard, not only for the state and the people from whom he received his title as Senator, not only from the Republic as a whole, in whose service he had expended more than a third of a century of toil, but as well for distinctive states and communities which compose its fabric, and for the distant and feeble peoples to whom he was bound alone by the instincts and sympathies of humanity.

My own state of Virginia and its people were often the recipients of his friendly attention in kind actions, and in generous words, and I could not come to his home and forget to express the sentiments of gratitude and respect which they felt toward him living or the sorrow with which they learned that he was dead.

The triumph of his life commingles with "Patriots' Day"—the day of Concord and Lexington—of which this is the 130th anniversary. Its history could not be written without traversing the lineage of George Frisbie Hoar, and treading in his footprints. "My grandfather," said he, "and two great-grandfathers and three of my father's uncles were at Concord in the Lincoln company, of which my grandfather, Samuel Hoar, whom I well remember, was lieutenant on the 19th of April, 1775." Neither could you pursue the story that began at Concord without reviving his antecedents. His mother's father was Roger Sherman. She as a girl sat on the knees of Washington.

Roger Sherman had the unique distinction of being the only American whose name was signed to all those great state papers:

(*First*). The Association of 1774.

(*Second*). The Articles of Confederation.

(*Third*). The Declaration of Independence.

(*Fourth*). The Constitution of the United States.

At Concord, too, was the birthplace of Senator Hoar; and as Concord throbbed in his every heart-beat until that heart was cold in death, so liberty bell rang in his ears until they knew only the realm of silence. I might say of him as Lamar said of Sumner: "Liberty to him was a grand, intense truth, inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablets of his inner conscience, to deny which would have been to deny that he himself existed." Can we wonder that liberty was the love and the dream of his life? "We are quotations," says the philosopher of Concord, "from our ancestors."

In July, 1898, Senator Hoar was the guest of the Virginia Bar Association, and he delivered before them an address which was appreciated and will be long remembered.

William Wirt Henry, a grandson of Patrick Henry, of whom Mr. Hoar justly speaks as one of the foremost lawyers and historians of the South, proposed this sentiment:

Massachusetts and Virginia:

Foremost in planting the English colonies in America;

Foremost in resisting British tyranny;

Foremost in the Revolution which won our independence and established our institutions;

May the memories of the past be the bonds of the future.

The memories of my own childhood days awaken as I come amongst the associations of this great day of Concord and Lexington. I see again the picture books, and I hear again the tales of the deeds that were done there in the awakening of the nation. I see your hamlets and towns, even as I saw them in childhood's fancy, overtopping, and outshining splendid vistas of stately cities, and I see again the farmer soldiers clothed with vestments that outdazzled the robes of kings. The hearts of my forefathers had been stirred by those scenes when they were fresh realities, nor were they slow to respond to them. Presently Morgan, with his march-stained riflemen from the right bank of

the Potomac, filed into line upon the plains of Boston. Harry Lee marshaled there his Light Horse Troops. The frontier Indian fighter and planter from Mount Vernon took his place at the head of that army, which closed its work at Yorktown. A new Concord, a new Lexington, a new Boston, and a new Bunker Hill sprung forth in Virginia, and the map of the colonies was soon a constellation of their names. Yes, peculiar ties, and sacred ties they are, that bind together Massachusetts and Virginia.

These ties were welded in the battle fires that burned in the daybreak of hope of the "Old Colony" and of the "Old Dominion." Neither time nor difference of opinion, nor war, nor any deed or word of man, could or can unbind them. I feel this truth as I come amongst you, and, like you too, I love and venerate the memory of George Frisbie Hoar. I am proud as an American citizen that Massachusetts gave to my country such a Senator. I am grateful as a man that I possessed his noble friendship, and I deem it a privilege to bow in communion with you around these altars of "Patriots' Day," and to say with you: "Hosanna to the Highest!" rejoicing over the ever-living victory of Concord and Lexington, over the best of its perennial fruitage, a free and self-respecting people at peace with themselves, and over the stainless life of a brave and honest public servant crowned with honor.

It is not my purpose to review the long and active career of Senator Hoar, nor to quote at all, unless in some passing allusion, the great questions of by-gone generations with which he was identified. They were inherited not only from our forefathers over the the seas, but also from the long procession of centuries which precede them. They began in the tragedies of savagery and strife and despotism in the dark continent. They were perpetuated and transferred to us by the imperial systems of the old world without our consent, by systems indeed against which our very birth as a people was a protest. They were settled through tragedies here that darkened the morning light of the fresh young nation which was destined to achieve in God's Providence the greatest triumphs of human liberty that ever cheered the heart of man and to make this continent the foundation of the greatest structure of human rights that

ever lifted its spires and domes to heaven. The settlement was conclusive. It rests on the common acceptance. None would reopen it. War destroyed its cause forever. All rejoice that it ended the only serious differences that ever existed among the different segments of the American people. While many problems arise before us and will continually arise anew, as our nation presses forward in its works of achievement, there is no one amongst us to-day that does not feel that our national life is dedicated to a high mission which will compass about far generations and distant climes with its blessings, and assure to us and our descendants the best gifts ever bestowed by our Creator on man according to our virtue and our wisdom. Let us leave, then, to history the things of difference which have passed away, and speak of those great qualities of Senator Hoar which made a deep impression upon all his countrymen, which will not pass away; but return to them all a generous heritage. He once said that "the bedrock of all of our institutions, political, moneyed and charitable, is personal character," and it was his personal character which gave power for good to his genius and to his attainments. It won for him the respect and affections of men, and opened the way for reconciliations, adjustments and achievements which would have lingered and miscarried without it.

August 29th, 1826, was the birthday of Senator Hoar, and the 30th of September, 1904, was the date of his death.

Between these dates that tell the tale of his well-nigh eighty years, this nation has grown from about twelve millions to nearly eighty millions in population, and the states have multiplied from twenty-one to forty-five. The whole railroad system of the United States had been created which now comprises over two hundred thousand miles of trackage, overspreading the continent, interlacing the states and linking the oceans. Thousands of inventions have equipped and illuminated the homes of the people with conveniences and luxuries, and made them surpass the palaces of nobles "in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth." The Mexican War had been fought, new commonwealths had been added on our southern frontier, and completed our boundaries to the Golden Gate. The prodigious Civil War, which carried to the field nearly three millions of soldiers, shook the

continent, and at its close they vanished to their peaceful occupations. African slavery had been abolished, not only from our country, but as well in South America and the West Indian Islands. The dreadful aftermath of reconstruction had ended, and with universal acquiescence, the Union decreed by the fiat of war had become again the union of hearts and hands. The last remnant of Spanish imperialism had been swept away from the continent that Columbus discovered, and the ashes of the discoverer had been borne back to the kingdom that sent him forth. More Senators who had been Confederate officials had occupied at one time seats in the Senate of the United States than there were seats to fill in the Senate of the Southern Confederacy. Men who have met each other on the bloody fields of civil strife, again in honor preferring one another, touched elbows, and bore the Stars and Stripes in fraternal emulation from the hills of Santiago to the Philippine Islands and to the wall of Pekin. The Hawaiian Islands, two thousand miles distant from our shores; Porto Rico, in the Caribbean Sea, and the Philippine group in Asia, with from eight to twelve millions of souls, have been added to our national dominion. The twentieth century had found the American republic in its prosperity, North, South, East, and West attesting the greatest example of self-government that the world has ever witnessed, and yet stretching its mighty wings over distant countries and entering upon an imperial career—the outcome of which arouses the expectations of mankind and strains the imagination. Our citizens, sprung from humble homes and avocations, had amassed fortunes that extinguish the fame of Cræsus and made pale the myth of the Count of Monte Cristo. The marvels of science had outstripped the fancies of the Arabian Nights. Chartered commercial bodies have framed organizations more powerful than the combinations of cabinets or the conventions of kings; and as widespread in their influence as are the genius and enterprise of man.

The life of this one man thus spanned a period of growth, expansion and progress, of his own country and of the world, which startles the mind when we contemplate its vastness, its triumphs and its swift strokes of redundant and consummating power. No such equal territory in the universe was ever before

like America, the scene of such stupendous and such rapid evolutions of advancement. No five centuries of the previous history of mankind were so signalized by the masterful achievements of intellect, of moral and physical heroism, or of material progressions.

This mighty period of striving and contention has closed in the "married calm of states." The Congress unanimously, and the President cordially, have returned to the Southern States every one of their flags which were captured in the Civil War, and in coming here at this time I have the double satisfaction of expressing the gratitude of my people for this high act of national grace and magnanimity toward them, and of declaring my conviction that the great and good man whom we mourn did much by his wise and generous course to produce the possibility of this feat of peace and friendship. And I may say of him, and of my country, in the same breath, "Thy gentleness hath made thee great."

As we look forth upon our multitudinous nation from the coign of vantage we have reached, we may rejoice that not one of the multitude feels that he is "a man without a country." There is none who does not realize that through our conflict we have achieved greater respect and fresh friendship for each other; none who is ashamed of the past; none who fears the future; none who is not ready to give his life for his country.

The unique distinction belongs to the American republic that with over a century of national life behind it, including the stupendous civil or sectional war, not a single life has been lost upon the scaffold or under the red hand of execution for political opinion's sake. America alone of all the great nations of history can say this. There is the star of first magnitude on the forehead of liberty enlightening the world.

There were men who in their day were greater factors in dealing with the issues of this now past epoch just before and during the Civil War and immediately afterwards, but there is no American citizen around whose name are entwined the memories of so long a part of that epoch as Senator Hoar. Were the political history of America written for that whole period, there is no man, living or dead, who would fill so large a space as he, no one who possesses a more honorable name.

THE LAWYER

For twenty years, from 1849 to 1869, Mr. Hoar practiced his profession in this city, becoming counsel at one time or another for every one of the fifty-two towns that compose the county. He was thrown into intimate relations with thrifty farmers, ingenious mechanics, and distinguished inventors, as well as the able lawyers of this community, and he received in his professional career a practical as well as professional experience which admirably prepared him for the Congressional digladiation to which he was soon translated.

To public affairs he was never indifferent. He presided at and addressed public meetings in advocacy of his party principles.

He served for one year in each house of the Massachusetts legislature. He twice declined the mayoralty of your city; and twice also the position of judge upon your supreme bench. Of your libraries, lyceums, and institutions, and of all things that appeal to the public spirit, he was a constant and zealous advocate.

He was a member of the Unitarian Church, of which the present chaplain of the Senate, his lifetime friend, the renowned clergyman, Edward Everett Hale, who opened this meeting with prayer, was the pastor.

He interwove himself into the affairs and affections of his people, and one could never think of Worcester without thinking of him; nor of him without thinking of his beloved city.

He recounts that at his admission to the bar, his highest ambition was to become an office lawyer, and he supposed that he was without capacity for public speaking, and that his dream was to earn \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year, have a room in some quiet place, and earn enough to acquire rare books that could be had without much cost.

He says of himself that he could honestly say with George Herbert: "I protest and I vow I even study thrift, and yet I am scarcely able with much ado to make one-half year's allowance shake hands with the other. And yet if a book for four or five shillings come in my way, I buy it, though, I fast for it, be it the sum of ten shillings."

SENATE

After serving four years in the House of Representatives, Mr. Hoar became a Senator on March 4th, 1877.

Of his career in the Senate these things may be said: He was the most thoroughly equipped man in public life for the diversified duties of the Senatorial office. His mind was imbued with the culture of the classics, as well as of the history and literature of the moderns, and he had wonderful power of applying his rich stores of learning to current matters of discussion. No Senator ever dedicated his abilities with more entire concentration to the discharge of the duties of the Senatorial office. He had no look beyond the walls of the Senate for the preferments of executive favor, and he justly conceived that to discharge that office well, was consummation as of high and pure ambition as should fill the breast of an American statesman. Most justly he believed that no Senator should permit himself to accept any executive appointment while yet a Senator, however high or honorable it might be, and while he neither felt nor possessed invidious thought as to the distinguished men who have been Senators, and at the same time executive ministers, commissioners or agents, he was thoroughly convinced and ably argued against any departure whatever from this principle. "No man can serve two masters." "Avoid the appearance of evil." In this great maxim, and in this wise admonition, both of which come from the Gospels, lay the philosophies of his doctrine, and they are so intrenched in the wisdom and experience of mankind that they must inevitably become the doctrine of the body in which he both illustrated and enjoined it. Neither did Senator Hoar ever indulge any ambition for any office outside of the Senate. Twice was he offered the place of Ambassador to Great Britain, and once when a friend congratulated him upon this distinction, he replied that high and great as the office was, he regarded it as no promotion to a Senator of Massachusetts.

His labors in the Senate were of the most diversified character. He served on the Committee on Patents, on Claims, revision of Laws, on the Joint Committee on the Library, the Committee on Woman's Suffrage, the Committee on Rules, and on the Committee on Privileges and Elections, the Committee on Claims against Nicaragua, and for twenty years he was on the

Committee on the Judiciary and for eighteen years its chairman. In all these committees he made his mark, and there is no great subject that was before Congress in his time upon which he did not make some important utterance. It is impracticable on this occasion to give even a summary of his legislative works. Many of them, toilsome and effective, were not such as go of record. But many passed into laws, and few men have left of record more indubitable marks of constructive ability. The act for counting the electoral vote; the Presidential succession act; the national bankruptcy act; the act for the settlement of Southern claims; the bureau of education act—these are some of the fruitions of his tireless energy and application to the public service.

At an early day, when the feelings generated by the Civil War were but little liberalized, he advocated the just and wise policy of paying the damages inflicted by the war in the cases of institutions of charity, education and religion. This was indeed in the House of Representatives, before he came to the Senate, and while his political associates were in but little sympathy with him, and in that body he moved forward on lines of liberalism as far and as fast as he felt a just regard to all considered would permit. The old College of William and Mary, in Virginia, was the first recipient of the benefit of his doctrine, and it was his course on that subject which many years ago made for him a warm place in the respect and the good will of the people of Virginia.

Many who view the Capitol and its rich surroundings conclude that the members of Congress are rich also.

Once a Pennsylvania editor charged that Mr. Hoar lived on terrapin and champagne, had been an inveterate office-seeker all his life, and had never done a stroke of useful work.

Instead of getting mad, Senator Hoar wrote a letter stating his small inheritance and possessions; how often he had refused office and never dishonored one; how he had gotten poorer and poorer year by year in Washington; that he had never been able to hire a house there, but experienced the varying fortune of Washington boarding houses, and lived a good deal of the time in a fashion which no mechanic earning two dollars a day would subject his household. "The terrapin is all in my eye; fish-

balls and coffee on Sunday morning are my chief luxury." But said he: "I have a dim glimpse of the beatific vision, and in that hour when the week begins, all the terrapin of Philadelphia and Baltimore, and all the soft-shell crabs on the Atlantic shore, may pull at my trousers legs and thrust themselves on my notice in vain."

Foremost among the problems of the new epoch is the problem of the trusts and combinations, and the repression of the monopolies arising out of them. It is a notable fact that Senator Hoar was the author of the only remedy that has been devised by the Congress of the United States. His measure is misnamed the "Sherman Law," which it substituted, and as Senator Hoar facetiously says in his autobiography: "It was so called for no other reason that I can think of except that Mr. Sherman had nothing to do with framing it whatever." This law was enacted in 1890. The courts have upheld it. It is applied in many and great causes, and it furnishes the stamen from which the new and far-reaching legislation is likely to spring. The distinctive honor is Senator Hoar's, and he was the pioneer, the constructive statesman in this new field of our jurisprudence.

THE PHILIPPINES

In his view against the annexation of the Philippine Islands to this country, I thoroughly concurred with Senator Hoar, and felt it my duty to make a speech in the Senate against the policy which reversed, as I thought, the principles and traditions of the Republic. Some criticised Southern men for so doing, on the ground of their relations to the black people of the South. It was my knowledge of, and my experience with, an alien race in the South that all the more stimulated my opposition to complicating our Republic in the affairs of a conglomerate and alien race of the Orient. Anxious as I was to support President McKinley, for whom I not only entertained a high respect, but also the most cordial feeling of personal friendship, I could not believe it well to graft an Oriental empire on the American Republic. Besides, the fundamental doctrines of our Constitution and the teachings of the Fathers were in the way. The Republic does not believe in the fruits that come under "conquest's crimson wing." "This country," said Lincoln on the eve of the

Civil War, "can not remain half free and half slave." No nation can remain long half republic and half empire.

I had no little gratification in listening to and reading the speeches of Senator Hoar on the subject. They were of the quality not inferior to those of Edmund Burke. They marked the perihelion of this great career which was predicated from first to last on his convictions of fundamental right. That, as he conceived it, he would not abandon even though the party whose cradle he had rocked and whose career he had fostered bade him do so. Nay, not even though the voice of his beloved Massachusetts no longer re-enforced him and cheered him on. Most honorable was his high and independent course on this subject; and honorable indeed was it to Massachusetts that, though differing with him, she re-elected him to the Senate and showed her abiding love and veneration for a man of pure heart and of clear conviction who would not stoop to conquer.

Let it not be fancied that I am criticising those who either differed with Senator Hoar or myself; this is no time or place for that. Strong as my convictions were and are on this subject, I recognize the complicated conditions with which we have had to deal. I do not distrust the patriotic purpose of those who differ with me and I am no harsh judge of my fellow-men. Some have thought that your junior Senator, who was at variance with his colleague on this topic, should in his chaste and able address on Senator Hoar have given to Senator Hoar the praise for his course which so many have lavished upon him. With all respect, permit me to say that I can not concur in these views, and I can only hope that my own reference to a topic upon which so many of you are divided will be recognized to be entirely without invidiousness and that this brief history is only related to give the prominence which it deserves to the exalted and unselfish character of the great exponent of a great principle.

ORATOR AND DEBATER

That Mr. Hoar was a great orator and debater is as well known as any fact in the history of the Congress. He seemed always ready. His speeches on sudden occasions were often as rich with information and with illustration as those composed with all the adjuncts of deliberation and reflection. He never

failed to command attention, for he always concentrated his arguments and appeals upon the crucial points and seldom ranged into discursions. When he spoke upon great principles which were imbedded in his convictions, the very fire of his soul poured forth in glowing eloquence or in stern and keen invective. No matter what was the theme or humor of the discussion, the keynote of his invocation was always pitched in tune with the highest and best sensibilities of human nature. We have heard of men being warned not to speak above their audience. Happy is he who can speak up to the level of his audience. Senator Hoar always spoke with upturned countenance, as if the sentiments he uttered were themselves of such nature as to elevate both audience and orator to a high plane.

A subtle wit, a delicious sense of humor, an exquisite taste, and the delicacies of literary embellishment, were apt to display themselves in his discourses; and when he delivered orations or lectures before select audiences on particular subjects, he was sure to produce a contribution to their literature, which brought together the richest fruits, of history, poesy, philosophy, research, and reflection. It is to be hoped and believed that his numerous addresses of this character will be collected and published, and until that is done there will remain a vacuum in the libraries that contain the works of Webster, of Choate, of Everett, Winthrop, and Sumner, which can not be filled until those of George Frisbie Hoar are added. "Sir," said Lamar to one who was discussing Senator Hoar a quarter of a century ago, "Massachusetts has never been more powerfully represented in the Senate, not even in the time of Daniel Webster, than by Mr. Hoar." Nor will she be better represented than by him when his addresses take their place in that great company.

"The orator of to-day," said Mr. Hoar in a speech he made two years ago in Chicago, "puts his emphasis on glory, on empire, on power, on wealth." There is no speech of Mr. Hoar that I have ever heard, and none of his that I have ever read, that puts its emphasis on any of them.

There are, indeed, four mighty pillars of national power and prestige, but the eternal laws of moral gravity which made him say that "Justice, Veracity, Unselfishness, Character, lay at the foundation of all national and all individual greatness;" on

these we have foundations on which all the pillars rest with the lights of Heaven in the canopy above them.

Some one asked Senator Hoar how to study oratory. He answered: "Read the Greek orations."

If you will read after Senator Hoar you will see that he had read them, chewed them, and digested them.

One great speech of his let me quote. It was on the death of President McKinley. It deserves to live forever, and it will live forever. It is the spirit of true Americanism in noblest expression.

(*First*). "You and I are Republicans. You and I are men of the North. Most of us are Protestant in religion. We are men of native birth.

"Yet if every Republican were to-day to fall in his place as William McKinley has fallen, I believe our countrymen of the other party, in spite of what we deem their errors, would take the Republic and bear on the flag to liberty and to glory."

There are patriotism, liberality, and magnanimity.

(*Second*). "I believe that if every Protestant were to be stricken down by a lightning stroke, our brethren of the Catholic faith would still carry on the Republic in the spirit of a true and liberal freedom."

There is broad and just and Catholic religious freedom and faith.

(*Third*). "I believe that if every man of native birth within our borders were to die to-day, the men of foreign birth who have come here to seek homes and liberty under the shadow of the Republic, would carry it on in God's appointed way."

There is the right hand of friendship, hospitality and trust to those who come hither from beyond the seas.

(*Fourth*). "I believe that if every man of the North were to die, the new and chastened South, with the virtues it has cherished from the beginning of love of home and of love of state, and love of freedom, with its courage and its constancy, would take the country and bear it on to the achievement of its lofty destiny. The anarchist must slay 75,000,000 Americans before he can slay the Republic."

There shines the upright form of the American.

(*Fifth*). "William McKinley has fallen from his high place. The spirit of anarchy, always the servant of the spirit of despotism, aimed his shaft at him and his life for this world is over. But there comes from his fresh grave a voice of lofty triumph: 'Be of good cheer. It is God's way.'"

There is the Christian spirit.

"Thy will be done." "Thy Kingdom come." The Lord's Prayer.

He was a man of large and varied capacities; both solid and brilliant. He possessed intense and refined feelings. He was a devoted student, and he drank deeply of the Pierian spring. He loved books and all the associations of letters. He held constant communications with the mighty spirits and sages of the past; and to him they still moved and lived and had their being in the majesty of high thoughts, and in the glory of great deeds. His sympathies were co-extensive with humanity. His individuality was as distinct as a separate star. His temperament and imagination were those of the poet. He had the mingled enthusiasm of the artist, the scholar, of the reformer, of the moral propagandist, and they realized his principles. Men of this temperament and of this quality may sometimes overlook the nature of material in which they work, and the leader in his enthusiasm may advance beyond the capacity of the blind to follow.

I would not desecrate this occasion by any uncandid thought. He was a manly man, one who always stood up to be counted, and it is due to the manly spirit that I should say that, from my standpoint, Senator Hoar made mistakes of this character. "He who has not made mistakes," said Marshal Turenne, "has not made war." We might extend the maxim and declare that he who has not made mistakes has not made anything. Whatever mistakes a man of the spirit, character, and caliber of Senator Hoar might make from the standpoint of some contemplations, it is to me a self-evident fact that his many magnificent strokes of patriotic and humane achievement were admirable from all standpoints of contemplation. He pushed always to the front of the battle with such splendid valor of conviction and such purity of purpose that he won the hearts of those who differed with him as well as those who coincided with him. He was a

hero worshipper, and a hero himself, and, like Martin Luther, he would not have turned back from the mission of his conscience though devils from the house-tops scowled upon him.

He was an optimist, feeding his faith on the evidences of things unseen, and comforting his spirit with the substance of things hoped for. His high hopes were not the mere emotions of a sanguine temperament, they were the result of his moral instincts and of his intellectual convictions.

Brice, the author of the *American Commonwealth*, says: "America is the country where things turn out better than they ought to." Mr. Hoar always thought that things ought to turn out all right, and that therefore they were obliged to and would turn out all right.

"God is in His heaven; all's right with the world."

No winter of discontent was so bleak and barren that through its chill he did not feel the sunshine and hear the song-birds of the spring that would be.

A lady of my state and her daughter once looked upon the Senate. When they returned home, each with the same breath said: "We like Senator Hoar's face; it is full of sunshine and benevolence." He was as he looked; and I use the language he applied to Edward Everett Hale: "A prophet of good hope and a preacher of good cheer," and he said of himself: "The lesson which I have learned in life and which is impressed on me more and more daily as I grow old is the lesson of good-will and good hope." I believe that to-day is better than yesterday, and that to-morrow will be better than to-day."

He felt that truth so exquisitely expressed by the laureate of England:

I doubt not through the ages an unceasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are ripened with the process of the suns.

He regarded Thomas Jefferson as the foremost man that ever lived, whose influence has led men to govern themselves in the conduct of states by spiritual laws. This, to my mind, was the leading characteristic of Senator Hoar, and there was an elevation and spirituality in his teachings generous and unrelenting which surpassed that of any public character of his day and generation. His high ideal of this nation was that of "a great and free people, voluntarily governing itself by a law higher than its

own desire;" and it is a greater, a better, and a freer people that he lived and served it.

The influence of his life and character dies not with him. His spirit will hover over you and will suffuse itself into the thoughts and the hearts and the doings of the men and women of Massachusetts for years and years to come. Nor here alone will be potent. It has overspread the nation. It has gone to the uttermost parts of earth. Everywhere it will remain a force for the uplifting of mankind. The rains descend; but who can tell what valleys the mountain rivulet will fertilize? The sunshine glorifies the hill, the field, and the valley, but who can tell where will spring the flowers that will suck in the sweetness of light and gather their colors from its beams? The storm-winds scatter the seeds of tree, and grass, and flower, but who may know where they will clothe the earth with verdure, or where the forest and the orchard grow?

He was a worshipful man, full of reverence; his religion was the key of the morning and the bolt of the night. What are the wages of this man's life, so laborious, so dutiful?

Not riches—as the counting-room may compute them. Not wages worthy of his hire. Greater confines of blessedness were his. Wife, children, and friends. The praise of confidence inspired, and reverence achieved from minds opposed. The suffrage from year to year, and from generation to generation of a devoted constituency. A home beautiful in its modest simplicity, the nest which he had builded, in which he nurtured alike the beings of his love and the great dream of his humanity.

An old age serene and bright,
And lovely as an Arctic night.

A high place in the nation's life and in its counsels and a life assured in "a people's voice, the proof and echo of all human fame." His soul thirsted as every great soul must thirst; his spirit reached forth as every fine spirit must reach, for something more than all these things—many and great and dear and cherished as they were. To him it was not all of life to live, nor all of death to die. Passing forms of existence were not to him processions to the dust. He believed in the immortality of the soul.

The immortality of the soul was to him a conscious reality. He believed with Plato "that no man can be a true worshipper of the gods that does not know that the soul is immortal." He felt that this faith and this hope was "the inspiration of all patriotism, the stimulant to all heroism, the fountain of all love and the consoler in all sorrow." He could "see no reason why He who created it could not satisfy it." "He who makes the ear, shall he not hear?" "He who makes the eye, shall he not see?" He who inspired this faith, shall he not fulfil it?

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,

Paid with a voice flying to be lost in an endless sea.

Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong.

Nay, she smiled not at glory, no lover of glory she;

Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death; if the wages of virtue be dust,

Would she have the heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet sea of the just,

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky.

Give her the wages of going on and not to die.

THIRD INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF AMERICAN STATES

The Senate having under consideration H. R. 17359, entitled "An Act making appropriations to supply additional urgent deficiencies in the appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, and for prior years, and for other purposes."—

MR. HALE said: I ask that the formal reading of the bill be dispensed with, and that the amendments be considered as they are reached in the bill.

The Vice-President. Without objection it is so ordered.

The Secretary will read.

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The reading of the bill was concluded.

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The Vice-President. The question is, Shall the bill pass?

MR. DANIEL. Mr. President, I wish to address the Senate, but I do not desire to interrupt the Senator from Maine. He probably has something to say on the bill.

MR. HALE. It does not interrupt me. Of course, if the Senator has any proposition to make, or any remarks to submit, it can be done now.

MR. DANIEL. Mr. President, I desire to call attention to line 9, on the first page of the bill, and to the provisions thereafter made for the Third International Conference of American States to be held at the city of Rio de Janeiro. I will read that part of the bill and the amendment which I had proposed, and which has been adopted on the suggestion of the Committee on Appropriations:

To meet the actual and necessary expenses of the delegates of the United States to the Third International Conference of American States to be held at the city of Rio de Janeiro, beginning on the 21st day of July, 1906, and of their salaried clerical assistants, to be expended in the discretion of the Secretary of State, and to continue available during the fiscal year 1907, \$60,000.

Remarks made in the United States Senate April 4th, 1906, in advocacy of Southern Representation at the Third International Conference of American States at Rio de Janeiro.

To that clause of the bill or act the committee, on my motion, recommended the adoption of the amendment which is in the following words:

Said delegates shall be appointed so that, as far as practicable, the different sections of the country shall be represented.

As to the form of this appropriation, Mr. President, it occurs to me that we are following the fashion in making it which has become too common—that of being indefinite and vague in our appropriations. I am not going to oppose the proposition in view; indeed, I am in favor of it. The Secretary of State has set forth in the hearing before the House committee the valuable ends to be subserved in the conference of American states. I believe his views are wise and just, and that we should seek in all befitting ways to get in closer trade communion with the sister republics of South and Central America.

But this method of appropriation is an exceedingly loose one. It will be observed that we are appropriating \$60,000, in the discretion of the Secretary of State, for this international conference for the purpose of paying the expenses of delegates and their clerical assistants. It will also be observed that no number of delegates is mentioned; that no definition of their duties is attempted; that no term of service is indicated; that they are not made confirmatory by the Senate, and that the appropriation is unbounded by any of the definitions which should usually accompany appropriations.

OBJECT OF THE AMENDMENT NON-SECTIONAL AND NON-PARTISAN

The amendment was added that the delegates shall be appointed so that, as far as practicable, the different sections of the country should be represented, for the reason that the committee thought the time had passed when that great section of the Union in the southern part of the Republic should take so little part in the great affairs of this nation. I am heartily in favor of that amendment, which I initiated, and while I neither seek, nor suppose that I could at this juncture attain, any large practical result, I hope to put in the minds of my colleagues in the Senate a fair view of a situation which ought to be recognized by whatever party is in power.

No partisan feelings actuate me, and I intend to appeal to none on the part of anybody. The facts must speak for themselves; and that fact is, Mr. President, that whatever may be its cause and whatever may be the method of its correction, there are some ten of twelve or more states in the American Union which have not a proper representative relation to this Government through official representatives in the higher spheres of political life.

WHY THE SOUTH IS NOT PROPORTIONATELY REPRESENTED IN
THE HIGHER SPHERES OF POLITICAL LIFE

Of course we all recognize that, in a general way, it is the result of a mighty revolution, a constitutional revolution, a sectional revolution, a social revolution, a revolution that swept away the ancient landmarks and produced new ones for the guidance of the American people. I am not here to complain of that revolution on one side or another. The sides of it have disappeared. They belong to ancient history. A whole generation of mankind has come upon the stage and passed from it since that revolution ended. The population of the United States has nearly trebled since that revolution ended. The youths of to-day who are looking toward the future of this country do not compute that revolution or what happened to produce it or who were in it as factors in their schemes of life.

What can be the impediment to the proper and fair representation of all the Southern country in the high missions of political life? Unquestionably, Mr. President, it is in large measure, if not altogether, one of party relation. I shall discuss that aspect but lightly, for there is something in this question which is far above party relation. The fact could not be denied, and the man who asserted that there was not good material in all that Southern country, intellectual, moral, patriotic, and available for any mission that this government could bestow, would be looked upon as, and undoubtedly would be, a narrow-minded bigot. Those who belong to a political party that is not in sympathy on many principles with the party in power no doubt realize, and should realize, that the ruling party is under no political or party obligations to them. They can neither seek nor expect what are called "political favors."

But, Mr. President, is it not time that all of us were giving our attention to the fact that the things about which the American people differ make but a very small percentage of the great mass of American affairs, and that if you were to compare their differences to the matters in which they agree, it would be as a fraction in contrast with a mighty whole number?

THE REMEDY

I do not know that I would be capable, even were I to study to do so, to suggest any remedy that would fully reach the trouble. It has got to be found in the hearts and in the minds of men who hold ever in view the fundamental fact that this is the mightiest representative Republic of the world, that it was fabricated with a view of having its geographical parts fairly and fully represented in the government autonomy and mechanism. As an ideal of human affairs and as a fabric of constructive genius, our Constitution was never surpassed in the cogitations or dreams of men. How, then, can we make the reality the nearer approach this scheme and this noble fancy of what our Government should be? Only by inculcating the spirit to do so, and only by doing so ourselves when we have the opportunity to do it.

CIVIL SERVICE AND THE MINOR POSITIONS ARE IN REPRESENTATIVE RELATIONS

In that great structure of civil service which has largely taken possession of the administrative and minor portions of our Government the principle for which I contend was put into actuality and has taken representative and proportionate form. I much prefer to praise rather than to criticise, to commend rather than to blame, and many things have been recently transpiring which have so heartily my commendation and recognition that I am justified in referring to them.

Under the minor departments of this Government, and under the rule of the party that is now in power, many of the states which do not give them a single electoral vote, and to which they can not at this time look for party ascendancy, are as fully, and sometimes more fully, represented in various bureaus and departments than those who are in accord with the party

in power. I consider that to be a most worthy and noble fact in our political history. It is one that should have recognition and high respect from all Americans, whatever may be their political contacts and associations, as an indication of the subsidence of sectionalism.

IN WAR THE SOUTH REPRESENTED, AND SECTIONALISM DISAP-
PEARED

There is another fact, Mr. President. Just as soon as the tocsin of war sounded in this land there was no section. If America had been comprehended in a ward or in a township, it could not have been more united with one thought nor more ready to stand up and to fight and to suffer and to die for one principle. Under the flag of the Union in the presence of an enemy all America was as one man.

And, Mr. President, the President of the United States was indeed the chief of a united army and a whole people. There were no discriminations in the commissions granted. There was no looking over the page of ancient history to inquire what a man was thirty or forty or fifty years ago, unless, Mr. President, with a fine ideal of making it more pleasant to one who might suppose that he was liable to being ignored to accept a mission and discharge the responsibilities which his then situation seemed to suggest and to impose upon him. It was a great scheme before the nations of all this earth when the American heart was touched by a great occasion. The electricity of patriotic thought found no non-conductor anywhere throughout the Republic, and geographical lines disappeared.

A STEP FORWARD

So, then, Mr. President, it makes it unpleasant for me, when I see that so much that is noble and commendable has been done, to hold up any page in which to my own fancy the people south of the Potomac and stretching to the Mississippi and down to the "Empire State" of Texas have not that recognition in the higher walks of the public service which due representation ought to accord to them.

This matter before us now is comparatively a small one, but it is not a matter to be ignored. One step at a time must be

taken in all advancements. We take one small step in this amendment.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE TO BE HELD IN JULY AT
RIO DE JANEIRO AND THE DELEGATES THERETO

In July the great South American republic of Brazil is to entertain at Rio de Janeiro the delegates to an international conference of American states. That republic has appropriated a half million dollars for that purpose; and when the delegates from the United States arrive there they will be met with the hospitality and generosity of a republic which has extended open arms and liberally provided to receive them.

How many delegates will go? The statute does not say. We learn through the hearings that it is in view to appoint five gentlemen. I have no objection to any of them. No doubt each one of them is in his personality a most fitting selection. Two of them, though, are from the great city of Chicago, in the state of Illinois. One is from Pennsylvania. Another is the late minister to Panama. I believe he hails originally from the trans-Mississippi and now from New York. The other is the Porto Rican delegate, not a representative, in the Congress of the United States. Porto Rico is recognized as being in the United States, so far as having a delegate to attend an international convention or conference of American states is concerned. If that delegate can explain to them fully and exactly the status of Porto Rico in connection with the American union, he will have a mind for jurisprudence and for expression such as our own country has not yet produced. I wish him a safe deliverance when he undertakes the exposition.

PORTO RICO REPRESENTED

MR. BACON. With the Senator's permission, I will call his attention to the fact that the Delegate from Porto Rico is not a citizen of the United States under our law. The act, if the Senator will pardon me, which organized the government of Porto Rico, expressly excluded Porto Ricans from citizenship of the United States and denominated them citizens of Porto Rico.

MR. DANIEL. Well, Mr. President, he is an attaché or some sort of a citizen or sub-citizen—brevet citizen, I suppose. He is a highly intelligent gentleman and speaks Spanish, and he would be an appropriate person, no doubt, individuality considered.

NO SOUTHERN OR WESTERN MAN A DELEGATE IN CONTEM-
PLATION

I look in vain in this list or suggested list for any representative of that mighty domain that lies west of the Mississippi river; and as to the country bounded by the Gulf of Mexico and the Potomac, stretching to the Rio Grande, an American country, whose people speak English, I look in vain for the suggestion of a delegate.

Mr. President, no matter what anybody may say that is good or ill about the Republican party of this country, that it is a very great party they will not deny. It is a very able party also. It has in its councils and in its leadership men of very broad and comprehensive minds, and no one knows better than myself, Mr. President, the fact that amongst its representatives are many men of real Americanism and of generous and noble hearts. It is to that class of men that I bring this fact for attention. I yield to none of them in my own American sentiments; and the people to whom I belong, and all those millions of splendid American people south of the Potomac, yield to none of them in ideals of patriotic duty or in readiness to serve this country in any sort of fashion, whether with honors or emoluments or in the heat and burden of service. Most happily for all of us, sir, the spirit of distrust has vanished, and the country knows that as well as we do. Though it took a little time, perhaps not unnaturally, to convince them that it is a fact, many of all sections have helped to produce that fact and can take credit and honor to themselves that such is the case.

Chicago, to which I have no manner of objection, is a city that contains many of the brightest intellects in this country. It is eminently fitting to send a man from Chicago or Illinois to this international conference; but Chicago is far on the very northern border of this country. If you have a strong arm,

you can throw a rock from that point into the possessions of His Majesty King Edward VII. in Canada. Nobody seems to be thought of as yet in all that vast region of territory west of the Mississippi river or south of the line a good deal above the line of the Potomac.

THE MOVEMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION A WISE ONE

Mr. President, I am in favor of this movement. It is the third international convention that is to be held of those South American republics. The Secretary of State, a large-minded, learned, and intelligent American, intends to go on a visit at the time of this international conference to those southern American countries, to their capitals, to mingle amongst those people, and through those delegations to attempt to make closer trade and social relations between them and this North American republic. We have been seeking in small and tentative ways to do this since 1828; but the time is ripe, in the mighty conflict of nations for trade, for America to stretch forth her far-reaching hands to enlarge her commerce wherever she can. And those of us who are not in the close political association of those gentlemen who are in line with the present powers that be hope that they will take recognition of the fact that these thoughts are going through the people of the southern section as well as through the people of the northern section, and through the West as well as in the South. When the American nations are convened to meet those who represent this Republic it is right and just that all parts of this Republic, at least in broad sectional relations, should be brought in contact with them and have the opportunities for that enlargement of view and that information as to conditions which are so helpful to any community or to any people.

NEVER LESS IMPEDIMENT TO FULL REPRESENTATION OF EVERY PART OF THE COUNTRY

The people of the South, Mr. President, were for many years, for the most part, and remain largely, an agricultural people. They stuck to the fields and the woods and the plantations longer than any other portion of the American people, who are

now more diversifying their industries and their pursuits. But the wave, Mr. President, of the new régime is rolling over the South. Cities and towns of my own state, as well as those of other Southern states, if you could have looked at them twenty-five or thirty years ago and were to look at them to-day, you would not recognize as the same communities or conditions. Everywhere modern ideas and individual thrift are prevalent. In all of these Southern states the people from all sections are mingling together, attracted by the affinities of occupation and industry which are opening up to them, and there are unfolding boundless resources and opportunities nowhere on earth surpassed. There was never a day in the history of what we sometimes call the Anglo-Saxon people—English-speaking people, and here American people—in which the assimilation of the whole body politic was proceeding either so rapidly or so wholesomely as now. There was never a day in the history of this country when there was less impediment to the full representation of every part of the United States in anything that concerns the nation.

SHALL THE APPROPRIATION BE INCREASED?

I have been meditating, Mr. President, as to whether I would not offer as an amendment to this bill an increase of this appropriation by \$10,000. I have no disposition either to suggest to or to interfere with the President or Secretary of State in any plans they may have for the betterment of our commercial relations and for bringing the American Republic and the South American republics into closer relations. On the contrary, I am in sympathy with their efforts.

THE CONSIDERATIONS FOR THE CONFERENCE ADDUCED BY THE SECRETARY OF STATE

Let me read here some remarks of the Secretary of State, Mr. Root, before the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives and a few extracts of observations made in their hearings. Mr. Root said:

The Brazilian Government has appropriated half a million dollars for the expenses of the proposed conference. A committee of the board is now very actively engaged in the preparation of a program of subjects

for discussion. The committee meet this afternoon. It will include a number of subjects of very great interest to this country and to all other American countries, and I think that the work of the Bureau of American Republics, the existence of the international union, and the holding of these conferences afford altogether the best means of breaking up the comparative isolation of this country from the other countries of America and the establishing relations between us and them in place of the relations—the rather exclusive relations—that have existed hitherto between them and Europe.

Our relation with them has been largely a political relation, while, on the other hand, their racial ties of race and language and inherited customs and usage—the relations of which have come from the investment of great amounts of European capital in their country, which have come from the establishment of numerous and convenient lines of communication between them and Europe—have made the whole trend of South American trade and social relations and personal relations subsist with Europe rather than with the United States. So that, while we occupy the political attitude of warning Europe off the premises in Central and South America under the Monroe doctrine, we are comparatively strangers to them, and the Europeans hold direct relations with them.

Now, there is, I think, a strong and genuine desire on the part of the South American statesmen—and they have very many able ones—to promote a greater knowledge on the part of their people of the people of the United States, and on the part of our people a greater knowledge of the southern republics, and to promote greater intercourse. Just at this time, of course, the great increase of capital in the United States is on the threshold of seeking investment abroad. We are about at the close of the period during which all our capital and all our energy were engrossed at home, and I can see in the State Department an enormous increase of business relations between Americans and other countries. They are going into construction work, and they are pushing their way, making banking transactions, and all over Central and South America capital is ready to go. I take it to be the proper function of government to help create situations of friendly relations and good understanding, which will make it possible for capital to go.

Mr. Livingston. The banking question is one of the most serious drawbacks that I found in South America. Everything, no matter how small the transaction was, had to go around through the Bank of England and come to New York—everything.

Secretary Root. English and German bankers and commercial establishments, English and German built railroads, and everything is that way. It seemed to me that I could not do any more useful work to the country for the promotion of American trade interests and at the same time for the promotion of these relations which tend to maintain peace and harmony than to foster and advance this tendency, which finds its expression through the Union of American Republics and these successive conferences.

Mr. Livingston. One thing I find, Mr. Secretary, which you can correct easily, I think. The Germans and English made those people believe that our ulterior purpose was to cover them in, and that under this Monroe doctrine, and that that was all we held it for, to put our fingers on them one of these days and draw them into the net. That idea has got in among the common people. I found it so. Crespo, the President of Venezuela at that time, was very honest about it and told me about it. That was a great trouble. Their trade was with Germany and France. They believed we were under cover with their enemy, though openly their friend.

Mr. Littauer. Has it not been natural for them to trade with Europe, because they first got their financial capital from Europe, and their means

of communication were all in that direction? We had no capital to send to them at that time, and we have had no trade with them sufficient to warrant lines of communication.

Secretary Root. Yes. But I think we are just on the threshold of a different state of things.

Mr. Livingston. I think so, too.

Secretary Root. And I think we ought to use all proper means to open the doors. Accordingly we have sent in this recommendation, and, rather assuming that Congress would not reverse its established policy, expressed in statute after statute, and would not retire from the obligations that the United States has entered upon in this union of American republics, we have gone on, and while there have not been any appointments made, we have designated the people who will be appointed, if you will permit us.

Mr. Littauer. What power have these gentlemen so designated? The power to enter into discussion?

Secretary Root. The power to enter into discussion; yes.

Mr. Littauer. What else—a power to commit us in any way?

Secretary Root. No. They will have a right of referendum, but no power to commit us to anything that will not require two further steps before it can commit us—first, the approval of the President, and next, the approval of the Senate.

The Secretary of State recommended an appropriation of \$100,000 for the purposes of the conference; and the views he set forth, and which I have quoted, show in brief the considerations and objects that actuate the Administration.

The committee of the House cut down the estimate and the Secretary could get along, he says, with \$60,000, but I am meditating whether we had not better increase that reduced sum.

THE ALMOST PARADOXICAL STATUS

Our present status is almost paradoxical. With one voice we proclaim the American doctrine of Monroe, and we say to foreign nations, "Keep your hands off; do not interfere with these sister republics of ours." Then, Mr. President, our relation to the matter takes a sudden and mighty subsidence. Other nations have closer trade relations with them than we have. They fill the markets of Europe with their productions, and the markets of Europe send them back their productions, while we, who geographically, who politically, who constitutionally and historically, have the closest relations with them that we could have with foreign nations, are the least connected by the material actualities of life.

OBJECT IN INCREASE OF APPROPRIATION

If it would meet with favor of Senators upon the other side, I should move to amend this provision by increasing the appropriation. The increased appropriation would be made for the reason, in so far as I am suggesting it, that the Secretary of State or the President might not be embarrassed as to the selections which have been premeditated and which may, perhaps, though I do not know, have been so mentioned as to make it a matter of trouble or annoyance if different names were brought forward. There were twelve delegates to the last international conference, held in Mexico. We appropriated \$25,000, and the amount afterwards had to be doubled out of the contingent fund. I have no idea that the President or the Secretary of State would object to seeing on the board of American delegates men of the West or men of the South, or such a man or men of the West or South as might be appropriately put on this international conference. I do not attribute to either of them any harsh or unpatriotic views upon the subject. While I would not embarrass them or interfere with them, it might be better to enlarge the appropriation to some extent.

It is a great trade that we are going in competition for, to which we intend to reach for by all the American agencies that we can employ. There are also great international questions to be considered. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and ought to be done, not to the satisfaction of a small portion or a sectional portion of the American people, but to the satisfaction of all of them. This is a time, Mr. President——

MR. HALE. Mr. President——

THE VICE-PRESIDENT. Does the Senator from Virginia yield to the Senator from Maine?

MR. HALE. I do not wish to interrupt the Senator.

MR. DANIEL. I am very glad to yield to the Senator for an inquiry.

MR. HALE. I was going to make a suggestion.

MR. DANIEL. I will be glad to hear the Senator's suggestion.

MR. HALE. The appropriation provided for in the bill is \$60,000. Appreciating the force of what the Senator says, I am willing that the amount shall be increased to \$75,000, which

will give opportunity for two more delegates to be appointed. If we can dispose of the matter in that way, after consultation with other members of the committee, I will accept such a suggestion.

INCREASE OF APPROPRIATION PROPOSED AND PASSED

MR. DANIEL. I move, then, Mr. President, to strike out the word "sixty" and insert "seventy-five," so that the appropriation will be \$75,000 instead of \$60,000.

MR. HALE. In line 6, on page 2, before the word "dollars," strike out "sixty" and insert "seventy-five."

THE VICE-PRESIDENT. The bill has been read the third time, but the Chair will regard the vote on ordering the bill to a third reading as reconsidered. The amendment will be stated.

THE SECRETARY. On page 2, line 6, before the word "dollars," it is proposed to strike out "sixty" and insert "seventy-five;" so as to read:

To meet the actual and necessary expenses of the delegates of the United States to the Third International Conference of American States, to be held at the city of Rio de Janeiro, beginning on the 21st day of July, 1906, and of their salaried clerical assistants, to be expended in the discretion of the Secretary of State, and to continue available during the fiscal year 1907, \$75,000.

The amendment was agreed to.

MR. HALE. I think that will cover the whole thing.

MR. DANIEL. I thank the Senator from Maine for his suggestion. I appreciate it and the favor it has met with.

CONCLUSION

Now, Mr. President, I shall bring my remarks to a speedy close. I was starting a sentence when the agreeable suggestion of the Senator from Maine was made, and I would rather finish it. I was simply going to add to my remarks this observation: that at this time the eyes of this country are turned southward more than ever before in our history. The building of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama is in process. Centuries of contemplation preceded the effort; decades may wait upon its success. That we can not tell. Be it so or not, Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Tampa, Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Newport News, Richmond, Peters-

burg, Atlanta, Vicksburg, Memphis, St. Louis—I name almost at random some of the Southern cities along the seaboard or trade lines south of us—have vast communities behind them. They have their faces turned to the Gulf of Mexico, to the canal, and to South America and the future. It is timely, therefore, that while we are looking to the widening of our commercial and social relations and to the cultivation of better political understandings with our neighboring republics, we should also turn our eyes inwardly to the people of our own states and our own homes and have this a Republic in representative unison in all our contemplations.

It was out of that country, on the right bank of the Potomac, that came the author of the Monroe doctrine. The people of that country are just as true to that doctrine as was Adams, of Massachusetts, when he was conferring and advising and, in a measure, guiding the hand that threw the bolt “heard around the world.”

Again I thank the Senator from Maine for his gracious suggestion. I am gratified also with the favor the idea has met with, and I will not longer detain the Senate on this subject.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Governor Harris, Gentlemen of the McKinley Monument Association, Fellow-Citizens of Ohio and Columbus, My Countrymen:

The invitation of the State of Ohio and her Capital City of Columbus, brings me here to commune with you in this sacramental service.

It was most graciously communicated by Governor Harris, by Secretary of State Laylin, and the Commission which has this event in charge.

It implied an honor which I deeply esteem, and which I wish I could better wear. It brought also a duty to which I bow in reverence. The voice I heard was more imperious than an Emperor's edict. Responsive echoes answered in my breast. I heard, too, the gentle voice of him who yonder stands in likeness reared by your loving hands, and who being dead yet speaketh.

I knew full well that the call came from the fact that I am a son of the Mother State; the oldest in years but ever young in heart; Virginia, that never tires, little frets, and much loves—Virginia, the Mother of Ohio. I knew also that it came because, though not his political associate in opinion, I was the friend of William McKinley, your foremost citizen.

He himself was wont to say, "I love Virginia, I am her grandson." But that he loved his Mother, Ohio, best who may gainsay? Not Virginia surely, who inspires such love in all her children. Not I surely, who love Virginia best; but we are proud of our kindred blood with Ohio, and we all love McKinley and his brethren.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HERE

While we are gathered from here and there; there is no political party here to-day; only Americans.

There is no division here; only union.

There is no section here; only our country.

An address delivered at Columbus, Ohio, at the unveiling of a monument erected to the memory of William McKinley.

There is no aspiration, save that of gratitude to Almighty God for what he has wrought for us; and our prayer that his kindly light may lead us to serve Him, our people and our kind.

To-day we praise Him for that he filled with love of country and love of all his countrymen, the great good man whose image stands before you.

It is fitly placed before your capitol building, where for four years he executed your laws; and fitly in Columbus, where abide neighbors and friends, his witnesses from knowledge.

Fitly it looks forth on the crowded thoroughfares where busy steps may pause and upturned eyes may gaze upon him.

Fitly it was that state and city should together place him here, for they were parts of each other in his heart, and he is whole in their blended memories and their affections.

Right well it is that the daughter of the President of the United States, now become the daughter of Ohio, should draw the veil. Thus womanhood unites with manhood. Thus it is denoted that the President is with us in the spirit. Thus are we reminded, too, that when called suddenly to office, he paid his predecessor highest tribute, and gave the people comfort by the instant declaration that he would continue the policy of McKinley.

The General Assembly of Ohio is here. Within the capitol the halls of legislation are silent. As within there is no debate, so without there is no question.

The judges are here; but not to sit in court. What we consider has passed to judgment.

The governor is here, but there is Sabbath in his office.

Around all, are your people of Ohio, representative not only of yourselves, but representative also of the majestic and far stretched masses of our fellow-citizens who are in the multitudinous homes and cities of the greatest Republic of the World, inhabited by the freest people of all the ages.

One language do they speak. One voice do they utter. It is the voice of gladness that William McKinley lived, mingling in pathos with the voice of sorrow that he died. But our sorrow is not without hope, for the memory of his good deeds and his

example will stand when bronze and iron and stone and marble have been resolved to dust.

PRIVATE SOLDIER AND PRESIDENT

History has already lifted to a plane higher than these material memorials could ever rise his name and his crowning works. We believe that its final word will confirm its contemporaneous judgment. We also believe that his fame will grow, as grows all good fame well planted.

His life compassed an epoch. It began amid the discordant voices of the American people, which were the mutterings of storm and holocaust to come.

It passed through four wars. The first was the long agony and bloody sweat of internecine strife in which fathers, brothers and sons smote and slew each other in "the pestilence that wasted at noonday, and amidst garments rolled in blood."

The second was against an ancient and a valiant nation in which we were all united as one man upholding our father's flag.

The third was in the distant Philippines, and the fourth in China. In all but the first all his countrymen fought under him.

In the first he entered as a private soldier while a boy in his teens. The second, third and fourth wars, he himself conducted as President of all the people and Commander-in-Chief of the Armies and Navies of the United States.

In the first he rose by meritorious and gallant service to be a Major amongst the victors. In the others he was himself of all men The Victor.

He was one of the few private soldiers of this Republic to become by universal suffrage the head of the nation. I salute you. From your silent lips we hear America's message to all her sons. In your life we see what no art of man could so completely typify—the liberty of all cheering the world with opportunity to merit; its torch kindling in every brave and honest heart, however low and however humble, hope's Promethean flame.

Oh! glorious destiny for the man, and glorious destiny for the American people. Let every man, let every boy behold it,

and rejoice that he has just as much share in it as did Ohio's boy in whom it stands revealed.

THE GREAT PACIFICATOR

Ohio gave him to the Republic. He glorified it in deeds of peace, friendship, fraternity and charity.

The Republic gave him to humanity. The world is wiser, happier and better that he lived, and it saw in his death "the evidences of things unseen and the substance of things hoped for."

It was his happy fortune and his great honor to carry freedom—in his People's name and by their command—to the stricken young Republic of the Antilles, without money and without price. That Cuban War was just. Its result was joyful. Happy to rescue and proud to save for freedom's sake, this nation refused to accept the spoil which its armies had won. When it had wiped the bloody stains from Cuba's face, lifted erect and fed her prostrate, starving form, it recalled home its victorious sons. In all time no nation had written a fairer page.

He crowned the freedom won with the myrtle and the olive. From the Occident to the Orient he poured the horn of plenty where desolation reigned, and reared before distracted and yearning eyes the living form of liberty protected by law.

More and above all this, he brought all his countrymen to better understanding and closer communion. He sent forth the wearers of the blue and the wearers of the gray to battle, elbow to elbow, heart to heart, rank to rank, in honor preferring one another. He trusted all alike. Well he might. There was at once revealed what silently we had long known, that equality in all alike was the firm foundations of his trust. From tongues once jangling out of tune and harsh, he evoked the harmonies of patriotic aspiration. Time and again I heard him say that his highest ambition was to make all the people feel that they were Americans. This he did and the prophet's ecstasy was ours. "How pleasant a thing 'tis to behold brethren dwelling together in unity!" McKinley's plan is that of the great pacificator.

The great philosopher of England, Francis Bacon, assigns to the founder of Empire the first degree of greatness. In the next rank must we place those who bring equality of justice and peace of soul to all their people, and make them one in the union of hearts and hands.

OUR DIFFERENCES FEW, AND NOT FUNDAMENTAL

It is of the personal character of William McKinley that I shall speak, and not of those things within the lines of party difference. Tariff, currency, railroads, trusts and other questions of that ilk are of the things that come and go, ships that pass in the night or day, but surely pass.

We differ and will ever differ in these and such things. That is well, for it is only by differences that the wisdom of many counselors is gathered; that we reach conclusions, and approach the best. But let us know that our differences are but a small fraction compared to the many things in which we are united. Party lines always emphasize differences and make them conspicuous, and they are frequently exaggerated. If you look on at a state legislature or the Federal Congress, you hear the voices of differences. There you will find it for the same reason that you will get meal dust on your clothes if you go to a corn mill. They are the places where differences are ground out.

The vast multitude of things pass in silence, because all agree in them. The most pleasant reflection that any citizen could have of his country is that we have settled all the great differences which have fundamentally divided us.

In contemplating the process of that consummation one grand fact is transcendent: that through over a century and a quarter of our history, no man has been executed by the United States of America for opinion's sake, a fact without precedent among the nations. This shows that there is a paramount character in our people which contains self-restraint.

Character abides; it makes manhood; it makes understanding. True, brave and understanding manhood is of more importance to the happiness, the prosperity and the safety of the nation than all else together, save the Providence of God.

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF MCKINLEY

McKinley possessed a charming personality. His figure and face were commanding, and at the same time attractive. He was modest without timidity; polite without condescension or assumption; dignified without hauteur; brave without self-intrusion; firm without dogmatism; to every one accessible; with all patient; under all circumstances self-poised and placid; in all things deliberative, kind-hearted and just-minded. He seemed to illustrate Thomas Hughes' fine thought: "Self-control is the highest form of self-assertion."

He had infinite tact, and no doubt studied it, as all men in his great position must, but his tactfulness was far more natural than studied, for it flowed perennial out of his kind-heartedness like a fresh sparkling stream from a pure spring. It was the tact of the principle he sought to subserve, and the tact of sympathy which drew him close to every one in their own feelings and aspirations. If he said a thing he did it. If you asked a thing he could not do, he said "no" plainly, but so kindly that "no" felt better to you than "yes" from lips not touched by a considerate spirit. If he did a thing which displeased you, he did it nevertheless so quietly, with so little friction, and explained it so naturally that you thought it better not to get mad that time. Before the next time he had done so many things that pleased you, that the objectionable one was lost sight of or condoned. This is genius, and as nothing but genius can analyze genius, if indeed that can, I give it up.

HE LOVED HIS FELLOW-MEN

I do not seek to canonize him as a saint, or to exalt him as a demigod. He was neither. Such ranks do not belong to men. He doubtless had his faults, at least this I assume and this I think, for he was a man, and "there is none perfect, no not one." But he was a Christian, and a gentleman. He made mistakes and errors as have done the great and the small, the good and the bad, the wise and the foolish; but benignity beamed in his countenance; charity was in his heart and in his hand; and if none threw stones, save those who had lesser faults than he, stones would lie still and hands hang down.

There was in the sum of his qualities a noble aspect, a genial influence, a friendly attractiveness, and an upward and onward exhortation. And there was also, a certain subtle nameless magnetism that drew men to him, and made good women honor and love him. He loved his fellow-men. Ah! there was the touchstone of his nature. He said all he could to cheer them. He did the best he could to serve them, and this is to my understanding what is meant by true glory.

It seemed to me that he was animated by that spirit which Cicero so well expressed when he said: "There is no way by which men can approach nearer to the gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow-citizens."

HIS GREAT HEART

If I were to single out his uppermost quality, I would say it was his great heart. The heart is the silent and smokeless battle field of life where victory is won or lost before the battle has come to pass. No matter what becomes of the winner, no matter how the battle goes, he who wins the victory in his own breast is winner everywhere.

I can scarce ever think of him without thinking of that great truth of the prophet who says, "Consider thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Strong and noble was the heart of William McKinley. He considered it with all diligence. He kept it pure, and true, and kind. Out of it were the issues of life. It was the open and the controlling secret of his power. Under God's guidance it was the captain of his soul, and the helm and compass of his high career. So it is that he lives in the People's heart and the People's voice, "the proof and echo of all human fame."

HIS DIVERSIFIED AND CONSTANT LIFE

How diversified, busy, constant and ascendent was McKinley's life!

Born at Niles, Ohio, January 29th, 1843; at six years of age a schoolboy; at eleven at the Seminary at Poland; at sixteen he joined the Methodist Church; at seventeen he is at Allegheny College in Pennsylvania, and soon a teacher at

Poland; at eighteen an assistant in the Poland Postoffice; June 11th, 1861, private soldier, Company E, 23d Ohio Infantry; Second Lieutenant in 1862; First Lieutenant in 1864, and Major in 1865. Student, teacher, soldier, lawyer, statesman, philosopher, politician. He was also a partisan, and who that is a party man is not?

He was seven times a representative in Congress from Ohio; twice your governor, and twice your President; and as son, brother, husband and friend, he has no less a name to be remembered. In all these relations his name is linked with the abiding virtues which in all seasons and in all lands command reverence, excite emulation and achieve affection.

He was descended from the blood of our Fatherlands, and that of England, Ireland and Scotland mingled in his veins. He sprung from the sturdy strains of the hardy pioneers,

Who hewed the dark old woods away,
And gave the virgin soil to day.

We might say of him what Lincoln said of himself that "he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom." And also what he said of himself, "I would rather shovel sand well than to be a blundering doctor, a pettifogging lawyer, or an unsuccessful preacher whom no congregation would welcome. It is far better to be at the head of any honorable occupation, however low, than to be at the bottom of the highest, however exalted."

McKinley was neither Englishman, Irishman, nor Scotchman; neither Puritan nor Cavalier; Huguenot nor German. He was an American of Americans with the fresh ways and the fresh strength of the new composite nation that stands in the foremost file of Time.

Napoleon said in his youth, "with Homer in my pocket and my sword by my side, I hope to carve my way through the world."

Brilliant and great as he was—too great and too tragic in his career for me to carp at—he only carved his way this side of the grave from the fires of Moscow and the snows of Russia to Waterloo and to St. Helena.

McKinley we might well think of as saying, "with my Bible in my pocket, with Christ and my country in my heart,

I hope to rise to competence and to honor." And he rose, and stays risen beyond his dreams.

HOME

"If I were called upon," said McKinley just five years ago, "to say what in my opinion constitutes the strength, the security, and the integrity of our government, I would say the American home. It lies at the beginning; it is the foundation of a pure national life. The good home makes the good citizen. The good citizen makes wholesome public sentiment, and good government necessarily follows."

His own life stood for his teaching. He was the natural product of the modest American home. He belonged to that great body who are proud to call themselves the common people, and who are the salt of the earth, and the heart, the bone and the sinew of the nation. If they are permeated with pride of any sort, it is the pride of the only true aristocrat who is too proud to care from whence he came. They look down on none; they look up to none but their Maker. "Heart within and God overhead," they rely upon themselves to work out their own salvation.

The home is the capital or citadel of the Anglo-Saxon, or English-speaking people. "Ham" or "Home" is a word of the coinage of our own mother tongue.

"Ham came his good horse,
But came not he," says Chaucer.

No other language, ancient or modern, has its synonym. The words which gather around it are father, mother, sister, brother, husband, wife, daughter and son—all words with the flavor of our soil in them, and the morning dew on them. Home is the magic circle that binds them in. There loyalty is born and bred. There union has its prototype. There self-government begins. There is the university of primary education. There is the recruiting ground and drill ground of armies and navies, and there are the fortifications stronger than high walls and moated gates. There is the workshop of the apprentice; the first school of your scholars; the first temple of your justice; the first shrine of your patriotism; the first altar of worship. There is the first constitution of society, in which is formed the

model citizen, who does by instinct what he might be compelled to do by law. There is the sanctuary of Love; the Love which is the fulfilling of the law.

Who stands for home will stand for country. Who will not stand for home, will stand for nothing that is worth standing for. No anarchist was ever reared in a well-ordered American home. McKinley's domestic life was an idyl. "He loved but one and he clave to her." His home at Canton will become the nation's keepsake and the pilgrim's shrine.

ORATOR

As an orator and debater McKinley was effective. This is highest praise. As judgment is the crown of knowledge, so effectiveness is the crown of speech. McKinley never spoke that some striking thought or fine expression did not remain to strengthen the cause he spoke for, and on deliberative occasions, he showed full and analytical knowledge of his subject.

It is estimated that between 1891 and 1896 he spoke to fifteen million people, shook hands with a million and a half more, and made a thousand speeches. What a mighty strain was that upon the nerve and brawn and brain!

He was always persuasive, and frequently rose to the highest plane of eloquence. He was grave and deliberative, laying fact upon fact as a builder lays one stone upon another. He was not passionate, impulsive, nor vituperative. Flowers from the Garden of Gül seldom decorated his utterances. The electric sparkles of wit did not play along his words, nor did he fascinate his hearers with humor or the edifying pictures of fable and fancy. But the spirit of Poesy often shone through his utterance, even as the blood mantles in the expressive countenance. American life simplified and clarified his addresses. It gave them the momentum of the living, breathing and sympathetic force, and some of these addresses remain as models, and his well-considered arguments were much used for educational purposes. His gracious ways opened the minds of all to receive his words. But why should I describe what you all have so often seen and heard—McKinley addressing the people. You knew his winsome presence. You realized the sense of reserved power which you felt when his speech was

finished, and the sense that you had heard one who believed and stood for what he had spoken. You can not drive or abuse people into agreement with you. You may often persuade them or convince them, and if you be worthy of leadership, you may lead them. This McKinley knew, and this he did, and in this case "*exitus acta probat.*"

STATESMAN AND PARTY LEADER

As a statesman, McKinley was constructive; a man of great dreams, but one who never walked in his dreams. He dealt with things concrete in a concrete way. The speculative philosopher and the poet "with eye in fine frenzy rolling" may instruct and often may awaken great souls to action; but seldom is he the great or the wise actor himself. The leader of men in this world's business must go with the men he leads. He can go no farther than they can follow him. Nor can he take them where they will not go. It is only in the unison of the leader and the line that great things can be accomplished. The General is lost without an army. The army is helpless without the General. The statesman without a constituency and the constituency without a statesman—are wreck and ruin. Patient, conservative, practical, forceful, he became one of the greatest party leaders America has ever produced. It was because of these personal qualities, which were of the kind America most needed.

Our country is too great; its people too noble; its interests too vast and too diversified; its opportunities too numerous; its hopes too high and its destiny too splendid to invite narrowness or little ambition, or to stimulate self-conceit. "Conservative" is a noble word, and like all noble words, greatly abused. It means regard for the interests, for the opinions, for the failings and the prejudice of others. It is imbedded in our constitution, and it is part of the framework of our government. It implies neither hesitation nor indecision, neither lack of intelligence nor character. On the contrary, it is their best index. It walks in the middle of the road. It never runs itself out of breath, and neither does it run itself ahead of the events it seeks to accomplish.

Radicalism is surgery and strong medicine; only now and then needed. Conservatism is our daily meat and bread. The wide distribution of powers in our Republic; the vast population of eighty millions in forty-six states; our stretch across one ocean, and far away into the other; the natural differences of sections, climate, education, occupation and products—these things should impress upon us that conservatism should be our watch-word, and that it should add its light to every star upon our banner.

When McKinley was advocating, as he did for years, free coinage of our ancient constitutional silver dollar, at the ratio of sixteen parts of silver to one of gold, reckless tongues denounced him as an anarchist. It showed how unjust and inconsiderate are sometimes the voices of contention on that choppy sea of politics, where

Each man walks with his head,
In a swarm of poisonous flies.

But McKinley himself never called anarchists men like Allen G. Thurman, or even myself, who persisted to the last ditch in maintaining the constitutional money of our country. By his self-containment he preserved self-respect, and made himself the more the instrument of good.

We must often change opinions as we bow to the people's will, for this People's Government of ours makes that will our law, applying to those who differ as well as to those who agree. It is no sign of inconsistency that men so change, but the token that they abide the abitrament which they themselves invoke.

UPS AND DOWNS

McKinley had his ups and downs, his reverses and disappointments. He was defeated for District Attorney after holding the office; defeated for Congress, although seven times elected; defeated for governor, although twice chosen.

Financial troubles came to him also, the result of friendly suretyship for another. It illustrated Solomon's shrewd proverb that "He who hateth suretyship is sure." It also illustrated the noble sentence of one of the ancients who said of a fine spirit: "He had friends because he was a friend."

Some stand adversity who can not stand prosperity. Some stand prosperity who cower under adversity. But a man's fortitude should ever be at par with his fate, and McKinley's was. He stood both, the one without dejection, the other without vanity or false pride. It was when adversity came that he showed himself one of the spirits that "soared from ruin." I saw him once just after he had been defeated in Ohio. There was not a trace of it in his countenance.

The swell-head—fatal malady—never afflicted him; and that Saturnine star—the so-called star of destiny—never cast its deathly glamor over his pathway.

The lamp of reality, filled with the oil of experience, lit in the wick of high endeavor, shedding the wholesome white light of common sense, guided his footsteps, and they never faltered on their way.

BREADTH OF PATRIOTISM

No one of the Presidents of the United States ever touched a deeper or tenderer chord in the hearts of his countrymen than did he, and no one more thoroughly appreciated the good will that was given him.

Twice I heard him relate this incident: When the Spanish War broke out the Congress of the United States put fifty millions of dollars in his hands without limitation or condition, to enable him to make efficient war against Spain. Every Republican and every Democrat in both Houses voted for the Act. It was an imposing expression of patriotism and of confidence in the Chief Magistrate, the like of which had never before been shown to the ruler of any country in the history of the world. No doubt under the precedents of jurisprudence and parliamentary law, well-considered objections might have been found against it, but nobody was in the mood to look for them, such was the fervid spirit of the times, and such was the glad reunion of all parties and persons under the flag of the country as they went forth to battle, that a constitutional objector would have been cried down. Grant said at Appomattox: "Such, also, was the moral force of so mighty a stroke of united power before the world that minor considerations were flung to the winds. The nation had risen to full height in patriotic passion, opened its treasury and drawn its sword."

Not long after this McKinley made a tour of the country, avoiding partisan themes. In a great city a distinguished orator poured an eloquent strain of Republican doctrine, and welcomed him as Republican chieftain. All eyes were turned upon the President, as he arose. He complimented the orator and referred to a previous occasion on which he had heard from him a great Republican argument, "But," said he, "I am here to-day as the President of the whole people. I can only remember how Democrats and Republicans alike stood by me in the recent war, and how their sons and brothers alike rushed to the defence of their common country. I hail you every one as my fellow-Americans; and the fact is I have thrown away my old campaign notes, and I can not sing them, as I have lost the tune." So do we all feel to-day. There is something in this country greater than party. There is something higher than a Convention platform. It is principle; and it is country and kind. Thank God we are a people of one language, and of one law, and of a spirit that sticks to right, and will do it—as God grants it to us to see it—regardless of consequences to ourselves.

THE CONFEDERATE AND FEDERAL SOLDIERS

Like Lee and like Grant, like indeed the great mass of others who fought in the front of war, he had neither prejudice nor ill-feeling to those who fought against him. He had been too close to them, and had seen them too often not to know their mould and metal. He took pains and was gratified on all occasions to give them the glad friendly hand. The moment opportunity came he bestowed commissions upon them of as high grade as, and sometimes higher than, they held in the Confederate Army. Wheeler, Lee, Butler, Rosser, and many others I might mention were amongst them, and they did their best from the Hills of Santiago to the Walls of Pekin. They say at Santiago that when things looked squally, little Joe Wheeler said: "Come on, boys, the Yankees are running." It is too good to inquire into, and I hope it is true; and it is also too good for me not to tell. It was a happy day the first of January, 1899, when in the City of Havana I saw the Eighth Corps enter, and heard the glad cheers of a redeemed people welcome alike Major-General Brook, the Commander, and

Major-General Keifer, both formerly of the Army of the Potomac, and Major-General M. C. Butler, and our own Virginian, Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, of the Army of Northern Virginia, the nephew of his uncle who had led his neighbors from Manassas to Appomattox.

Speaking of the war, a gallant soldier says: "The experience of battle soon taught its lesson, even to those who came into the field more bitterly disposed. You could not stand up day after day in those indecisive times where overwhelming victory was impossible, as neither side would run as they should when beaten, without getting something of the same brotherhood for the enemy that one pole of the magnet has for the other; each working in the opposite sense to the other, but each unable to get along without the other. As it was then it is now.

"Soldiers of the war need no explanations. They can join in commemorating a soldier's death with feelings not different in kind, whether he fell toward them or by their side."

I utter these sentiments because they are mine, but better expressed than I could by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., a brave soldier of the Union, formerly Chief Justice of Massachusetts, but now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. They are worthy, in my mind, of the Supreme Court of the universe.

Let me add to these the noble words of McKinley himself at Atlanta in 1898, when he said: "Every soldier's grave made during the unfortunate Civil War is a tribute to American valor. While when those graves were made we differed about the future of our government, those differences were long ago settled by arbitrament of arms. Fraternity is to-day the one national anthem sung by the choirs of forty-five states, in our territories, and beyond the seas."

That this national anthem may be sung forever, and that every voice may join in it, God say, Amen!

PUTTING THE STARS BACK

One day a Confederate Democrat in the public service at Washington, entered McKinley's office at the White House with a companion. The President was alone. The Democrat said:

"Mr. President, this is General Rosser; you helped to take the stars off of him in 1865. I have come to ask you to put them back." The President smiled at the Confederate's *ad captandum hominem* expression, and said: "Sit down, gentlemen;" and presently, "What would you like me to do for you, General Rosser?" "If you leave it to me, Mr. President, I would like you to make me a Major-General, but if you will give me one star and a chance I will win the other." That had the ring of the soldier's metal. "I remember very well the trouble you gave us in the Valley," said the President, and then after some cheerful reminiscent remarks, he took up a pen and wrote these words: "Secretary of War, appoint General Thomas L. Rosser Brigadier-General in the Army of the United States." "That goes," said Secretary Alger, when the card was shown to him, and it went.

THE AMERICAN BOYS OF 1861

The divinity which shapes our ends, shaped his far different from mine. He was an Ohio boy, I a Virginia boy. He a Republican of Whig antecedents; I of Democratic from the year one of our Constitution. We started life close together; he being some four months my junior. We were at school and at college about the same time. He became a soldier one month after I did; he in a blue coat and I in a gray one. My kinsmen north of the Ohio and the Potomac put on blue coats as he did; those south of them put on gray coats as I did. Mountains and rivers are great statesmen. People live and think according to the side on which they live.

I do not think that at that time either he or I had either learned or profound views on constitutional questions, and to tell the truth flatly I do not think that either cared a fig about them. They did not control what came to pass, unless we mean the constitution of nature and the constitution of man, which were predominant.

Probably I had better answer only for myself, and this I have to say: the boy or man who will not stick to his own home and his own land and his own people, will not stick to anything, and is fit for nothing.

Both of us stuck to what God had made us. God had made us Americans in every fiber, doing what Americans did; what

American boys well-nigh unanimously did. When the bugle sounded they took their place in the battle line just as naturally as the bees hive together; each hiving under his own queen bee.

THE PEOPLE, NOT THE LEADERS, MADE THE CIVIL WAR

Some people say the leaders did it all, but I think otherwise. The people on both sides were ahead of the leaders, and the boys ahead of the men, and they pulled the leaders along, just as they pulled McKinley into the Spanish War.

The foremost leaders, Lincoln on the one side and Davis on the other, were both Kentuckians, and Southern born. Both had been soldiers of the United States; Lincoln in one war and Davis in two wars; the latter of which Lincoln opposed. Each was true to his affection; to his conviction; to his section and his kind, and both were slow to favor war. "Events have controlled me more than I have controlled events," is what Lincoln said of himself, and it was true of both of them.

The fight of 1861-65 came from the long stretch of human experience before it—the dammed up currents of thousands of years of slavery. Individuals were pawns on the mighty chess-board of which long histories, environments, conditions, interests and opinions were the Kings and Queens; but the whole theory and science of the play was overruled by the mighty force of facts and by the idealities which had sprung forth from them.

When the fight was done Robert E. Lee said: "God decides; let that suffice."

It has sufficed, and all should accept God's will and abide it, without sneer, without reproach, without repining or complaint, even as Lee so did, and as McKinley taught in his latest breath.

A LITTLE PERSONALITY

A little personality let me indulge, for you are less strangers to me than I am to you. I addressed Ohioans at Marietta eighteen years ago. The scene remains vivid and the memory a happy one. Hospitality and kindness abounded. Your then Governor Foraker, as well as your esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. James Nye, were my hosts. I cherish their goodness to me. The governor, now your distinguished senior Senator, and I,

and indeed, the nation, have all moved forward a good deal since then. We feel in the South indebted to him for his gracious advocacy of the honors paid to Confederate graves, and of the return of the Confederate battle flags. They are now not only the priceless symbols of valor in war, but they also become the symbols of reconciliation and magnanimity.

One of your papers has spoken of me as an important Confederate commander. This is a mistake. I was a boy soldier like McKinley. A Virginia Confederate in deed and in truth but too unimportant to be constrained in making references on an occasion like this, to my standpoint of relation to your foremost citizen.

McKINLEY'S WAR AND PEACE VISITS TO ANTIETAM OR SHARPSBURG

This very day, forty-four years ago, McKinley and I first met, September 14th, 1862; nor did we meet again until over twenty years after as Representatives in the Forty-ninth Congress in 1886. McKinley was then a sergeant with the men of General J. D. Cox, afterwards governor of Ohio, and I was a lieutenant and adjutant of the Eleventh Virginia Infantry, with the men of General J. L. Kemper, afterward governor of Virginia. It was the only time I ranked him, but with sufficient reason, my authority was not enforced. In fact, we were not even introduced; for the place was South Mountain, Maryland, and social ceremonies were suspended in the whiz and whir of missiles and the diapason of the cannonade. His folks were trying to get up the mountain and my folks were trying to keep them down. If the mountain had been stronger, perhaps my tale might be longer. Three days later Sergeant McKinley distinguished himself at Antietam, or Sharpsburg, September 17th, 1862, the bloodiest day in American history, and soon the sergeant became lieutenant. I was not there. Probably if I had been I would not be here now. I was in a wagon, on a furlough I did not ask for, but which was furnished me by some belligerent person to me unknown.

On the 17th day of September, 1900, President McKinley attended on the field of Sharpsburg the dedication of a monument raised by the State of Maryland to her sons who had

fallen there. Both the blue and the gray were in that state as in the nation; brothers were divided against each other, and with the mother instinct Maryland only remembered that they were sons.

With others of both sides I attended the President's party, and heard his gracious utterance. He felt deeply the noble sentimentality of the scene. He said not a word of himself, but one of the orators referred to his gallant conduct as a sergeant on that field

The ever memorable September 17th, 1862,
Where the Heavens were rolled in vapor
And the winds were laid with sound,

His modest face became suffused like that of a schoolgirl, and there visibly appeared the fine and delicate instincts of his nature.

McKINLEY'S WAR AND PEACE VISITS TO LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Nearly two years later, in June, 1864, we were called on at Lynchburg, Virginia, my home, and General Rutherford B. Hayes and Captain William McKinley were amongst the callers. We were entertaining distinguished Ohioans—Presidents-to-be—unawares, but our people there were not as sociable as they are now, especially not to itinerant strangers uninvited. But my General, Jubal Anderson Early, whose Adjutant-General I was, with "Stonewall" Jackson's old Corps, and its tattered flags, was a good deal in evidence, which I was not, for I had had a previous engagement at the Wilderness, May 6th, 1864, and was detained by another involuntary furlough, for which Ohio was probably responsible. At least I got it from the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and not unlikely from General Keifer's boys, who thought turn about was fair play, and extended it perhaps in reciprocity for a furlough that we furnished him on the field the day before.

After the Spanish War, President McKinley called at Lynchburg. The city and the countryside poured out upon themselves to welcome him.

It was my privilege to present him to the assembled multitude, who greeted him with smiles and tears. "Mr. President," said one of the old Confederates, "you are coming in the right

door now, the front door, and all of us are glad to see you. You made a mistake in 1864, for you knocked at the back door. There was so much noise going on then that we did not know that a bunch of Presidents were there."

MY HOME RELICS OF MCKINLEY

My home is on a farm on the right wing of the battle field of Lynchburg. On my library mantel are a number of the visiting cards left by the visitors of June, 1864, after the fashion of the times.

They are in the shape of iron balls, leaden bullets and broken shells, picked up as the ploughshare turns the sod, now dedicated to peace, and impotent. Under the sky where the shrapnel screeched the corn tassels and the roses bloom; where the lightnings fell my little children prattle. On the walls hang three pictures of United States soldiers, with those of Lee, Jackson, Early, Stuart and others. One is of my first cousin, Charles Rivers Ellet, Colonel in the Army of the Union, who lost his life for his cause in the West, before he was twenty-one years of age. We were schoolboys together, and slept in the same bed. He belonged to Pennsylvania, and I to Virginia, and the battle line ran through the middle of our bed. He sleeps at Laurel Hill, near Philadelphia, in the loving remembrance of his comrades and his kin.

Another is that of my son who bears my name, in the uniform of a lieutenant in the Army of the United States. At the same age and place that I put on a gray coat, he put on a blue one, and off he marched to Cuba with a commission signed, "William McKinley, President of the United States." His mother and I went there to see him. We found him at Matanzas on the last day of December, 1898, on a beautiful sunny morning, like June in Ohio. With a detachment he was in the act of raising the Stars and Stripes over a Spanish fort of which our folks were taking possession. Above were the smiling skies; around Peace, with new-born liberty; beneath dungeons, and infernal machines of torture, thenceforth doomed to disuse.

The other picture to which I refer is that of William McKinley. I was glad to see it hung, but if it were taken down the ladies of my house would put it back.

THE WASHINGTON AND LEE RELICS RETURNED BY MCKINLEY

During the war General McDowell was at "Arlington," the home of General Robert E. Lee. The house was filled with family pictures and the relics of the Revolution and General Washington. Many of them belonged to Mrs. Lee, the granddaughter of Mrs. Washington through her first marriage. In order to preserve them from deprecation General McDowell sent them to Washington City, and they found their way to the National Museum.

After the war a resolution was offered in Congress to restore them to Mrs. Lee. It was violently attacked, for passion had not assuaged, and it soon found its way to an official pigeon hole.

While McKinley was President, a daughter of General Lee came to Washington, and asked a Democrat to present her to President McKinley that she might request of him the return of these family relics to the members of the Lee family who had inherited them. "If you go in that fashion, Miss Lee," said the Democrat, "there are still a few people in this country who might get hold of it and bring about unpleasant discussion. I know President McKinley, he loves to do just and right things. I will see him and have no doubt he will order their delivery." The Democrat called on President McKinley and related the facts just as I have told them. He added, "I have no doubt, Mr. President, that you as Commander-in-Chief have the right to order the restoration of these relics, and all I have to ask is that you will be good enough not to delay action longer than necessary." "All right," said President McKinley, "I will look into it at once, and within a short time you will hear from me." Sure enough in a week or ten days, the Democrat was asked to call on President McKinley, who handed him a letter stating that "the Attorney-General advised him that he had the power, and it was his great pleasure to direct that the relics be restored to the heirs of Mrs. Lee."

This was just like him:

To heal a single wound has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY AND THE ROSES

On another occasion a Democratic public man called on the President about eight o'clock in the evening. He had been traveling that day and explanation was made of the call upon him at an unusual hour. "Oh, I am glad you called," said the President, putting his visitor at ease. "I wish you would come often; is there anything I can do?" Business was soon dismissed, when the President said, "How's your son getting on?" referring to the Democrat's son, then in the Army in Cuba. "Getting on very well, Mr. President. He is spoiling for a fight, but a little ailing from the climate." "Well," said the President, "when you write to him, give him my love," and taking a red rose out of his buttonhole, "give him this with my compliments and tell him I am keeping an eye on him and hope he will soon be back and well and hearty." "How is Mrs. McKinley?" said the Democrat. "I hope not fatigued by travel." "Oh, she is first rate," said the President, "and in the next room. Won't you go in and see her?" "With pleasure," and they then entered. There was Mrs. McKinley alone, smiling, with a lovely bouquet of American Beauty roses in her lap. Talk turned on the trip the President and she had just made together, and the President praised as the best speech he had ever heard, that of a distinguished orator. "You know," said Mrs. McKinley, "that is just like him, he is always praising other people, but I have heard all of the speeches and *I know he made the best.*" "Yes," said the Democrat, "I have no doubt he did, and I am afraid he will give my son the swell-head, for he has just asked me to send him this rose." "Oh, he has!" said Mrs. McKinley. "That's just like him too; but he sha'n't get ahead of me: when you send the rose, send this bouquet, and tell him Mrs. McKinley sent it to him." And the Democrat went away laden with roses from the lovable pair.

THE ERA OF GOOD FEELING

There came an era after the War of 1812, in the Presidency of Monroe, which was called the "era of good feeling." It has come again, and no man did more to bring it about than did William McKinley. The bloody chasm has been closed and closed forever. There is no North, no South, no East, no West,

either in love of him or in love of country. Where the chasm yawned rises the sky-ascending pyramid to which he furnished no little of the cement of patriotism and affection. It rises in perpetual memorial of all the brave and all the true who have done what they could to prove what America is, and to lead to her glorious destiny. The green and the flowering vines clamber over it. God's blue sky is above it. On the summit floats the flag "with a star for every state and a state for every star."

DON'T BOTH GET UGLY AT THE SAME TIME

Once an English relative of McKinley spoke to him about the improved relations between his country and our own. "Yes, sir," said McKinley, "sometimes one country has been a bit ugly and sometimes the other, but fortunately they have never both been ugly at the same time." This was the great thing, and it was aptly put.

Sometimes you at the North have been ugly, as we think who live down South. Sometimes we of the South have been ugly, as you think who live up North. When both did get ugly at the same time it was an awful, ugly and ferocious, always uncomfortable and sometimes brutal scene that was presented. The thing to do now is to take care that neither one gets ugly first, and if that be well taken care of, the rest will have beautiful regard for itself.

One thing recall when you think of us: ours has been the lot to bear, heaped up on us, "The White Man's Burden." Look to the Philippines where all of us of the United States have got three white men saying: "Be it enacted" to from eight to twelve millions of people of a different shade. "Judge not that ye be not judged."

God of our Fathers, guard us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

McKINLEY'S PATRIOTISM SHOULD BE OUR GUIDE

It should be a matter of pride to all Americans, that even as our Motherlands moulded our language, and the great formative principles that crystallized finally in our constitutions and in our laws, so they were the fountains of that great ascendent and predominant blood which became the inspiration, the

architect, the builder, and the defender of the principles of freedom.

We must be free or die,
Who speak the language Shakespeare spoke.

We belong to the land which Washington gave to independence; which Jefferson infected with the spirit of liberty; of which Madison was the father of the Constitution; of which Marshall was the great expounder; which Lincoln and Grant held to union; to which McKinley brought fraternity.

No battle line; no Mason and Dixon's line; no political division; no municipal, state or local entity, can either guide or control the instincts of the immortal spirit in the breast of man. That is both the magnet and the compass which leads us forth through cloud, and storm, and darkness, and turmoil and tribulation to seek, to know, the bearings of our own souls, and through them to get in unison with our Maker's will.

It is our Maker's will as we see it, that the American nation shall lead the world for unborn ages in arts, and arms, in all the enterprises that go to the well-being and uplifting of the people, and in the spirit of Christ, and to this end it is needful that we understand and appreciate each other; that we preserve our racial instincts and integrity; that our union be cemented by confidence and brotherly love; and that such broad and loving patriotism as that of William McKinley, should be our gentle guide.

TWO CROSSES

I wear two crosses on my breast to-day. The one is the Southern cross, the design of the battle flag of the Confederate States of America, that floated high in over two thousand battles. It is the emblem of my service as a Confederate soldier, of which I am proud in my own right.

The other is the cross of the 6th Corps of the Army of the Potomac, of which I am gratefully proud and soldierly proud from a soldier's natural esteem for those who fought bravely.

The one was presented to me, as to other comrades, by the ladies of the Lynchburg Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The other by Commander J. P. Knight, of Grant Post, of the Veterans of the Army of the Potomac, in the City of Brooklyn, where I was their guest last year, and where I met many survivors of the famous 14th Brooklyn Infantry, of New York, who fought like men in the Civil War. Corporal Tanner had captured me in peace and in warm blood and taken me there, mainly attracted to me I think by the fact that there is only one good leg between us. Commander Knight liked me I think because I was one of Jubal Early's boys who had shot him at Fredericksburg.

The brave General McLear, of the 14th, was also here and his comrades and we liked each other because we shot at each other every chance we got.

They gave me my first furlough when I was a soldier of the Stonewall Brigade, and their cross hangs right over a scar they made.

The one of these crosses I wear in honor of my comrades, and the holy memories associated with them.

The other I wear in honor of the American citizen soldiery, and the 6th Corps, one of the steadiest bodies that ever stood in battle and who, enemies in war, are as fast friends in peace.

Both I wear to-day in no ostentation, but in honor of William McKinley, who knew that no matter what cross a soldier wore in battle: "A man's a man"—And an American man "For a' that, for a' that." In honor of him who put our hands in each other's and said "Peace be unto you."

AT THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION

When McKinley rose to speak at the Buffalo Exposition, September 5th, 1901, splendid was the vista before him—a vast auditory of admiring countrymen in the midst of the fruits of their genius and their handiwork. He was at the climacteric of his great career. Health was in his countenance; his step was quick; his eye was bright; his manner joyful; he stood erect. He was surrounded by the blessings that make life worth the living. He was the honored President, twice chosen, of the greatest nation of the earth. He had been the Commander-in-Chief of armies that sprang into being at his call. He had been thrice crowned with victory, and the flame

of ambition had passed into the softly glowing light of satisfaction. He sighed for no new world to conquer. No glamour of a third term allured him. The example of Washington sufficed, and he had dismissed the suggestion with the declaration that if it were tendered he would not accept it.

His fondest hope had become reality; for all his countrymen felt that they were Americans; and all Americans held him in their hearts. He had "read his history in the Nation's eyes." He had not an enemy in the world. The skies were bright, and the Heavens were blue.

In the not far distance he could see himself returning home—not indeed as "an old man broken with the storms of state, to lay his weary bones amongst you"—but as a faithful servant who had done his work. Like Washington when he retired to Mount Vernon's shades, so might he look for a season of repose in his earthly dwelling, and beyond to the mansions of rest.

We move along and scatter as we pace
Soft graces, tender hopes on every hand.
At last with gray streaked hair and hollow face,
We step across the boundary of the land
Where none are old.

But yet the gathered years had not staled or withered him. His mind was prescient, forecasting and prophetic. He spoke of expositions as the "Timkeepers of Progress," and declared that "the period of exclusiveness had passed." He ranged the future, and the necessity for the expansion of our trade he called the pressing problem. He denounced commercial wars as unprofitable, and reciprocity treaties as in harmony with the spirit of the times.

The ship and the sea and the world's markets were in his clear prevision, and he beheld the heavens filled with commerce.

There is nothing in this world unchangeable but the constancy of change. Move on! Close up! is the ceaseless cry of the living universe. There is no standstill—no marking time. Onward! onward! upward! upward! from bad to good; from good to better; from better toward the best; ever onward, ever upward, glancing forward the eager eye; stretching forth the salient hand; ever reaching, ever striving for the highest, and the best.

In such spirit McKinley spoke that day, and the next, September 6th, he moved amongst the people happy in social converse.

THE FOLLY OF THE ANARCHIST

We avert our gaze from the scene that came to pass; too hideous, too revolting to portray.

"At a time that we wot not of, in the twinkling of an eye," by a dastard, pervert and degenerate hand, he fell.

Apotheosis of folly! Not a being in all the world was bettered, not a hope of betterment was kindled in a single breast.

The Nihilist annihilated himself. The government went on just as before.

When McKinley was shot his first thought was of his wife. Even in his mortal anguish he thought of her. "My wife," he gasped, "do not let her know."

As they helped him away, he noticed the assassin falling to the floor beneath the blow of the guards. "Let no one hurt him," he said.

As he was borne off in the ambulance, "I am sorry," he exclaimed, "that I should be the cause of any trouble to the Exposition."

When she whom he loved best came to his side, he tried to console her, saying: "God's will, not ours, be done; it is God's way."

Even as his spirit took its flight to the God who gave it, he murmured, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

This day five years ago McKinley died. The whole people were in tears, and everybody felt he had lost a friend.

All the stars on our banner grew suddenly dim,
And we wept in our darkness. But weep not for him.

Sixty thousand persons looked on his face as he lay in the majesty of death in the capitol at Washington, to which they bore him, and then they laid him to rest in his native Ohio, which he had loved and served so well.

"And lo, we heard a voice from Heaven saying, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

And so, Farewell! I leave you with this prayer for the gentle companion of his life, who may go to him who can not come to her; and for you all, men and women of Ohio, and all our countrymen:

May all love, his love unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee; .
The love of all our sons encompass thee;
The love of all our daughters cherish thee;
The love of all people comfort thee;
Till God's love set thee by his side again.

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FAIRBANKS

Mr. President:

This flagon you will recognize as a Loving Cup. On one side of it is your monogram. On the other side is this legend:

To
VICE-PRESIDENT CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS
A TOKEN OF PERSONAL ESTEEM
OF
DEMOCRATIC SENATORS
AND AS A MARK OF THEIR APPRECIATION OF HIS
UNIFORM COURTESY AND IMPARTIALITY AS
THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.

The Democrats of this body whose names are engraved under this legend have greatly honored me by the request that I present to you the cup. It is a pleasure to me to perform that part. They evidently believe that the time to show appreciation of a man is when he is alive—that the most appropriate time is when he has just verified his title to appreciation by worthy service—and that the best place is to his face, even if his instinctive modesty shrink from words of commendation.

You are about to retire from the office of Vice-President of the United States, the next highest in the world, by the close of your term. Many distinguished men have filled it before you, and will follow you, but none have filled it, or will fill it, more fittingly. You have been a just man in the exercise of your functions. You have known no party in the things that do not belong to party. You have done your part with a minimum of friction and a maximum of courtesy.

Punctuality, patience, attentiveness, readiness and impartial sense of rightfulness have marked your conduct.

You have been firm and faithful; but temperate and considerate. You have made the whole body feel comfortable under your gavel, and have left in no heart a sting.

Remarks made in the United States Senate March 3rd, 1909.

The claims of all the claimants and the complaints of all the complainants of ninety millions of people have been recited to you, but you have never effervesced with petulance or exploded with passion.

All the woes that flesh is heir to have been poured into your ears. The storms of great and acute issues have rolled around you. But you have preserved your balance, never losing your head, nor showing any symptom of the "big head," which is more deforming than the goitre and more fatal than smallpox.

In all things you have shown yourself the "gentle"-man, an adjective joined to a noun in the "married calm of peace." We were glad to serve with you. From you we are loath to part.

If you were going to your own wedding instead of to your own home, where God's greatest blessings—wife, children, and friends—will be with you, we would throw rice at you. In fact, we feel like throwing it anyway, for many pleasant memories of your conjoint and genial hospitality abide with us.

While I am speaking for the unanimous Democracy of this body, let me ask you to observe that you have helped to teach us unanimity. That is a thing which we do not invariably evince.

We are told in Hamlet that:

We know what we are, but we do not know what we may be.

If you should ever get tired of your own party and weary of its monotonous doings in recent years, do not forget that the gates of Democracy are wide open to you, and if you please to enter, to get a whiff of the fresh air of change, a great many of your old friends will welcome you.

But wherever you go, whatever you be, and wherever or whatever we may be, we shall always cherish kind memories of the days we spent with you.

Now, Mr. President, I present to you this Loving Cup as the emblem of the unanimous sentiments of the unanimous Democrats of the Senate.

Just here a little anecdote steals into my memory.

A distinguished stranger once visited an old Virginia town, which, like yourself, is given to hospitality. He was entertained at breakfast, and in the parlor the loving cup was brought forth. When it was handed to him as the honored guest, he had never

seen a loving cup before. So he took it in his double hands and swallowed its contents to the last drop in the well. Then he quietly observed: "How many of those do you take before breakfast?"

I can give you no lesson in prudence, but excess of caution on my part permits the admonition that whether this Loving Cup is filled with buttermilk or anything else, you suggest to your guests, if they be strangers, not to take too many of them before breakfast.

Long may you live! May health and happiness abide with you and your helpmate and all your household. These, sir, are the devout wishes of the Democrats of the Senate—every one. And may God have you and yours in His holy keeping.

